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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1840.

No. 1.

CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES.

'A GENTLEMAN of excellent breeding, of admirable discourse, of great admittance; authentic in place and person, generally allowed for many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.'

SHAKESPEARE.

WE propose, in the present paper, to present to our readers some account of the institution of Chivalry, and of the times that produced it. The theme may to some appear trite. To us it is not so; and we trust, before we have done, to bring others to our mind. In turning to the records of chivalry, we feel, (and we have faith we are not alone,) as if recurring to the pleasant dreams of our youth. Nor do we envy those whose imaginations never kindled, and whose hearts never beat thick, at the recital of the pomp and pageantry, the brilliant daring and gallant exploits, of the old chivalrous times.

The knight so brave and yet so gentle; in the battle-shock a tower of iron; in lady's bower, swayed, like his morion's plume, by the faintest breath of beauty; the tournament, with its ring of loveliness, and its champions proving in friendly conflict their strength and skill in arms, amid the exhilarating shouts of the multitude, and beneath the glances of 'bright eyes,' which

'Rain influence and award the prize;'

the knight's adventurous wanderings in quest of opportunity to right the wrong, to spoil the spoiler, to chastise the oppressor, and to throw over innocence and weakness the protecting shield; all this furnishes a picture well fitted to captivate the fancy of our early years. Still farther: the old chivalrous and feudal age, with its sharp contrasts, its strong lights and deep shades, its exaggerated strain of sentiment and feeling, and its unsettled, revolutionary state; how striking a counterpart to the imaginative mind of youth! For has not youth its romantic visions; its dreams of glory to be achieved, and beauty's smile to be won; its eager wishes and resolves to crusade against cruelty and oppression, and be a right arm of defence to the innocent and weak? Imagination, and Love, and Hope, are the feudal lords of the youthful spirit, and the whole troop of thoughts and passions are their loyal retainers, prompt to dare, at their behest all deeds of 'high emprise.' The chivalrous spirit, then, instead of having gone long since to its cemetery, yet lives and abides in every

young mind, endowed with any portion of the diviner principle. It does, indeed, indicate an elementary state, where the passions are in conflict both with each other, and with the actual world without, and yet a state full of hope ; for it evinces that the soul's powers are in a healthful ferment and stir, and that its several elements, through collision among themselves, and conflict with the exterior world, are gradually expurgng whatever is factitious and false, and tending toward a state of fit subordination and concurrent action. The history of chivalry, then, is not merely the history of a particular institution of a particular age. The philosopher also sees in it a type of the tumultuous yet interesting youth of the individual mind, in every age. Leaving it to our readers to verify this suggestion, we proceed at once to the task in hand.

Chivalry was the growth of the Middle or Dark Ages, that vast abyss, which was alike the grave of ancient, and the cradle of modern civilization. This tract of time, stretching from the beginning of the sixth to the close of the sixteenth century, may be well named the fabulous age of the modern world. Athwart its gloom, men are seen to move 'as trees walking,' and its incidents come like 'certain strange things to our ears.' It was a period characterized by strong individuality ; by gigantic virtues and gigantic crimes ; by picturesque institutions and fantastic customs ; by frequent revolution and incessant change. The steady march of government, the supremacy and equal administration of law, the undisturbed procession of peaceful business and pleasures, which mark our time, were then unknown.

In these respects, indeed, the Middle Ages resemble the early age of every people, the times heralding every civilized state of society. A moment's digression, for which the light thereby cast on our subject will win our pardon, will show that the chivalry of the eleventh century of our era was not without some parallel at a vastly more early date. The magnificent day of Grecian civilization emerged from the dun twilight of the age of Orpheus and Hercules, of Minos and Rhadamanthus, and of the heroes of the Trojan war. Tradition, dim and uncertain, yet shows plainly enough that this was an age of convulsion and anarchy, which, intolerant of the wholesome restraints of law, suffered avarice and cruelty, ambition and lust, to stalk abroad, and ravage at their will.

But as in the order of Providence, the world's desperate necessity is ever the sure precursor of a Redeemer, so now the elder chivalry was born to help and to save. In the half-fabulous Hercules, Orpheus, and Minos, we find its three elementary principles impersonated. Physical force put forth for the chastisement of cruelty and oppression ; the influence of art and religion, bent to softening and refining the rugged temper of the time ; and a wise and equitable legislation, seeking to gather up into harmonious wholeness the severed and discordant principles of society. And in Agamemnon and Achilles, Ulysses and Ajax, Hector and Sarpedon, we behold the feudal chiefs of a primitive day, the Pagan prototypes of Christian knighthood, exhibiting the same daring and individual prowess, distinguished by the same sensitiveness of honor, and burning with the same thirst for adventure, and enthusiasm for military glory. If their spirit fell below that of Christian chivalry, it was because they lacked that pure womanly influence, and that inspiration from a better

religion, which went far toward dignifying even the wildest vagaries of the later knight-errantry. The differing character of Pagan and Christian chivalry is strikingly illustrated by the diverse character of the two most conspicuous aims, toward which their several energies were bent. The ten years' crusade of the Grecian knighthood was directed to the rescue of a frail woman from the arms of her elected paramour. The crusades of the Christian knighthood sought to wrest from the infidel's contaminating grasp a city which had witnessed the most marvellous and beneficent demonstrations of God's power and providence; the humiliation, the sorrows, and the exaltation of the Prince of peace; the occultation and the glorious reappearing of the 'bright and morning star.'

But to return. Chivalry, as we said, was the growth of the dark ages, and first makes its appearance, as a distinct institution, in the eleventh century of our era. It resulted not from one but many causes; and in the form it assumed, and the spirit that impelled it, may be detected the working of all the main elements of that multifarious and chaotic time. To apprehend, then, its origin and its composition, will require some consideration of the then state of Europe, and of the causes which produced that state.

The splendid conflagration of Grecian genius had settled down into its ashes, only sending up a few transient corruscations, when stirred by some casual breeze of circumstance. That mysterious spirit, which burned through an entire people, and reared for itself imperishable trophies in every field of science, arts, and arms, was waxing faint and low. The Pindaric lyre, struck by no lineal hand, was mute. The reed of Herodotus was shivered. The stage was no longer trod by the 'Soplioclean buskin.' The grove of the academy might be standing yet, but it was no more resonant with the murmur of the 'Athenian Bee.' Demosthenes had lived, Demosthenes had died; and of such there is but one. That concentrated and enthusiastic devotion to country, which was adequate to creating an Aristides and Leonidas, a Phocion and Epaminondas, and which, kindling through the popular mass, enabled a scanty troop to withstand and scatter the power of a vast empire, was now all but extinct in the Grecian bosom. And so, when the formidable Macedonian appeared, Greece shrank before his spear, and bowed beneath his sceptre.

But meanwhile, a new power had arisen in the world, and was absorbing, successively, all other powers into itself. Three hundred years anterior to the subversion of Greek independence by Alexander, a small troop of outlaws had built a castle on a hill beside the Tiber. Here, opening an asylum for adventurers and fugitives from justice, they grew numerous, built a city, procured wives by violence, and so laid the foundations of the Roman State. An intense and boundless ambition; a bravery and perseverance, which shrank from no peril, and halted at no obstacle; an uncompromising, single-eyed devotion to the cause of country; these, the distinctive principles of Rome, communicated to this infant people a perpetually onward movement, which nothing could either stay or turn aside. Country after country passed beneath the wings of the Roman eagle, till, a century and a half before Christ, its shadow rested on Greece also.

But not even thus was the land of Pericles wholly shorn of its in-

fluence. The spirit of Grecian thought passed into and interpenetrated the Roman mind. Grace and refinement were taught to dwell in company with the rugged virtues of a military people, and the queen of arms soon learned to contend for other prizes than those of battle, and to covet the olive not less than the laurel crown. Glorious alike in arts and arms, Rome stood at last on the loftiest pinnacle of national greatness, the unchallenged Mistress of the World.

But the hour that comes to all, was drawing on to her also. The race of the Cincinnatuses and Catos, of the Scipios and Marcelluses, that temperate, self-denying, sternly-virtuous, patriotic race, whose energies were the spring of the Roman greatness, had passed away. The luxury flowing in with the tribute of a conquered world, had loosed the rigid joints, and relaxed the iron nerves. The people, who for long succeeding generations had sworn a deadly oath against kingly rule, now cringed at an imperial footstool, and a Nero and Caligula, a Commodus and Caracalla, had perpetrated enormities such as heaven suffers not to go by unnoted. Through the corruption universally pervading society, it would seem humanity must have died out, but for the special intervention of Providence. Such special intervention was at hand.

Amid the tangled swamps and dim forests of Germany; over the vast wilds of Scythia and Sarmatia; along the mountain sides and the wide plateaux of Central Asia; in the chill and snowy regions of Scandinavia, covering, like its own Hecla, a heart of fire with an exterior of ice, were gathering the materials of the successive tempests destined to submerge a power, which, battenning on the acquisitions of ancestral prowess, and lolling among the memorials of ancient renown, forgot its own perilous position, and shut its eyes on the open book of the future. Franks, Goths, and Vandals, Huns, Normans, and Lombards, such are the names of the principal barbarian tribes, whose office it was, under Providence, at once to chastise the vices of a degenerate people, and to replenish the veins of a decrepid civilization with the healthful life-current of a vigorous though savage youth. Their aggressions, commencing as early as the middle of the third century, continued, with little cessation, till the closing part of the eighth, when the chief part of Europe fell beneath the sway of Charlemagne, the Frank.

And so the magnificent structure, reared by the labor of a thousand years, was now lying in ruins. That form of human nature and of human society, which bore the name of Roman, was no more. Out of the ingredients of its composition, scattered and reabsorbed into the general mass of things, it remained for successive generations to construct the edifice of modern civilization.

The tendency of these scattered elements of society, in passing through the process of re-combination, was toward that system of civil relations, which, matured, was called the Feudal System. This, from its so close connexion with chivalry, demands a brief consideration. The roots of the feudal system must, questionless, be sought in the customs of the barbarous tribes that overran the Roman empire. Each of these acknowledged one principal chief. One-third part of the countries conquered was left to the original owners, while the remaining two-thirds were appropriated by the conquerors to

their own use. These two-thirds were distributed by the chief, in different proportions, among his followers, to be held by them during life, under the name of benefices or fiefs, on condition that they rendered military services, when called on, of a duration proportioned to the value of the fief. The holders of these fiefs were called Leodes, or Freemen. The original inhabitants, occupying the remaining third of the soil, bore generally the name of serfs, or bondmen. They carried on almost the whole agriculture of the country, and sustained, too, the entire burden of taxation. The freeman, exempt from labor and tribute, hunted and fished, or engaged in military expeditions, either at his superior's call, or of his own inclination. Such was the state of things, previous to the reign of Charlemagne, which covered the latter part of the eighth and the fore part of the ninth centuries.

This great man stands præminent and alone in the European annals of his time. Rising out of the midst of darkness, he filled the whole neighboring world with light, and with the extinction of his life, the light of Europe seemed also to go out. We do not, indeed, think with Mr. James, that the condition of mankind, after his death, was as though he had never been. For it is our faith, be it wisdom or folly, that no truly great mind ever beams on earth in vain, or expends its energies for nought. The fruits of its labors may, indeed, *apparently* be destroyed. So may you see the mighty Mississippi dis sever and sweep away whole acres of its banks, with all their goodly garniture. The stately trees, the growth of innumerable years, with the clambering plants that were their decoration, are swallowed up and disappear in the turbid current. But the end is not yet. Following the stream downward, you will at last find these trees and shrubs lodged against some projecting headland, or shallow part of the river's bed. On this solid basis, the soil gradually accumulates and rises above the brim of the waters. By-and-by a soft green steals over the surface, and shrubs put out, and young trees lift their heads, till at last a complete and fruitful landscape greets our sight. And could we track as well the course of moral, as of physical phenomena, we might, beyond all doubt, assign to the splendid genius of Charlemagne a specific and important agency in the development of modern civilization.

But however this may be, certain it is, that the times immediately following his death, were peculiarly times of confusion and anarchy. The heirs of his throne were a feeble race; and presuming on their weakness, the great crown-vassals, dukes, marquises, and counts, put forward and made good the then novel claim, that the vassal owned an *hereditary* interest in the fief derived from the crown, and possessed, therefore, the right of transmitting it to the eldest son, subject only to the performance of the original conditions. Hence they proceeded to apportion their lands to smaller proprietors, on the same conditions as *they* had received them, viz., the rendering of military service to themselves. Thus every great vassal established for himself the prerogatives of a sovereign prince, such as administering justice, making laws, coining money, and the like. These petty princes were often at war with one another, and yet at all times agreed in encroaching on the less powerful chiefs, who were unable effectually to resist them. Hence it resulted, that many of the smaller, as

also some of the larger barons, resorted to a half-robber life, building strong-holds among inaccessible rocks, and then sallying forth to ravage and spoil, plundering the defenceless traveller, and carrying off captives, and holding them to ransom. In this universal predominance of might over right, it was inevitable that the smaller allodial proprietors, who held immediately of the kings, and the serfs descended from the original conquered inhabitants, should occupy a most precarious position; since, attached to none of the great barons, they were exposed to be harassed and pillaged by all.

At such a crisis it was, and out of the bosom of such turmoil and distress, that Chivalry arose. Some poor barons, compassionating the misery about them, and probably, too, suffering under the oppression of more powerful lords, banded together for the express purpose of redressing wrongs, and protecting the helpless innocent. This their object, distinctly avowed and put prominently forward, appealed directly and forcibly to those generous feelings, which no condition of society can utterly extinguish in man. The Church, which, however faulty, has, to do it justice, been generally found the friend of the friendless, and the protector of the weak, gave its benediction to an undertaking so noble; and thus chivalry, at its outset, was clothed with somewhat of the sanctity of religion. The populace hailed with reverent enthusiasm those who thus stood forth as their champions; nor, indeed, could any class withhold respect from men, who, from no motive of possible self-interest, but from the impulse of simple philanthropy, thus struck for innocence and right. The chivalrous spirit spread, and applications became frequent for admission into this heroic band. Each knight originally had the prerogative of creating others without limit, so that, from being a simple engagement among a few brave, generous men, chivalry soon expanded into a mighty institution. In consequence, however, of this so rapid growth, it soon became manifestly needful to frame such rules as might bar the intrusion of unworthy members. We have no documents specifying the precise period when the chivalric order was first distinguished from others by fixed regulations. All concur, however, in fixing this period somewhere in the eleventh century. The laws and ceremonies which marked the institution, were probably introduced slowly, and at irregular intervals, as occasion might dictate; and being at last collected and arranged, constituted the body of its ceremonial law. The members of the order are, in our tongue, called knights; a word derived from the Anglo-Saxon '*knecht*,' signifying servant, and used to distinguish the select attendants of a prince. The French, *chevalier*, horseman, and the German, *ritter*, rider, better define the thing meant; for the knight was, by distinction, a *mounted* warrior. Among the Celtic tribes originally occupying Gaul, the cavalry service took precedence of all others. And among the Romans, the equites, or horsemen, constituted one order of nobility in the state. So that the honor thus habitually associated with the equestrian service, together with the necessities of the roving life of the knighthood, account for the fact of the knights being horse-back warriors. The character of chivalry, in its palmy state, may perhaps best be gathered from a glance at the leading features of the discipline to which its aspirants were subjected. The ranks of the order were recruited, with few

exceptions, from the descendants of the northern conquerors of the soil. The future knight entered, at the early age of seven, on the specific routine of knightly training. He was usually sent from home, even the most opulent parents preferring to commit the education of their sons to those whom parental tenderness would not bias to mitigate the severity of the discipline needful to fit the pupil for his after career. The prevalence of the feudal system having made of each baron's household a smaller court, there was, of course, found there much of the polish and courtesy of manners naturally pertaining to royal circles. The boy's first place, on entering such a household, was that of page, or valet, which, though including every sort of attendance on his lord's person, even to the serving at table, was counted not degrading, but honorable, and was filled by the baron's own children and kindred. Meanwhile, he was put to all gymnastic exercises suited to invigorate the body, while, by continually mingling with the castle-guests, and rendering them all needful service, he gradually acquired that peculiar grace of manner, which was an essential trait in the character of the true knight. He was much, too, among the women of the household, who gave their special and systematic attention to instructing him in his duty to God and to the ladies, instilling into his susceptible mind that refined Platonic idea of love, which constituted so prominent a feature of chivalry. The influence of chivalry on the condition of woman was so remarkable in itself, and has been so favorite a theme with such as have preceded us on this subject, that we feel bound to give it, in brief, a special consideration.

Among heathen nations generally, woman has been barred of her true place. The savage has made her a drudge. Even the cultivated Greek and Roman were far from counting her an equal. At best, she was but a rare flower, to be set in a costly vase; a singing-bird, to be prisoned in a gilded cage. But the German tribes, especially the Goths, the subverters of Rome's western empire, were in this respect a singular exception to savage life in general. Their women, Tacitus tells us, were not only respected, but held in veneration, and regarded as the recipients, often, of the spirit of divination. Respect for woman, then, was an inheritance of the chivalrous order from its remote ancestry.

Another cause working toward the same result, was the consideration awarded to the Virgin Mary, in the then prevailing Catholic religion. As the mystic maid and mother — the virgin parent of the immaculate One — she was regarded with a mingling of tenderness, and love, and religious awe. By this her apotheosis, a hallowing influence was reflected on her whole sex, and in the firmament of chivalry woman was set as 'a bright, particular star,' shedding inspiration and guidance alike on the child and the man.

Again: the very purpose of chivalry, which was the vindication of weakness and innocence, naturally bore a very special reference to woman. For, however potent in her influence over those alive to her charms, against brute violence she has no defence. To an order, then, whose vocation it was to champion the defenceless, woman advanced claims of all others the most undeniable. From these causes combined, a high and mystical homage to the fair sex, sublimed often into

the fantastic and extravagant, became a prominent feature of chivalry. The knight was accustomed to elect some fair one, as the object of his Platonic devotion, and to clothe her, in his enthusiastic imagination, with all ideal virtues and graces. In honor of her, he braved every hazard, and wrought all noble deeds; and to receive from her a smile, an approving word, or a simple coronet of flowers, was to him an exceeding great reward. Such views and sentiments were assiduously inculcated on the young candidate for knighthood, from his earliest years.

At fourteen, the page was usually advanced to the higher grade of Squire, and with the accompaniment of solemn religious rites, his short dagger was exchanged for the manly sword. The severity of his physical discipline was increased. The muscular strength and power of endurance, thus gradually formed, were such as, in these effeminate days, would seem incredible. We read of one fighting from noon till sunset, under the burning sun of Palestine, cased in thick iron, and another swimming against a torrent, armed cap-à-pie. The knights of the recent Eglintoun tournament, as we read, could not, without aid, mount on horse-back, when clad in that armor in which their prototypes were wont to mount without even putting foot in stirrup. The Squire, while he continued to perform many of the duties of the page, was also allowed to follow his lord to battle, and render various services there. In the ordinary course, he received the honor of knighthood at the age of twenty-one. For some great and gallant feat, he was often admitted into the order earlier, and on rare occasions, was made knight, with abridged ceremonies, even on the battle-field. But ordinarily his initiation took place at times of some great military ceremony, or on days consecrated by the church to some peculiar solemnity, as Easter, Pentecost, or Christmas. The ceremonial of his induction was of the most imposing description, and fitted to impress deeply the duties then voluntarily assumed. It was with similar views, that the German tribes were accustomed publicly to invest their young men with arms, on coming of age, as the Roman youth had, on the same occasion, been publicly clothed with the toga virilis.

Among the knight's vows at his induction, was an oath to protect, at his utmost risk, the cause of religion; to redress such wrongs, and extirpate such evil customs, as fell within his reach; to defend the widow and the orphan, and protect the female sex generally; to be loyal to his king, chief, or lord; and finally, to hold fast to the strictest purity, temperance, and integrity.

The first thing after receiving knighthood was usually a long journey into foreign countries, for the trial of his strength and skill in jousting with other knights; for perfecting himself in the requisitions of chivalry, by studying the demeanor of such celebrated champions as he met; and for fuelling his chivalrous ardor by the hearing of the famous exploits of the day, which, through these knightly rovers, were sounded over the world. The romantic literature of the middle ages, dealing so largely in giants, enchanters, and diablerie, owes not a little to this custom of knights wandering armed through Europe. It required no great stretch of imagination to find enchanted castles in the strong-holds of the robber-chiefs perched among the difficult

crag, or buried in the pathless forests; to see in these barbarous chiefs, giants delighting in the groans of helpless innocence shut up in prison by devilish magic; and in the knight, whose strong arm unbarred the dungeon, and set free the prisoned warrior, or lady bright, to behold a more than mortal prowess.

Another means of strengthening chivalrous sentiments, and of perfecting the knight in the use of arms, was the tournament, in its several kinds. After the descriptions of this exercise furnished by more than one writer of our day, we shall not, as we need not, attempt it. Suffice it to say, it was a scene most imposing and animating, and admirably suited to effect its aim. It was indeed, a rough sport (for rarely did one pass without loss of life,) but then silken plays would ill have matched an age of iron.

Such was the education of the knights; such the spirit of chivalry. Within the compass of the eleventh century, chivalry wrought its way through the several countries of Europe. Allied, as it was with the two leading principles of society, the church and the feudal system, one thing only was needed to enthrone it as the predominant power of the European world, and that was some great enterprise, of which it should be both the origin and the actuating soul. At the close of this century, such an enterprise did in fact offer itself.

That Palestine, the scene of such transcendent manifestations of the divine power and purposes, should be an object of reverence to Christians, was natural enough. Accordingly, from the recognition of Christianity by Constantine, at the beginning of the fourth century, we find the subjects of the Roman empire esteeming it almost a sacred duty to visit the scenes of our Saviour's earthly career. While the Holy Land was a Roman province, this pilgrimage was tolerably easy and safe. But, about the middle of the seventh century, it passed beneath the sway of the Saracens. Still a considerable measure of tolerance was extended to Christian pilgrims, by several successive Califs, especially by Haroun al Raschid, the hero of oriental story, and contemporary of Charlemagne, between whom and himself there passed many acts of friendly courtesy, refreshing to witness in that barbarous age. But under the Califs of the Fatemite dynasty, commencing A. D., 878, the pilgrims began to suffer persecution, and with the subjugation of Palestine, A. D., 1065, by the Turks from Central Asia, the insults, extortions, and cruelties heaped on the pilgrims, made their journey extremely perilous and painful. The passion for pilgrimage was not, however, thus extinguished, and about this time, it was tenfold augmented by the misinterpretation of an Apocalyptic prophecy, whence it was inferred that the millenium of Christ's earthly reign being completed, the day of judgment was at hand. The survivors of this hazardous pilgrimage brought back accounts of gross insults cast on the Christian faith, and of savage cruelties inflicted both on the pilgrims and on the Christian inhabitants of Palestine. By these narratives all Europe came at length to be agitated, and a train was laid, needing but a fit hand to fire it, in order to explode in desolating wrath on the persecuting infidel.

The identical man for the crisis had been fashioned by the times, in Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Northern France. Of his early history little is known, save that, being first a soldier, he be-

came afterward a priest, and finally a hermit, noted far and near for his sanctity. Like others, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and his vehement temper was wrought up to frenzy by witnessing Turkish sacrilege and cruelty. He conferred much with Simeon, the Christian patriarch of Jerusalem, and it was agreed between them that Peter should endeavor to stir up Europe to the redemption of the Holy City. Bearing letters from the patriarch to Pope Urban II. and the European princes, Peter sped back to Italy. The Pope entered warmly into his views, promised to second him with his whole influence, and despatched him through Europe to preach the deliverance of Palestine.

The Hermit's fervid eloquence was not poured forth in vain. The heart of Europe beat tumultuously with a sympathetic enthusiasm, and the loud and unanimous call of the nations was to arms. The Pope followed up the impulse thus communicated, by convoking two successive councils, and urging on the priests, princes, and nobles of Europe, with the whole power both of his office and his eloquence, the holy enterprise of redeeming the captivity of Zion. By these, the joint efforts of the Hermit and the Pope, a motion and direction were imparted to the enthusiasm of Europe, which issued in six successive crusades.

The history of these crusades neither our limits permit, nor our purpose requires us to relate. For a summary narrative, well executed, we would refer our readers to Mr. James. Their immediate result was to rescue the Holy Land, and to establish on the throne of David a dynasty of Christian kings. But only seventy years after Godfrey of Bouillon had grasped the sceptre of Jerusalem, the star of the splendid Saladin went up, and the cross veiled before the crescent. But though the labors and blood of millions were thus lavished in vain, as concerning their immediate object, the permanent deliverance of Palestine, yet it is not the less true, that the crusades were, on the whole, as beneficial in their effects, as worthy in their design. At the time of the preaching of the first crusade at the Council of Clermont, all Europe was in a state of convulsion. The feudal barons were universally at war, and mutual pillage, sack, and massacre, were the order of the day. The drawing off of their jarring energies into one great foreign enterprise, was followed by comparative domestic quiet, and some scope was afforded for the healing and illuminating ministrations of peace. The crusades, too, may be set down as causing the abolition of the worst features of the feudal system, and the more equal diffusion of liberty and property, since, in order to raise money for these expeditions, the barons had recourse to selling their estates, and kings to selling immunities to towns and corporations. The transportation of the immense multitudes of the crusaders from Europe to Asia, and the opening of a free intercourse between the east and west, communicated an impulse to ship-building, navigation, commerce, and the arts, to which we are indebted not a little for that immense commerce, which now girdles the globe, the physical science, which has explored so successfully the hiding-places of nature, and the arts, which have tamed the elements, and made them the bond-servants of man.

Again, the light of Roman civilization had not yet gone out in the

east, for a descendant of the Cæsars still held, though with an uncertain grasp, the sceptre of Constantinople. The crusading hosts, therefore, were brought in contact with modes of life, and social usages, far more refined and polished than their own. Some germs of civility were thus plucked from the very bosom of war, and being transplanted to Europe, there took root and sprang up, and contributed not a little to the furtherance of social improvement.

And then, as to the *justice* of the crusading wars, which it is fashionable to decry, and as to their ostensible grounds, which it is customary to pronounce altogether frivolous, it ought to be said plainly, that if ever wars are justifiable, these were so; and if ever the motives to war are praiseworthy, the motives to these deserve the title. The spirit which arrayed Europe against Asia, was compassion for brethren cruelly oppressed, and the object aimed at was to wrest from a barbarous race a territory which they held only by the right of the sword, and to roll back from Europe the encroaching tide of aggression, by a people whose invariable alternatives to the conquered were the Koran, bondage, or death. Compare the spirit and the avowed grounds of that thirty years' war, in which thousands died by fraternal hands to determine whether the white or the red rose should bloom on the brow of English royalty, or of that war, in which millions were sacrificed to decide whether a disgusting Bourbon, or a selfish Bonaparte, should wear the diadem of France; with the spirit and grounds of a war, to which men were urged by pity for the woes, and indignation at the wrongs, of their brethren; by the desire to secure for Christian piety the opportunity to pour itself out on the very spot sanctified by the footsteps of the Redeemer; make this comparison, and then pronounce whether the grounds of the great conflicts of the comparatively civilized fifteenth, and the vauntingly illuminated nineteenth centuries, do not, in the nobleness and elevation, fall far beneath those of the crusading wars of the benighted eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. But, in the crusades, we behold the culmination of chivalry. Its course thenceforward was one of decline. It had fulfilled its mission, and like all outward vehicles of human energy, must needs go down to its dust.

The first in date among the causes that wrought its downfall, was the substitution of worldly rewards for that simple glory which was the knight's original inspiration. Princes naturally coveted the aid of a body so potent as the knighthood, and to secure it, proposed external honors and motives, wholly at variance with the primitive spirit of chivalry. Thus metamorphosed into a political engine, chivalry fared as religion has ever done, when allied with the state; it lost its simplicity and its healthful energies.

Again: the invention of gunpowder in the fourteenth century so revolutionized the art of war, as to render nought all knightly powers. For what availed individual bravery, and strength, and skill in arms, when the cowardly manikin, whose trembling finger could scarce pull his trigger, was an overmatch for Arthur Pendragon's self, with excalibar and casing steel?

And, finally, the development of civilization, by reducing to order the warring elements of society, and strengthening the hands of government and law, withdrew the very props on which the insti-

tution of chivalry leaned. The functions of the knight were assumed by the civil magistrate, and the chastisement of wrong-doers, alas, for romance ! was transferred to the hands of sheriff, jailor and hangman. And so chivalry, having fulfilled its allotment, went down into the cemetery of departed things :

‘The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.’

It now remains only to trace the relation of chivalry and of the age in which it flourished, to modern civilization. It is the custom to speak of the middle ages, as times of barbarism unredeemed, presenting to the historical student little else than one solid mass of gloom. With this custom we cannot fall in. Be they called ages of darkness, but it was the darkness of a cloud burdened with the fertilizing treasures of the rain ; the darkness of a current floating a bark freighted with all precious things. It ill beseems the lusty summer and foodful autumn to slur the barren winter and the immature spring. And, in the middle ages, what do we behold, but the winter and the spring, that preceded and prepared our riper time ? A season when Nature was carrying on her mysterious processes in secret, and her central fire was burning and working toward the surface, there finally to break out in the green exuberance that gladdens our sight ? The middle ages were not, indeed, marked by the diffusion and equalization of intelligence, that characterize our day. But its firmament was by no means bare of luminaries, as is avouched by the names of Charlemagne and Alfred, of Abelard and Aquinas, of Roger Bacon and Wickliff, and of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. Such men were no minims in the world of genius and learning, nor did the contemporaries of such stumble in utter darkness. In truth, of all those profuse and magnificent growths in science, literature and art, which are the enjoyment and glory of our time, there is scarce one for the planting of which we are not indebted to the middle ages. And therefore do we protest against the imputation of sheer barbarism, which it is customary to stamp upon them.

Milton has rendered a noble testimony to the influence of their literature, by reckoning it among the means of nourishing within him that sublime virtue which made him a glory to humanity. ‘I betook myself,’ says he, ‘among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from thence had in renown all over christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend, at the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so besel him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron, from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. So that these books proved to me so many incitements to the love and steadfast observation of virtue.’

We shall dismiss our subject with a brief consideration of the alleged defects of the institution of chivalry, and of the benefits it unquestionably conferred upon the world.

It has been one charge against chivalry, that it was warlike, and ever

appealed to the sword to decide the conflicting pretensions of justice. Were chivalry to be looked at as an external and a permanent institution, the charge would be valid. But, regarded as an institution created by the circumstances of a particular age, and taking a shape suited to the wants of that age, the charge is nought. That the knight grasped the sword, was not from the impulse of the essential spirit of chivalry, but on compulsion of the times, that made him knight. Different states of society demand different means to work the same results. To effect certain purposes, both noble and useful, Chivalry grasped the instruments, and the only instruments, which the age had fashioned to its hands. These instruments were those of war.

And what is war? Simply the shock of antagonist forces, be these what they may, opinions, passions, tastes, or what not. These opposing forces, by a natural necessity, covet the annihilation, or the subjection of each other, and this they may aim to effect either with or without the intervening concussion of physical masses. In the former case, we designate their collision by the technical term war; in the latter, by controversy, or some equivalent term. But it is clear they are both equally manifestations of the self-same radical principle. There is, therefore, as much war in the world now, though the Temple of Janus has so long been shut, as in any former age. And so long as men shall differ in opinion, feelings, or taste — and when or how can it be otherwise? — so long must there be war on the earth.

However, in a highly civilized and thoroughly christianized society, such differences are put forward in the spirit of peace, and their collision serves to strike out truth, and open up the way of improvement. But in rude and primitive times, adverse principles are too vehement and sharp, environed with too few restraining and modifying influences, to adjust their hostility merely by argumentation, or any other weapon from the armory of spiritual conflict. The weapons of their warfare are carnal. Their antipathy betakes itself to the intermediation of physical masses; and differing men meet and impinge in the shock of battle.

Just so it is with the tamers of a virgin soil. They must needs struggle incessantly and fiercely with beast and reptile; with hunger, and cold, and storm; with sickness, privation, and casualty in its thousand forms. With the clearing up of the country, and the gathering of its population into villages, the wild animal is exterminated or expelled; and so, though a contest must still be waged with physical wants and elementary inclemencies, man is better furnished with appliances to wage it successfully. In the immaturity, then, of society, war, which, in some guise, holds perpetual fellowship with humanity, takes the peculiar modification of clashing physical forces. Chivalry, therefore, was warlike from the necessity of the times that produced it. It did not, however, stand forth as the advocate and friend of war, but rather as the friend and harbinger of peace to come. For it grasped a rod of chastisement for the spoiler and oppressor, and proclaimed itself the champion and vindicator of weakness, defencelessness, and right. It did, indeed, cast the sword into one side of the scales of justice, but, unlike the juggling Gaul, it did so because cru-

elty and wrong weighed down the other. It mitigated the ferocity of war by mingling with its usages a courtesy, humanity, and fairness unknown before, and thus, by diminishing the springs that feed it, wrought toward its final extinction. So do our woodmen kindle on the outskirts of a burning forest antagonist fires, which serve to check the spread of the conflagration, and cause it to die out with the consumption of the material already seized upon. The military character of chivalry cannot, then, be counted a stigma on an institution born of an age of war, and aiming to work out peace by the only fitting implements in its possession. Little, therefore, too little to call for present notice, remains to qualify, in our contemplation, the nobleness of the spirit that produced it, and the beneficence of the results it accomplished.

One effect of chivalry was to redeem from almost a dead letter to life and vigorous activity, the second great law of the christian statute book; the law of brotherly love; the law of sympathy with, and interest in, man simply *as* man. To love their friends and hate their foes, was the prime precept of the Pagan code. The bounds of kindred and country, the lines traced by pride, interest, and other personal considerations, pagan charity rarely overstepped. Christian love was of a far other strain. It 'passed the flaming bounds of space and time;' it owned no restrictions on its exercise; it had a hearing ear, a responsive heart, and a helping hand, for wronged and suffering humanity, in whatever clime and under every sky. That a principle so high and pure should have been obstructed in its action, and indeed almost buried from sight by the falsities of the Pagan philosophy, and the crude notions of a thousand barbarous tribes, that obstructed their joint companionship on the religion of Christ, was in no wise to be marvelled at. It but shared the lot of its divine Author. In redeeming it from its thralldom, and sending it abroad on its mission of good, chivalry exerted a most conspicuous agency. For it openly and avowedly took its stand on the side of the innocent, the helpless, the wronged. It acknowledged their rightful and indefeasible claims to its services. And whether on the narrow field of an unsettled district, or on the broad battle-ground of the crusades, it put forth its best might from the impulse of a disinterestedness but slightly tainted with personal alloy.

Again, as we have hinted before, chivalry served as the agent of christianity in redeeming woman to the possession of something like equality in right and privilege with the stronger sex. By that might, which makes the right of ruder times, woman, inferior in brute strength to man, has been held by him in subjection. Save in the remarkable exception of the German tribes, we are not aware that savage life furnishes an instance, where woman has been dealt with as man's equal companion. Nor does heathen civilization much vary the picture. We, indeed, meet with individuals like Semiramis, Aspasia, and Zenobia, Volumnia, Portia, and Cornelia, women who have broken the bonds of proscription, and vindicated for themselves a determinate and equal allotment in society. But where do we find indications that the sex, as such, were ever counted worthy the confidence and equal companionship of man? It is a remark of the

profound and acute Schlegel, that even in the most splendid models of the Greek literature, there is a lamentable deficiency, a lack of a certain indefinable charm and shadowy delicacy of tint, which characterize the best literature of a social state, wherein woman, holding her just place, and enjoying a proper culture, tinctures with her peculiar influence the springs of thought, sentiment, and feeling, in the popular mind.

It was reserved for chivalry, embodying the spirit of christianity, to demolish this old, moss-grown bastille of the social state, and restore its captives to freedom, and the rights and prerogatives of freedom. An institution having for its avowed aim to redress the injured and protect the weak, could not, of course, overlook the wrongs of a whole sex, reduced, through its mere weakness, to a slavish subjection. And herein did it give expression to the spirit of that religion, which proclaimed itself the friend of the friendless, and the helper of the helpless, and which assigned to moral qualities an everlasting superiority over physical force.

The first result of these efforts in behalf of the sex was, naturally enough, a strong reaction in its favor, and from a slave woman was exalted to a demi-goddess, and more invested with the sanctity of worship, than approached with the freedom of equal companionship. But this exaggeration of sentiment gradually wore away, without carrying with it the valuable results of which it was the factitious accompaniment.

And so chivalry bequeathed to the world the woman of modern society; the equal associate and friend of man; the ornament of his prosperity, and the immovable pillar of his adversity; his counsellor in straits, in despondency his availing consolation; the life and charm of the social group, and the queen and presiding genius of that little happiest of kingdoms, home; the nurse, guardian, and inspiration of the rising age, and the missionary bearing refinement and humanizing influences to the remotest nooks and recesses of society.

Such are in part the benefits for which modern times stand indebted to chivalry. The institution, in its outward form, has departed with the age that gave it life. But its spirit yet lives, for it was of a higher than mortal strain. Nor lives alone. Its name is no longer Jacob, but Israel, for it has mightily prevailed. It now wears not one, but a thousand forms; for wherever you witness disinterested, self-denying endeavors put forth in behalf of man, there you see impersonated the spirit of chivalry. Wheresoever you behold the missionary, having no breast-plate but that of righteousness, no shield but that of faith, no helmet but that of salvation, and no sword save the sword of the Spirit, going out to encounter the giant shapes of superstition and vice, for the rescue of oppressed and degraded man; wherever you behold a Howard 'plunging into the depths of dungeons, and diving into the infection of hospitals, in his circumnavigation of charity;' wherever you behold a Fry rising superior to the shrinking delicacy of her sex, to bear a message of love and redemption to the debased and lost; wherever you behold a man of God penetrating the squalid recesses where hopeless Poverty hides itself, and presenting the key that unlocks treasures which no rust can cor-

rupt and no thief steal ; wherever you behold a Lafayette exiling himself from all the heart holds dearest, staking the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and putting life itself in imminent jeopardy, to break the oppressor's rod, and set the oppressed stranger free, there you behold, incarnate and shining with a far greater than its primitive effulgence and beauty, the genuine spirit of chivalry !

A benison, then, lie evermore on the chivalry of the olden time ! Like a dream it hath passed away. But, like a dream of heaven, it leaves us inspired with noble impulses and high resolves for the accomplishment of the tasks, and the encounter of the trials, of earth !

SPEARING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'THE FOREST-WALK,' ETC.

THE lake's gold and purple have vanished from sight,
And the glimmer of twilight is merged into night.
The woods on the borders in blackness are massed,
And the waters in motionless ebony glassed ;
The stars that first spangled the pearl of the west,
Are lost in the bright blazing crowds of the rest ;
Light the torch ! — launch the boat ! — for to-night we are here
The salmon, the quick-darting salmon, to spear.

Let us urge our light craft, by the push of the oar,
Through the serpent-like stems of the lilies near shore :
We are free — turn the prow to yon crescent-shaped cove
Made black by the down-hanging boughs of its grove.
The meek eddy-gurgle that whirls at our dip,
Sounds low as the wine-bead which bursts on the lip.
On the lake, from the flame of our torch, we behold
A pyramid pictured in spangles of gold,
While the marble-like depths, on each side of the blaze,
Is full of gray sparkles, far in as we gaze.
From his bank-sheltered nook, the loon utters his cry,
And the night-hawk darts down with a rush, from on high :
In gutturals hoarse, on his green, slimy log,
To his shrill piping tribe, croaks the patriarch frog ;
And the bleat and the bark from the banks mingle faint
With the anchorite whippoorwill's mournful complaint.

We glide in the cove — let the torch be flared low,
And the spot, where our victim is lurking, 't will show ;
Mid the twigs of this dead sunken tree-top he lies,
Let the spear be poised quick, or good-bye to our prize.
Down it darts — to the blow our best efforts are bent,
And a white bubbling streak shows its rapid descent ;
We grasp it, as upward it shoots through the air,
Three cheers for our luck ! — our barbed victim is there !
Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our prow points to shore,
Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our labor is o'er.
As the black mass of forest our torch-light receives,
It breaks into groups of trunks, branches, and leaves ;
On his perch in the hemlock, we've blinded with light
Yon gray-headed owl — see him flutter from sight !
And the orator frog, as we gild with the glow,
Stops his speech with a groan, and dives splashing below,
One long and strong pull — the prow grates on the sand,
Three cheers for our luck, boys ! as spring we to land.

SONG.

 WRITTEN BY COLONEL WILLIAM L. STONE, FOR MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

Those locks, those ebon locks, now playing
 In clust'ring ringlets round thy brow,
 Or down thy snowy bosom straying,
 In dark and glossy tresses now;
 Those eyes, those brilliant eyes, now beaming
 In living light, like yonder star,
 Or like the liquid diamond gleaming,
 As shoot their glances bright and far :

Those cheeks, those cheeks, through which is rushing
 The rosy current, mantling there,
 Now like the damask sweetly blushing,
 Now like the fragrant lily fair :
 Those lips, those lips, that smile in gladness,
 Sweet as the nectar they distil,
 That lisp nor thought nor word of sadness,
 And shame the nightingale at will :

That form, that form, of beauty's moulding,
 That moves in light and loveliness,
 Each proud, elastic step unfolding
 In every line, a sweeter grace ;
 Ah, what are all ! — those tresses darkling
 That form, those lips, and cheeks so fair,
 Those star-lit eyes, like diamonds sparkling,
 Unless the MIND is radiant there ?

 THE BERMUDAS.

 A SHAKSPEARIAN RESEARCH: BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK

Who did not think, till within these four years, but that these islands had been rather a habitation for Devils, than fit for men to dwell in ? Who did not hate the name, when hee was on land, and shun the place when he was on the seas ? But behold the misprision and conceits of the world ! For true and large experience hath now told us, it is one of the sweetest paradises that be upon earth.

'A PLAINE DESCRIPT. OF THE BERMUDAS:' 1613.

In the course of a voyage home from England, our ship had been struggling, for two or three weeks, with perverse head-winds, and a stormy sea. It was in the month of May, yet the weather had at times a wintry sharpness, and it was apprehended that we were in the neighborhood of floating islands of ice, which at that season of the year drift out of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, and sometimes occasion the wreck of noble ships.

Wearied out by the continued opposition of the elements, our captain at length bore away to the south, in hopes of catching the expiring breath of the trade-winds, and making what is called the southern passage. A few days wrought, as it were, a magical 'sea change' in every thing around us. We seemed to emerge into a different world. The late dark and angry sea, lashed up into roaring and swashing surges, became calm and sunny ; the rude winds died away ; and gradually a light breeze sprang up directly aft, filling out

every sail, and wafting us smoothly along on an even keel. The air softened into a bland and delightful temperature. Dolphins began to play about us; the nautilus came floating by, like a fairy ship, with its mimic sail and rainbow tints; and flying-fish, from time to time, made their short excursive flights, and occasionally fell upon the deck. The cloaks and overcoats in which we had hitherto wrapped ourselves, and moped about the vessel, were thrown aside; for a summer warmth had succeeded to the late wintry chills. Sails were stretched as awnings over the quarter-deck, to protect us from the mid-day sun. Under these we lounged away the day, in luxurious indolence, musing, with half-shut eyes, upon the quiet ocean. The night was scarcely less beautiful than the day. The rising moon sent a quivering column of silver along the undulating surface of the deep, and, gradually climbing the heaven, lit up our towering top-sails and swelling main-sails, and spread a pale, mysterious light around. As our ship made her whispering way through this dreamy world of waters, every boisterous sound on board was charmed to silence; and the low whistle, or drowsy song, of a sailor from the fore-castle, or the tinkling of a guitar, and the soft warbling of a female voice from the quarter-deck, seemed to derive a witching melody from the scene and hour. I was reminded of Oberon's exquisite description of music and moonlight on the ocean:

——— 'Thou rememberest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.'

Indeed, I was in the very mood to conjure up all the imaginary beings with which poetry has peopled old ocean, and almost ready to fancy I heard the distant song of the mermaid, or the mellow shell of the triton, and to picture to myself Neptune and Amphitrite with all their pageant sweeping along the dim horizon.

A day or two of such fanciful voyaging, brought us in sight of the Bermudas, which first looked like mere summer clouds, peering above the quiet ocean. All day we glided along in sight of them, with just wind enough to fill our sails; and never did land appear more lovely. They were clad in emerald verdure, beneath the serene of skies: not an angry wave broke upon their quiet shores, and small fishing craft, riding on the crystal waves, seemed as if hung in air. It was such a scene that Fletcher pictured to himself, when he extolled the halcyon lot of the fisherman:

Ah! would thou knewest how much it better were
 To bide among the simple fisher-swains:
 No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here,
 Nor is our simple pleasure mixed with pains.
 Our sports begin with the beginning year;
 In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land,
 In roughs, to sing and dance along the yellow sand.

In contemplating these beautiful islands, and the peaceful sea around them, I could hardly realize that these were the 'still vexed

Bermoothes' of Shakspeare, once the dread of mariners, and infamous in the narratives of the early discoverers, for the dangers and disasters which beset them. Such, however, was the case; and the islands derived additional interest in my eyes, from fancying that I could trace in their early history, and in the superstitious notions connected with them, some of the elements of Shakspeare's wild and beautiful drama of the *Tempest*. I shall take the liberty of citing a few historical facts, in support of this idea, which may claim some additional attention from the American reader, as being connected with the first settlement of Virginia.

At the time when Shakspeare was in the fulness of his talent, and seizing upon every thing that could furnish aliment to his imagination, the colonization of Virginia was a favorite object of enterprise among people of condition in England, and several of the courtiers of the court of Queen Elizabeth were personally engaged in it. In the year 1609, a noble armament of nine ships and five hundred men sailed for the relief of the colony. It was commanded by Sir George Somers, as admiral, a gallant and generous gentleman, above sixty years of age, and possessed of an ample fortune, yet still bent upon hardy enterprise, and ambitious of signalizing himself in the service of his country.

On board of his flag-ship, the *Sea-Vulture*, sailed also Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general of the colony. The voyage was long and boisterous. On the twenty-fifth of July, the admiral's ship was separated from the rest, in a hurricane. For several days she was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and so strained and racked, that her seams yawned open, and her hold was half filled with water. The storm subsided, but left her a mere foundering wreck. The crew stood in the hold to their waists in water, vainly endeavoring to bail her with kettles, buckets, and other vessels. The leaks rapidly gained on them, while their strength was as rapidly declining. They lost all hope of keeping the ship afloat, until they should reach the American coast; and wearied with fruitless toil, determined, in their despair, to give up all farther attempt, shut down the hatches, and abandon themselves to Providence. Some, who had spirituous liquors, or 'comfortable waters,' as the old record quaintly terms them, brought them forth, and shared them with their comrades, and they all drank a sad farewell to one another, as men who were soon to part company in this world.

In this moment of extremity, the worthy admiral, who kept sleepless watch from the high stern of the vessel, gave the thrilling cry of 'land!' All rushed on deck, in a frenzy of joy, and nothing now was to be seen or heard on board, but the transports of men who felt as if rescued from the grave. It is true the land in sight would not, in ordinary circumstances, have inspired much self-gratulation. It could be nothing else but the group of islands called after their discoverer, one Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, but stigmatized among the mariners of those days as 'the islands of devils!' 'For the islands of the Bermudas,' says the old narrative of this voyage, 'as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any christian or heathen people, but were ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms,

and foul weather, which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Divell himself.*

Sir George Somers and his tempest-tossed comrades, however, hailed them with rapture, as if they had been a terrestrial paradise. Every sail was spread, and every exertion made to urge the foundering ship to land. Before long, she struck upon a rock. Fortunately, the late stormy winds had subsided, and there was no surf. A swelling wave lifted her from off the rock, and bore her to another; and thus she was borne on from rock to rock, until she remained wedged between two, as firmly as if set upon the stocks. The boats were immediately lowered, and, though the shore was above a mile distant, the whole crew were landed in safety.

Every one had now his task assigned him. Some made all haste to unload the ship, before she should go to pieces; some constructed wigwams of palmetto leaves, and others ranged the island in quest of wood and water. To their surprise and joy, they found it far different from the desolate and frightful place they had been taught, by seamen's stories, to expect. It was well wooded and fertile; there were birds of various kinds, and herds of swine roaming about, the progeny of a number that had swum ashore, in former years, from a Spanish wreck. The island abounded with turtle, and great quantities of their eggs were to be found among the rocks. The bays and inlets were full of fish; so tame, that if any one stepped into the water, they would throng around him. Sir George Somers, in a little while, caught enough with hook and line to furnish a meal to his whole ship's company. Some of them were so large, that two were as much as a man could carry. Craw-fish, also, were taken in abundance. The air was soft and salubrious, and the sky beautifully serene. Waller, in his 'Summer Islands,' has given us a faithful picture of the climate:

'For the kind spring, (which but salutes us here),
Inhabits these, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise, and at once they give:
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,
To shew how all things were created first.'

We may imagine the feelings of the shipwrecked mariners, on finding themselves cast by stormy seas upon so happy a coast; where abundance was to be had without labor; where what in other climes constituted the costly luxuries of the rich, were within every man's reach; and where life promised to be a mere holiday. Many of the common sailors, especially, declared they desired no better lot than to pass the rest of their lives on this favored island.

The commanders, however, were not so ready to console themselves with mere physical comforts, for the severance from the enjoyment of cultivated life, and all the objects of honorable ambition. Despairing of the arrival of any chance ship on these shunned and

* 'A Plaine Description of the Bermudas.'

dreaded islands, they fitted out the long-boat, making a deck of the ship's hatches, and having manned her with eight picked men, despatched her, under the command of an able and hardy mariner, named Raven, to proceed to Virginia, and procure shipping to be sent to their relief.

While waiting in anxious idleness for the arrival of the looked-for aid, dissensions arose between Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, originating, very probably, in jealousy of the lead which the nautical experience and professional station of the admiral gave him in the present emergency. Each commander of course had his adherents: these dissensions ripened into a complete schism; and this handful of shipwrecked men, thus thrown together on an uninhabited island, separated into two parties, and lived asunder in bitter feud, as men rendered fickle by prosperity, instead of being brought into brotherhood by a common calamity.

Weeks and months elapsed, without bringing the looked-for aid from Virginia, though that colony was within but a few days' sail. Fears were now entertained that the long-boat had been either swallowed up in the sea, or wrecked on some savage coast; one or other of which most probably was the case, as nothing was ever heard of Raven and his comrades.

Each party now set to work to build a vessel for itself out of the cedar with which the island abounded. The wreck of the *Sea-Vulture* furnished rigging, and various other articles; but they had no iron for bolts, and other fastenings; and for want of pitch and tar, they payed the seams of their vessels with lime and turtle's oil, which soon dried, and became as hard as stone.

On the tenth of May, 1610, they set sail, having been about nine months on the island. They reached Virginia without farther accident, but found the colony in great distress for provisions. The account they gave of the abundance that reigned in the Bermudas, and especially of the herds of swine that roamed the island, determined Lord Delaware, the governor of Virginia, to send thither for supplies. Sir George Somers, with his wonted promptness and generosity, offered to undertake what was still considered a dangerous voyage. Accordingly, on the nineteenth of June, he set sail, in his own cedar vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by another small vessel, commanded by Captain Argall.

The gallant Somers was doomed again to be tempest-tossed. His companion vessel was soon driven back to port, but he kept the sea; and, as usual, remained at his post on deck, in all weathers. His voyage was long and boisterous, and the fatigues and exposures which he underwent, were too much for a frame impaired by age, and by previous hardships. He arrived at Bermudas completely exhausted and broken down.

His nephew, Captain Mathew Somers, attended him in his illness with affectionate assiduity. Finding his end approaching, the veteran called his men together, and exhorted them to be true to the interests of Virginia; to procure provisions, with all possible despatch, and hasten back to the relief of the colony.

With this dying charge, he gave up the ghost, leaving his nephew and crew overwhelmed with grief and consternation. Their first

thought was to pay honor to his remains. Opening the body, they took out the heart and entrails, and buried them, erecting a cross over the grave. They then embalmed the body, and set sail with it for England; thus, while paying empty honors to their deceased commander, neglecting his earnest wish and dying injunction, that they should return with relief to Virginia.

The little bark arrived safely at Whitechurch, in Dorsetshire, with its melancholy freight. The body of the worthy Somers was interred with the military honors due to a brave soldier, and many volleys were fired over his grave. The Bermudas have since received the name of the Somer Islands, as a tribute to his memory.

The accounts given by Captain Mathew Somers and his crew of the delightful climate, and the great beauty, fertility, and abundance of these islands, excited the zeal of enthusiasts, and the cupidity of speculators, and a plan was set on foot to colonize them. The Virginia company sold their right to the islands to one hundred and twenty of their own members, who erected themselves into a distinct corporation, under the name of the 'Somer Island Society;' and Mr. Richard More was sent out, in 1612, as governor, with sixty men, to found a colony: and this leads me to the second branch of this research.

THE THREE KINGS OF BERMUDA.

AND THEIR TREASURE OF AMBERGRIS.

At the time that Sir George Somers was preparing to launch his cedar-built bark, and sail for Virginia, there were three culprits among his men, who had been guilty of capital offences. One of them was shot; the others, named Christopher Carter and Edward Waters, escaped. Waters, indeed, made a very narrow escape, for he had actually been tied to a tree to be executed, but cut the rope with a knife, which he had concealed about his person, and fled to the woods, where he was joined by Carter. These two worthies kept themselves concealed in the secret parts of the island, until the departure of the two vessels. When Sir George Somers revisited the island, in quest of supplies for the Virginia colony, these culprits hovered about the landing-place, and succeeded in persuading another seaman, named Edward Chard, to join them, giving him the most seductive pictures of the ease and abundance in which they revelled.

When the bark that bore Sir George's body to England had faded from the watery horizon, these three vagabonds walked forth in their majesty and might, the lords and sole inhabitants of these islands. For a time their little commonwealth went on prosperously and happily. They built a house, sowed corn, and the seeds of various fruits; and having plenty of hogs, wild fowl, and fish of all kinds, with turtle in abundance, carried on their tripartite sovereignty with great harmony and much feasting. All kingdoms, however, are doomed to revolution, convulsion, or decay; and so it fared with the empire of the three kings of Bermuda, albeit they were monarchs without subjects. In an evil hour, in their search after turtle, among the fissures of the rocks, they came upon a great treasure of ambergris, which had been cast on shore by the ocean. Beside a number of pieces of smaller

dimensions, there was one great mass, the largest that had ever been known, weighing eighty pounds, and which of itself, according to the market value of ambergris in those days, was worth about nine or ten thousand pounds!

From that moment, the happiness and harmony of the three kings of Bermuda were gone for ever. While poor devils, with nothing to share but the common blessings of the island, which administered to present enjoyment, but had nothing of convertible value, they were loving and united: but here was actual wealth, which would make them rich men, whenever they could transport it to a market.

Adieu the delights of the island! They now became flat and insipid. Each pictured to himself the consequence he might now aspire to, in civilized life, could he once get there with this mass of ambergris. No longer a poor Jack Tar, frolicking in the low taverns of Wapping, he might roll through London in his coach, and perchance arrive, like Whittington, at the dignity of Lord Mayor.

With riches came envy and covetousness. Each was now for assuming the supreme power, and getting the monopoly of the ambergris. A civil war at length broke out: Chard and Waters defied each other to mortal combat, and the kingdom of the Bermudas was on the point of being deluged with royal blood. Fortunately, Carter took no part in the bloody feud. Ambition might have made him view it with secret exultation; for if either or both of his brother potentates were slain in the conflict, he would be a gainer in purse and ambergris. But he dreaded to be left alone in this uninhabited island, and to find himself the monarch of a solitude: so he secretly purloined and hid the weapons of the belligerent rivals, who, having no means of carrying on the war, gradually cooled down into a sullen armistice.

The arrival of Governor More, with an overpowering force of sixty men, put an end to the empire. He took possession of the kingdom, in the name of the Somer Island Company, and forthwith proceeded to make a settlement. The three kings tacitly relinquished their sway, but stood up stoutly for their treasure. It was determined, however, that they had been fitted out at the expense, and employed in the service, of the Virgina Company; that they had found the ambergris while in the service of that company, and on that company's land; that the ambergris, therefore, belonged to that company, or rather to the Somer Island Company, in consequence of their recent purchase of the island, and all their appurtenances. Having thus legally established their right, and being moreover able to back it by might, the company laid the lion's paw upon the spoil; and nothing more remains on historic record of the Three Kings of Bermuda, and their treasure of ambergris.

THE reader will now determine whether I am more extravagant than most of the commentators on Shakspeare, in my surmise that the story of Sir George Somers' shipwreck, and the subsequent occurrences that took place on the uninhabited island, may have furnished the bard with some of the elements of his drama of the *Tempest*. The tidings of the shipwreck, and of the incidents connected with it, reached England not long before the production of this drama,

and made a great sensation there. A narrative of the whole matter, from which most of the foregoing particulars are extracted, was published at the time in London, in a pamphlet form, and could not fail to be eagerly perused by Shakspeare, and to make a vivid impression on his fancy. His expression, in the *Tempest*, of 'the still vext Bermoothes,' accords exactly with the storm-beaten character of those islands. The enchantments, too, with which he has clothed the island of Prospero, may they not be traced to the wild and superstitious notions entertained about the Bermudas? I have already cited two passages from a pamphlet published at the time, showing that they were esteemed 'a most *prodigious* and *enchanted* place,' and the 'habitation of divells;' and another pamphlet, published shortly afterward, observes: 'And whereas it is reported that this land of the Barmudas, with the islands about, (which are many, at least an hundred,) are enchanted, and kept with evil and wicked spirits, it is a most idle and false report.*'

The description, too, given in the same pamphlets, of the real beauty and fertility of the Bermudas, and of their serene and happy climate, so opposite to the dangerous and inhospitable character with which they had been stigmatized, accords with the eulogium of Sebastian on the island of Prospero:

'Though this island seem to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. Here is every thing advantageous to life. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!'

I think too, in the exulting consciousness of ease, security, and abundance, felt by the late tempest-tossed mariners, while revelling in the plenteousness of the island, and their inclination to remain there, released from the labors, the cares, and the artificial restraints of civilized life, I can see something of the golden commonwealth of honest Gonzalo:

'Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king of it, what would I do?
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all.

All things in common, nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavor: Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.'

But above all, in the three fugitive vagabonds who remained in possession of the island of Bermuda, on the departure of their comrades, and in their squabbles about supremacy, on the finding of their

*Newes from the Barmudas; 1612.

treasure, I see typified Sebastian, Trinculo, and their worthy companion Caliban :

'Trinculo, the king and all our company being drowned, we will inherit here.'

'Monster, I will kill this man ; his daughter and I will be king and queen, (save our graces !) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.'

I do not mean to hold up the incidents and characters in the narrative and in the play as parallel, or as being strikingly similar : neither would I insinuate that the narrative suggested the play ; I would only suppose that Shakspeare, being occupied about that time on the drama of the *Tempest*, the main story of which, I believe, is of Italian origin, had many of the fanciful ideas of it suggested to his mind by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the 'still vext Bermoothes,' and by the popular superstitions connected with these islands, and suddenly put in circulation by that event.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR !

FAREWELL, Old Year ! — when other friends depart,
Fond hope still lingers in the sad adieu,
And e'en in absence tells the sorrowing heart,
That after fare-thee-well comes how-d'-ye-do !

But thou, Old Year, art passing from my sight !
Thy cheerful days, thy happy hours are o'er ;
To memory's dim domain they take their flight,
And from her shades they shall return no more.

The summer birds that with their truant wings
Cleave the far ether of a southern sky,
Anon return, by bowers and gushing springs,
To glad the wild woods with their melody.

But they return not — hours of bliss — swift stealing
Away, away, on pinions bright and pure,
E'en in their flight, the matchless joys revealing,
Too fair to last — too lovely to endure !

In vain, with beating hearts, and arms extended,
We court their stay, and pray that they may last ;
They glide away, too soon with memories blended,
That crowd the precincts of th' insatiate past.

Thus years roll by, and each and every one
Snatches some treasured happiness away ;
Ah, graceless heart ! reflect — and are there none
That bear griefs with them, on their backward way ?

Neither shall these return to mar thy rest,
If joys depart, so care's dark hours go by ;
And time hath power to heal the bleeding breast,
To dry the falling tear, and hush the sigh.

Or if a sting remain, the honey dew
Of sweet remembrance shall allay the smart,
And soothe the regrets, and kindle hope anew ;
Blest antidote to care ! — oh ! thankless heart !

Yes ! years roll on ; yet wherefore send them forth
With records dark and sad to bear on high ?
Oh ! give them noble thoughts, and deeds of worth,
To swell the annals of eternity.

ANACREONTIC.

BY G. HILL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'TITANIA'S BANQUET,' AND OTHER POEMS.

THE bard of old, when he would drink,
 Bade them twine the goblet's brink
 With flowers — bring lights — nor let be mute
 The soul that slumbered in the lute.

What need of flowers? — thy lips' perfume
 And tint have stolen their scent and bloom :
 What need of lights? — when a whole sky
 Of star-smiles sparkle in thine eye?
 Or why the lute-chord bid resign
 The soul of song? — that soul is thine !

THE CONTRABANDIST.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

THE intimate connexion between poetry and music is scarcely appreciated by the multitude. The capabilities of an instrument are not limited to uttering harmonious sounds : in the hands of a skilful artist, it may be made to express ideas. Perhaps no better illustration of this position can be found, than the words which the celebrated pianist, Listz, has composed on the simple Spanish air, '*Yo que soy Contrabandista.*' It is indeed a complete poem. 'After a spirited and comprehensive introduction, 'says MADAME DUDEVANT, 'the national air, expressed at first in all its original simplicity, passes, by a succession of intonations admirably adapted to each other, from infantile grace to warlike rudeness ; from rural melancholy, to gloomy rage ; from heart-rending grief, to poetic phrenzy ; suddenly, amid all this feverish agitation, a sublime prayer, wonderfully embodied in most scientific modulations, raises you to another sphere ; yet even in this ethereal atmosphere, the distant sounds of earth, songs, wailings, menaces, cries of distress and triumph, still pursue you. Awakened from an ecstasy of contemplation, you descend again to the festival and the combat ; you are again summoned thence ; the mysterious and all-powerful voice calls you once more to the mountain, where your soul is refreshed by the dew of holy tears ; and yet again the mountain vanishes, and the torches of the banquet eclipse the stars of heaven. A thousand voices of joy, of triumph, and of anger, then take up the theme, and a thundering chorus terminates this mighty poem, this magnificent creation of genius, which subjects a whole life, an entire world of thoughts and feelings, to the magic touch of the thrilling keys.'

On the sensations inspired by this wonderful performance, Madame Dudevant, better known by the *nom-de-guerre* of GEORGE SAND, has founded the following dramatic sketch, which I have endeavored to render into English. The prose-poetry of the original, so conformable

to the genius of the French tongue, scarcely admits of imitation in our own. I have therefore translated the piece into verse, with the exception of such parts, (marked in the original 'recitatif,') as were evidently introduced merely to give it connection.

THE CONTRABANDIST.

SCENE: A BANQUET IN A GARDEN.

CHORUS OF REVELLERS.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Let us strike the full goblets again and again,
Till their roseate lips shall be shattered in twain;
Come, wind of the evening, from balm-breathing bowers,
And strew on our foreheads the sweet orange flowers;
Let us drink to the day that unites us once more,
At the time-honored home of our sires of yore!
Brothers and friends, rejoice!

SIR CASTELLAN.

Come, friend of my childhood, come servitor mine,
And fill me a goblet of generous wine!
Those hands that have guided my steps when a child,
Must support me again, ere this night shall be o'er;
And when I am stammering, wine-overcome,
I then thy master shall seem no more;
And to me thou wilt say, as thou often hast said,
'My child, it is time to retire to thy bed.'

CHORUS OF REVELLERS.

Fill up, fill up the merry wassail cup!
Free, free be the red wine poured!
For the servant good who so long hath stood
By the side of his noble lord!
Let his wrinkled brow grow joyous now!
Let him yield his spirit up
To the power divine of the god of wine,
Who smiles in the mantling cup!
'Tis Bacchus fair that lurketh there,
The fairest of gods is he:
Yes, even Cupid is a sluggard stupid,
Compared with the wine-god free.
Drink, drink old man, till thy gray-haired age
Hath vanished and fled away,
And thou art as young as the youngest page,
Who now doth thy word obey.
That thy lord may be, when deprived of thee,
Unable his couch to find,
And with us may stay, till the dawn of day,
Like a generous host, and kind.

A GUEST.

And why dost thou, my charming fair,
Refuse our revelry to share?
Why dost thou take such scanty sips
As hardly wet thy rosy lips?
Come, fill thy goblet brimming high!
For if thou dost not drink as I,
In truth I shall begin to fear
I am to thee no longer dear;
And that thou shun'st the red wine's flow,
Lest it should make thee tell me so!

CHORUS OF REVELLERS.

Drink, wives and sisters, drink with us,
 And join us in our lay,
 For Bacchus only those betrays,
 Who would all else betray.
 'Tis he unveils the hearts of men,
 Like the trump of the judgment day:
 The liar's words he falsifies,
 And the truth of the true makes clear;
 So ye who have no wicked thoughts,
 Unmeet for friends to hear,
 Let fall your words confidently,
 Without a shade of fear;
 As the crystal drops in early spring,
 At Sol's all-powerful will,
 Start forth adown the ice-bound cliffs,
 In many a limpid rill.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Yes, we will drink and sing with you,
 Nor shun the red wine flowing;
 For we have nothing in our hearts,
 That we should fear your knowing;
 And if we say too much to-night,
 'T will be no cause of sorrow;
 For well we know that none of you
 Will think of it to-morrow!

OMNES.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
 Let us strike the full goblet again and again,
 Till their roseate lips shall be shattered in twain:
 Come, wind of the evening, from balm-breathing bowers,
 And strew on our foreheads the sweet orange flowers!
 This, this is the day that unites us once more,
 At the time-honored home of our sires of yore:
 Let one and all rejoice!

A GUEST.

I fear that the uproar of all our voices together, may intoxicate us sooner than the wine. Let us suffer the jolly god to take possession of us slowly, and gradually to infuse into our veins his genial influence. Let the youngest of us sing some popular air, and we will repeat the chorus only.

BOY.

Here is a lay of the mountains, which you must all remember. It often draws tears from the eyes of those who hear it in foreign lands.

CHORUS.

Ay, sing, my boy, sing, make no delay!
 And let each, as the chorus he swells to-day,
 Bless his good angel that now, once more,
 He sees the home of his sires of yore:
 Let one and all rejoice!

BOY.

'I who a contrabandist am,
 A noble life I lead;
 I scour the mountains night and day,
 Or down to the hamlet speed,
 To sport with the lovely maidens there;
 And when the guard comes by,

I clap the spur to my good black steed,
 And back to the mountains fly !
 Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed,
 The guard is just in view ;
 Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed !
 Ye maidens fair, adieu !

CHORUS.

'Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed !
 The guard is just in view ;
 Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed !
 Ye maidens fair, adieu !'
 Rejoice ! Rejoice !
 Let us strike the full goblets again and again,
 Till their roseate lips ——'

CASTELLAN.

Ha ! who is this pilgrim that issues from the forest, followed by a famished dog, black as night ? He approaches us with an uncertain step. He seems worn out with fatigue. Fill him a generous cup. Let him drink to his far-off home and absent friends.

CHORUS.

Tired wanderer, the cup of joy come fill with us, and drain
 To the far-off home and absent friends thou ne'er may'st see again.

THE STRANGER.

Ungrateful country, friends untrue,
 I never more will drink to you !
 Accursed for ever may ye live,
 Who a brother thus like a beggar receive !
 For ever may ye be forgot,
 Who a former friend remember not !
 The worthless cup ye bid me take,
 (A vulgar alms,) I fain would break,
 And in that wine would bathe my feet,
 That yields my heart no genial heat.
 False is your friendship, bad your wine,
 And your welcome cold as this lot of mine !

CHORUS.

Who art thou, who alone darest to beard us all in the home of our sires ? — who boastest that thou art one of us ? — who pourest out in the dust the cup of joy and hospitality ?

STRANGER.

Who am I ? I will tell you. I am an unfortunate man, and therefore none of you remember me. Had I come among you in my former splendor, you would all have run to meet me, and the fairest of your dames would have poured for me the stirrup-cup in a golden goblet. But I come alone, with no pomp of equipage — no servants, horses, nor dogs : the gold of my habit is tarnished by sun and rain ; my cheeks are hollowed, and my forehead sinks under the weight of my lasting cares, like that of Atlas beneath the burthen of the world. Why do you gaze at me so stupidly ? Are you not ashamed to be surprised in these bacchanalian orgies, by him who fondly thought that you were even now lamenting his absence ? Come, rise ! Let the proudest among you yield me his seat by the side of your fairest dame.

CASTELLAN.

Stranger, thou takest liberties with us which we would not permit, were not this a grand festal day. But as, during the saturnalia, slaves were permitted to lord it over their masters, so on this day, devoted to the rites of hospitality, we are willing to laugh at the jokes of a ragged vagrant, who calls himself our brother and our equal.

STRANGER.

The wanderer, my gracious hosts, who thus among you stands,
No longer is your equal now, though born in kindred lands:
But once he was your equal, ye who, without alloy
Of care or anguish, merrily do quaff the cup of joy.

CHORUS.

And who art thou, then ? Tell us, eccentric stranger, and raise to thy parched lips the cup of joy.

STRANGER.

Every cup is filled with gall for him who has no longer friends nor country ; and since ye would know who I am, be assured, O children of joy, that I who have drank the cup of life to the dregs, am greater than you ; for grief has made me greater and more powerful than the greatest and most powerful among you.

CASTELLAN.

Stranger, thy boldness amuses me ; if I mistake not, thou art a street poet ; an improvisator of drolleries ; an expert buffoon ; go on, and since it is thy whim not to drink, drink not, but continue to amuse us with thy vagaries, while we drain the cup of joy.

LA HERMOSA.

My beloved ! my friends ! Sir Castellan ! this man asserts that he is greater than any of you ; but you should pardon his boldness, for he has also said that he is the most unfortunate of men. Do not, I beseech you, torment him with your raillery, but prevail upon him to tell us his story.

CASTELLAN.

Come, then, pilgrim, since La Hermosa has taken thee under her kind protection, tell us thy misfortunes, and we, amid our joy, will hear them with pity, for love of her.

STRANGER.

Castellan, I have something else to think of beside your amusement. I am neither improvisator, nor singer, nor buffoon. I laugh, 't is true, and that often ; but with a secret, a gloomy, and a despairing laughter, as I look upon the crimes and the woes of men. Maiden, I have naught to tell. The history of all my misfortunes is comprised in this one sentence : *I am a man.*

LA HERMOSA.

Unfortunate man ! I feel for thee unutterable compassion. Look at him, my friends ; do you not seem to recognize those features, so

changed by grief? Look at him, my dear Diego; truly, I have seen that face in a dream, or else it is the phantom of one whom I have loved.

DIEGO.

Hermosa, you are too compassionate. I have never met that gloomy face in all my travels. If it has appeared to you in a dream, that dream was doubtless a night-mare, attendant on a bad supper. Nevertheless, if he will tell us his story, I am willing to lay aside my anger.

CHORUS.

If he is willing to relate
Th' adventures he has known,
Here let him fill the cup of joy,
And gaily drain it down.
But if he will nor speak nor drink,
At once to Pluto going,
There let him drain the gall of hate,
From a cup of iron glowing!

BOY.

With a timid voice, on bended knee, I would make bold to offer a suggestion to my lord. This stranger has been attracted toward us by the chorus of my song. When I commenced singing, he was winding along the skirts of the wood, in the direction of the plain; but suddenly, as if his ear were struck with agreeable sounds, he returned upon his steps; twice or thrice he stopped to listen, and when I finished, he had almost reached us. He asserts that he is one of your old friends; that you once were his companions; that this is his native land. Well, then, let him sing my song, and if he can repeat it all without a mistake, we cannot doubt that he was born among our mountains.

CASTELLAN.

Be it so. Thou hast well spoken, young page, and I approve of thy advice, for La Hermosa smiles.

CHORUS.

Young page, thou hast well spoken;
Our fairest's smile we see;
Of her consent it is the token,
And our host approves of thee.
Fill, then! and let the stranger
First sing our country's lay,
Then drain with us, no more a ranger,
The cup of joy to-day.

STRANGER.

'T is well; I consent. Listen, then, and let none interrupt me.

'I — I — I —'

CHORUS.

Bravo! He knows the first syllable perfectly!

STRANGER.

Silence!

I who a youthful goatherd am —

CHORUS.

No! no! That is not it!

LA HERMOSA.

Let him go on ; he has a good voice.

STRANGER.

I who a youthful goatherd am,
A pleasant life I lead :
A careless child of the mountain wild,
A pleasant life indeed !
I from afar the town behold,
And never to this hour
Have seen, save from afar, the gold
Of the cathedral's tower.
All the fair maidens love I well,
Within the vallies near ;
But more than all who there do dwell,
I love my sister dear :
Doloris, purest of the pure,
And fairest of the fair,
Who under those old cedars lies,
Beneath the green turf there !
Alas, my life is nought but tears —
My woes I cannot bear !

DIEGO.

What does the man mean by this strange medley ? His sister whom he loves as alive, and bewails as dead, at the same time ! His pleasant life on the mountain, and immediately after, his life dissolved in tears ! Hermosa, his voice is clear, but his head is decidedly muddy.

LA HERMOSA.

Heavens ! I have heard of a certain Doloris, whose brother —

DIEGO.

Hermosa, you are too compassionate, indeed. Let this adventurer sing the song of our country, or let him go drain the cup of tears with Satan !

CHORUS.

Let him go drain the cup of tears
In the depths of gloomy Tartarus,
If he will not sing our country's song,
And drain the cup of joy with us.

STRANGER.

Let me alone a moment. My memory returns. I have confounded two stanzas of the song. This is the first :

I who a youthful goatherd am,
An easy life I lead ;
I on the mountain tend my flock,
Or rest on the verdant mead.
The gilded towers I never yet,
Save from afar, did view.
The maidens fair of the vale I love,
And I pull the violets blue,
To weave them garlands far less bright
Than their eyes of azure hue.
And when I hear the vesper bell,
And evening's shades draw nigh,
I call to me my buck-goat black,
And back to the mountains hie.
Come hither, come hither, my buck-goat black !
The night obscures our view :
Lead on the flock, my buck-goat black !
Ye maidens fair, adieu !

CASTELLAN.

Well sung, pilgrim! But this is not the song — not even a stanza of it: thou hast changed the subject. Come, try again; for thy voice is good, and thy imagination more fertile than thy memory is faithful.

CHORUS.

In our song let him join; let him moisten with wine
His lips, that he breath may regain:
But our own native lay he must sing us to-day,
If the full cup of joy he would drain.

STRANGER.

I — I — Stop a moment. Ah, I have it:

I who a dashing scholar am,
A jovial life I lead:
Through Salamanca's learned courts,
By day and night I speed.
And oft beyond the ramparts pass,
Those female forms to view,
Who fit like goblins through the night,
The stormy night untrue;
The mother of all treacheries;
Accursed may she be!
The mother of all crimes and woes —

Ah, I am wrong! That is not it.

DIEGO.

By Jove! it is time for him to find it out! He is not remembering at all, but inventing, from one stanza to another.

CHORUS.

Silence! silence! Hear him: he has a good voice.

STRANGER.

And when along a narrow lane,
A doctor old and sly,
Comes slowly stealing by,
I break my guitar on the old pedant's head,
And off to the mountains fly.
Take that! take that! old pedant black!
Fit recompense for you;
Take that! take that! old pedant black!
Bid the maidens fair adieu.

CHORUS.

Bravo! An amusing song! Let us repeat the chorus:

Take that! take that! old pedant black!
Fit recompense for you!
Take that! take that! old pedant black!
Bid the maidens fair adieu.

CASTELLAN.

Go on, my noble improvisator; thou hast not sung the song of our country, and I am glad of it, for thine pleases me; but thou knowest our bargain. It must be honorably fulfilled, if thou wouldst drain with us the cup of joy.

CHORUS.

Try, stranger, once more, and wet as before
 Thy lips, thy spent breath to regain;
 But our own country's lay thou must sing us to-day,
 If the full cup of joy thou wouldst drain.

STRANGER.

Let me alone, I pray you. My thoughts overwhelm and confound
 me. Ah! my memory returns: listen:

I — I — Now I have it:

I who a luckless lover am,
 A mournful life I lead:
 I weep in the mountains night and day,
 With a heart that aye doth bleed;
 I sometimes to th' accursed town
 By night return once more,
 To sit beneath her balcony,
 Whose love for me is o'er.
 My rival passeth! — forth I spring —
 Its point my poniard stains
 In the black blood, the sluggish ink,
 That flows in a pedant's veins:
 Die! die! thou wretch whom nature hates!
 And thou deceitful fair,
 Thou never more shalt man delude —'

But I am wrong — wandering again; I always confound the first
 and second stanzas, in my impatience. Listen; this is it:

But ha! the holy brotherhood!
 Those dreaded forms I view:
 Back to thy sheath, my poniard good!
 The alguazils pursue.
 Back to thy sheath, my poniard good!
 Thou maiden false, adieu!

CHORUS

Back to thy sheath, my poniard good!
 The alguazils pursue:
 Back to thy sheath, my poniard good!
 Thou maiden false, adieu!

CASTELLAN.

Yet once more, pilgrim! Thou wanderest so adroitly, that it is
 impossible thou canst not find the way again. Try once more!

CHORUS.

Try, stranger, once more, and wet as before
 Thy lips, thy spent breath to regain;
 For our own country's lay thou must sing us to-day,
 If the full cup of joy thou wouldst drain.

STRANGER.

Were I to sing you that lay which is imprinted on my memory in
 characters never to be effaced, the wine of your cups would turn into
 tears; ay, into gall, perhaps, or black blood!

CASTELLAN.

Go on, eccentric singer, and fear not. We love thy songs; and
 the potency of our cups can soon lay all the spirits of darkness.

CHORUS.

Proceed, noble singer, again !
 No terrors our hearts can annoy ;
 The spirits of darkness we hold in disdain,
 While crowning the full cup of joy.

STRANGER.

I who a wretched murderer am,
 A frightful life I lead ;
 By night I lurk in gloomy caves,
 Where toads and adders breed.
 By day, in search of herbs and roots,
 I scour the forests drear,
 And strive once more the voice of man,
 Though from afar, to hear.
 My feet are mangled ; on my brow
 The mark of Cain I bear ;
 My voice is as the torrents hoarse,
 With whom my home I share :
 My soul is rugged as the cliffs,
 Who now my comrades are.
 And when the fatal hour draws nigh,
 Marked by the rolling spheres,
 A bloody star shoots up the sky,
 A spectre black appears.
 And till that star in ocean sets,
 O'er cliff, and crag, and thorn,
 Close in the gloomy phantom's track,
 With frantic speed, I'm borne.
 March on, march on, thou spectre black !
 I follow close behind ;
 March on, march on, thou spectre black !
 Athwart the stormy wind.

Well, why do you not repeat the chorus ? Why do you draw your cups away from mine ? Cowards and visionaries, what fear ye ?

CASTELLAN.

Pilgrim, if this is the last stanza of thy song, and the last chapter of thy history ; if thy words, thy appearance, and thy conduct lie not ; if thou art indeed a murderer ——

STRANGER.

What ! — are you afraid too ?

LA HERMOSA : (*aside, gazing on the-stranger.*)

Yet he is so handsome !

STRANGER : (*bursting into a laugh.*)

Ha ! ha ! ha ! You will make me die of laughter ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! All these brave champions, these intrepid bacchanals, see them, paler than their cups of agate ! Look out ! look out ! Room for the spectre ! Well, do you see it ? But no ; 't is a different shade ; it appears to *me* ! I see it ; I hear it ! Listen to its song :

I who a gallant warrior am,
 A glorious life I lead ;
 My foe I in the mountains hold,
 In nought can he succeed.
 For there I press and weary him,
 I harass and affright ;
 I shut him up in dark defiles,
 Nor give him chance of flight.

His hosts with terror I consume,
 His bloody flag tear down,
 And trample 'neath my courser's feet
 His power and his renown.
 And when the thrilling clarion sounds,
 I charge impetuously;
 Hurrah! hurrah! my good black crest!
 On! on to victory!
 My plume, half-broken by the balls,
 Floats to the wind so free!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! my good black crest!
 On! on to victory!
 My plume, though broken by the balls,
 Shall yet my triumph see.

CASTELLAN.

He sings right well: his eyes sparkle; his hand makes the wine of his cup boil over. Drain that cup, my brave singer; thou hast well deserved it; but if thou wouldst sit among us, and drink till night, and from night till morning, thou must sing the song of our country.

CHORUS.

Thou must sing us to-day, O stranger! the lay
 Of our native mountain and plain,
 If thou till the morrow wouldst wash away sorrow,
 And the full cup of joy with us drain.

STRANGER.

I will, but it must be *when* I please, and *as* I please. Meanwhile, hear this stanza:

I who a careless rover am,
 A reckless life I lead;
 I wander from the crowded town,
 And off to the mountains speed;
 And thence I bear the maidens fair,
 To my mansion rich and gay,
 Where we whisper our loves in myrtle groves,
 And wile the time away;
 And when ennui, like a sable owl,
 O'ershadows me in air,
 I fill my goblet to the brim,
 And I drown the bird of care.
 Drink, drink, and die, thou night-bird black!
 Drink, drink of the mantling cup,
 'T is life to me, 't is death to thee!
 We both must drink it up.
 Back to thy nest on the church-yard yew!
 On the hapless victim's tomb,
 Go, on the spectre's shoulder perch!
 Thy own, thy proper home.

Do you like that? Perhaps I am wrong again. Will you hear another?

I who an humble hermit am,
 A pious life I lead;
 I watch and pray by night and day,
 In my cell on the mountain high.
 I lodge the weary pilgrims there,
 I give their cares relief;
 I expiate their sins and mine,
 By penitential grief.

And when the moon in heaven rides high,
 And the bright stars look pale,
 And nought is heard but the chamois' cry,
 Borne faintly on the gale,
 Low on the lonely heath kneel I,
 And raise my suppliant wail.

PRAYER.

To thee in this my solitude, I lift my humble cry,
 And in the silent desert before thee weeping lie :
 Ye splendors of the starry night, ye hosts of heaven above,
 O witness ye my sorrow, and witness ye my love !
 And ye, O guardian angels, bright messengers, who bear
 From heaven to earth our pardon, as from earth to heaven our prayer,
 Who float amid the harmony of the celestial spheres,
 Who in the moon's mild beams descend to this our vale of tears,
 Who over us, but all unseen, direct your rapid flight,
 With the circles of the rolling stars, and the gloomy veil of night :
 Weep, weep with me; repeat my prayers ; to you for aid I fly,
 Receive my tears of penitence, and bear them to the sky,
 And for my pardon plead with Him who hears the sinner's cry.

I have changed the measure. Does it please you now ? Come,
 then, join in the refrain :

To me a poor black penitent, O be thy mercy given !
 It comes ! and peace on earth is mine, and mercy, sent from heaven.

CHORUS.

To thee, to thee, black penitent, be peace and mercy given !
 Be peace on earth for ever thine, and mercy sent from heaven.

CASTELLAN.

If God absolves thee, pilgrim, the justice of men cannot exact
 more than that of heaven. Seat thyself, and be purified from thy
 crimes by the tears of repentance ; be cheered in thy calamity by the
 libations of joy.

STRANGER.

My crimes ! my repentance ! your pity ! No, no, my good friends ;
 the song does not finish thus. You must hear yet another stanza :

I who a bay-crowned poet am,
 I gods and men despise :
 I have songs for grief, and songs for joy,
 For the shades, and for the skies.
 A rhyme I have for the murd'ers knife,
 And one for the bloody fray,
 Another yet for love, and still
 For repentance, one more lay.
 'Tis thus I breathe my soul in verse,
 And take no thought of time,
 For what to me is the universe,
 If I only have my rhyme ?
 And when ideas begin to fail,
 Oh then I seize my lyre,
 And make its chords ring merrily out,
 Which fools with joy inspire.
 Sound out ! sound out ! my lyre-chord good !
 Thou dost ideas supply ;
 Sound out ! sound out ! let reason go !
 The rhyme 's the thing, say I.

CASTELLAN.

Dost thou mock our hospitality, audacious poet ! Hast thou not a ready song, a complete melody ? We have listened to thee an hour, subjected by turns to the sway of all the various emotions with which thou didst inspire us ; and hardly hast thou raised to the skies a pious strain, when thou resumest the tone of a fiend, to laugh at God, at thy fellow men, and at thyself. Sing us, then, at least the song of our country, or we will wrest from thy hands the cup of joy.

CHORUS.

Yes, sing our native lay, or we
The cup of joy will wrest from thee.

STRANGER.

O God of shepherds, hear me ! and thou, O Mary, hear !
Thou mother mild of heaven, to whom the simple soul is dear ;
O God of young hearts, hear me ! and thou, O Mary, hear !
Who dost inspire the lover, and confirm his vow sincere :
O God of battles, hear me ! and thou, O Mary, hear !
Who dost preserve the valiant, and fill the foe with fear :
O God of hermits, hear me ! and thou, O Mary, hear !
Protectress of the pious, who lov'st the sacred tear :
Oh God of poets, hear me ! and thou, O Mary, hear !
Thou most harmonious melody of the celestial sphere !
Sustain the weary pilgrim, conduct the traveller bold,
Preserve the gallant warrior, visit the hermit old ;
Smile, smile upon the poet, receive benignantly
The incense of his heart, which now he offers unto thee ;
Like to the mingled perfume of every flower that grows,
Whose odor on this barren earth, thou didst to him disclose.

Well, does the refrain embarrass you ? You cannot follow the measure ? Listen then, while I begin again :

I who a youthful goatherd am,
Would give, most willingly,
Full all the flocks th' sierra feeds,
If my fair would smile on me.
I who a dashing scholar am,
Would burn my books thrice o'er,
For a kiss, beneath the balcony,
Of her whom I adore.
I who a happy lover am,
Would give my love's caresses,
For one good blow at a pedant's head,
If e'er he her addresses ;
I who a cheated lover am,
My very soul would sell,
To sheathe my poniard in the heart,
Of him she loves so well !
I who a hunted murd'rer am,
Love, vengeance, all, would give,
If as a glorious conqueror,
I might one moment live ;
I who a conq'ring warrior am,
Would give my triumph's palms,
For but an instant of repose
From my troubled conscience' qualms :
I who a pious hermit am,
Would yield my hopes of heaven,
Were, in return, for but an hour,
The poet's phrenzy given :
I who at length a poet am,
My garland of gold so gay,

For but one spark of heavenly fire,
 Would gladly give away ;
 But when my song doth her pinions ope,
 And my proud foot spurns the ground,
 And the music of the spheres I hope
 To hear in the distance sound,
 Some fiend accursed, a thick black cloud,
 Like a gloomy veil, doth roll
 All, all around my luckless head,
 Around my branded soul !
 Lost, gasping, tired, I trembling float
 'Twixt hope and grim despair,
 'Twixt light from heaven, and shades of hell,
 'Twixt blasphemy and prayer ;
 And mourning cry, as to earth fall I,
 Back, back to my native clay,
 Alas ! alas ! that cloud-veil black !
 My pinions, 'where are they ?'

CHORUS.

Alas ! alas ! that cloud-veil black !
 My pinions, where are they ?

CASTELLAN.

Sit down, sit down, noble singer ; thou hast conquered us.

DIEGO.

He has not sung the song of our country ; not a single verse of it.

LA HERMOSA.

He has sung better than any of us. Stranger, take this branch of red sage ; dip it in thy cup, and sing for me.

STRANGER.

I sing for no one, but only to please myself, when the whim takes me. Maiden, I accept thy gift. The spectre waits for me, in the forest. Adieu, credulous host ! Adieu, all ye vulgar bacchanals, who ask the poet for sour wine, when he brings you the nectar of heaven. Sing your song of the country by yourselves ! For my own part, the country makes me sick, and the wine of the country sicker.

Come, come with me, my poor black dog !

I have no friend but you ;

'T is time, my dog, for us to go :

Ye maidens fair, adieu !

(*Exit.*)

CASTELLAN.

A strange man !

DIEGO.

A bandit, I'll wager ! Let us arrest him, and throw him into prison.

LA HERMOSA.

The walls would fall before his song ; the spirits of heaven would descend to loose his chains.

BOY.

My lord, you promised to own him for your friend and country-

man, if he sang the song of our country. Hear him now, on the summit of the hill :

STRANGER. (*from the hill.*)

'I who a contrabandist am,
A noble life I lead ;
I scour the mountains night and day,
Or down to the hamlet's speed,
To sport with the lovely maidens there,
And when the guard comes by,
I clap the spur to my good black steed,
And back to the mountains fly :
Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed !
The guard is just in view,
Huzza ! huzza ! my good black steed !
Ye maidens fair, adieu !

DIEGO.

By heavens, I know him now ; for he dons his red mantle ; he mounts his horse ; he tears off his false beard, and no longer disguises his voice ! 'Tis José, the famous Contrabandist ; the accursed bandit ; and I captain of the guards, who was charged with his arrest ! After him, my friends ! — after him !

CASTELLAN.

No, indeed ; he is a noble child of the mountains, who was a scholar, a lover, and a poet, and who, it is said, became a bandit chief in consequence of his political sentiments.

DIEGO.

Or in consequence of a murder.

LA HERMOSA.

Or in consequence of a love affair.

CASTELLAN.

No matter ; he has tricked you most gloriously, Diego ; and while imposing upon us, he has both excited and charmed us. God speed him ! and may nothing more trouble this festal day, this day devoted to joy !

CHORUS.

Let nothing more our mirth alloy,
Drain we the brimming cups of joy !

(*They sing in full chorus the song of the Contrabandist.*)

FINAL CHORUS.

Rejoice ! Rejoice !
Let us strike the full goblets again and again,
Till their roseate lips shall be shattered in twain.
Come wind of the evening from balm-breathing bowers,
And strew on our foreheads the sweet orange flowers.
Fill, fill up the cups ! Let us drink and be gay,
And celebrate duly this festal day :
Let one and all rejoice !

STRANGER, (*in the distance.*)

Amen !

OMNES.

Amen !

A MIDNIGHT CHANT FOR THE DYING YEAR.

‘Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
‘Vex not his ghost!’

‘T is the death-howl of the aged year! — through pine woods wild and vast,
It rideth on the pinion of the sounding mountain blast;
From valley and cold forest, and from icy ocean-shore,
I hear its mournful wailing, blent with the billows’ roar;
And far upon the summit of the storm-scarred promontory,
I see grim Winter’s legions bursting through the cedars hoary!

They come with dismal chanting, and hollow-sounding dirges,
They pass unto the music of the sea’s orchestral surges:
I see the gloomy warriors their snowy chargers mounting,
I hear the gibbering Storm-fiend his cold battalions counting:
Now creak, ye icy forests! — they are forming on the lea,
They are mounting on the mountain, and the surly-sounding sea!

Hark! — heard ye not that distant roar? — ‘tis Winter’s ghostly cry,
O’er the gray-haired Year that wrestleth with his dying agony!
He is passing to his slumber! — Hark! the winds around him crowd,
And the eagle shrieks his death-song in the snowy mountain cloud:
He is passing to his sepulchre, upborne upon the form
Of the fiercely-spinning whirlwind, and the gloomy mountain storm!

They bear him to eternity, with wild and solemn moan!
And as they pass, the rocking woods make melancholy groan:
They are creaking on the mountain, and on the lonely shore,
In wild and angry concert with old Ocean’s mighty roar;
And ever as they rattle their bare bones in the gale,
Dark Winter o’er the dying year howls out his midnight wail.

Then cometh from the wilderness, and from the stormy sky,
The voice of him who fighteth with his dying agony.
‘T is done! — wan Night now shudders through all her wild dominion,
And haggard Time upon the blast unfolds his awful pinion;
And, legion after legion, the winds, with mighty roar,
Go howling through the pine woods, and pass from hill and shore!

The year is in his sepulchre! — approach, and view his bier!
Thou wilt not deem it idlesse to shed a parting tear;
For lo! here sleep the beautiful, they who, in life’s sweet spring,
Were merry as the painted birds that mount on joyous wing;
Now they are gone for ever! — behold them where they lie!
They of the pure and gentle heart, the bright and sunny eye!

They are gone! the loved and beautiful — oh! come they back no more
Speak, friends! — sweet friends, with ye I smiled, and sang in days of yore,
And will ye not return again? Hark! hark! — ‘t was but the sigh
Of cowed Winter sweeping through the cold and solemn sky;
They come not! — nay, they come not! — the loved are in the tomb
And I am here, a mourner, over youth and beauty’s bloom.

I stand in the grim wilderness, and while the tempest’s wail
Doth shake the leafless forest, and die along the vale,
I think of many a sylph-like form, and many a fair young brow,
All eloquent with beauty once, but cold and lifeless now:
I think of them while on the hills the mournful whirlwinds roar,
But the beautiful have vanished, and will return no more!

December 31, 1839.

H. W. R.

A LEAF FROM 'DOWN IN MAINE.'

'Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy;
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The buider oake, sole king of forests all.'

FAIRIE QUEENE.

BUT they will not believe, says my sketch-book, that the land of tall pines and cedars, rivalling in magnificence the goodly tree of Lebanon, can have aught else of interest within her borders.

Early in the autumn of 1839, lack of employment, desire of novelty, and a combination of those distempers of the mind which, according to the learned Teufelsdröck, render uesterrestrial dreamers so restless, led me to seek amusement in exploring the wilds of Maine. Nor was I a little enticed to this excursion by the fame of the finny inhabitants of those northern waters, which, in imagination, I already felt in mid career of 'glorious nibbling' at the extremity of my fishing-rod.

Filled with anticipations of delightful sport, and withal a tinge of romance, at the idea of visiting so wild a region, I set out from the residence of a friend whom I was visiting, for the land of 'sayling pines,' and the waters said to be rife with gaily-speckled trout. My way led windingly over numerous hills and dales, which give a delightful diversity to the scenery of that part of Maine; but I was all unprepared for the grandeur of the landscape which met my gaze. From the summits of the higher ridges, the observer may behold, on every side, an almost endless variety of hill, and valley, and tiny lakes, glittering in the beautiful sunshine of autumn; and as I breathed the clear atmosphere of the mountains, and heard the ringing of my horse's hoofs upon the road, I could fancy each bush, with its gaily-tinted foliage, the plaid of some highland warrior, and that a single clarion blast might people the same with claymores flashing in the sunshine, or make the hills echo with the battle-cry of some warrior chief, whose will was law to all who dwelt in that wild land! Just as the sun was setting, I arrived at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and my time being limited, proposed to embark immediately for a more northern point. Procuring a boat and boatman, I set sail about two hours after my arrival, intending to ascend the lake twenty miles to Mount Kinnes.

It was a mild autumnal evening, with just air enough to waft us lazily along, scarce disturbing the glassy surface of the lake. The bright moonlight rendered the numerous islands but dimly visible; and as we moved gently onward, the stillness of the scene was broken by the mournful cry of the water-fowl, echoed and reechoed from isle to isle, then dying away in fainter echoes from the more distant shores, losing itself in solemn stillness, as we come within the dark shadow of some high promontory; and again awakened as we glide into the soft moonlit waters, making one feel that after all our disbelief in fairy tales, there may be such a place as 'faërie lond.' As morning came, our gentle breeze began to fail; the sails hung

loosely from the mast, and despite our impatience, we were forced to acknowledge that 'the wind bloweth where it listeth.'

My guide, though a man of few words, and those few of the purest Yankee dialect, had often listened to the traditions of the few wandering red-men who, during the hunting season, are still found in the vicinity of the lake; and while floating listlessly upon the water, deserted by the wind, and my most tempting offers unheeded by the fine trout which were ever and anon showing themselves above the water, as if in derision of my efforts to ensnare them, I gathered from him the incidents of the following story. In the mean time, the wind springing up, carried us merrily along toward the end of our voyage, and a few hours found us toiling up the steep ascent of Mount Kinnes.

About midway between the northern and southern extremes of the lake, this bold 'bluff' rises from its deepest waters to a height of near eight hundred feet above the surface, and is connected, by a narrow neck of land, with the eastern shore. On three sides, nothing is seen but solid flint, rising perpendicularly from the water, and making its summit inaccessible, except from one point. Near the top is a spring of water bubbling from a cleft in the rocks, and trickling, in a narrow thread, down its ragged side. From the highest peak, the whole lake, with its countless islands and projecting headlands, seems spread as a map at your feet; and as I gazed upon the scene, without a sound to disturb its solemn stillness, I remembered, with awe, that but a breath from Him whose existence was written on all around, and 'the mighty hills and rocks of adamant' which now filled me with admiration of their vastness, would vanish as a shadow from the face of the Almighty! Many miles to the southeast of the lake, in the country formerly peopled by the Penobscots, is Kataadn, one of the highest mountains of New-England. Seen from a distance, it appears surrounded by other mountains, rising apparently from its very base; but towering far above them, its lofty peak is often enveloped in clouds, while its lower neighbors are clearly visible to the eye; and from the mysterious grandeur of its appearance, the Indians of the country have ever looked upon it as the peculiar abode of the Great Spirit.

Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, a tribe of the Abenakis Indians, called the Weeweenocks, who inhabited the eastern part of New-England, finding the vicinity of our 'pilgrim fathers' productive of misery to the tribe, proposed removing themselves to the river St. François, for the sake of French neighborhood and protection. A portion of the tribe, averse to the proposed settlement at St. François, preferred the borders of this lake, which then abounded with moose and other game, and whose waters were alive with the choicest fish. The dispute ended in the removal of the greater part of the tribe, with their sachem, to St. François, while the remainder, numbering about a hundred warriors, followed one of their chiefs to the hunting-grounds in the vicinity of the lake. It happened, about the same time, that the Penobscots came on their annual hunt to its eastern shore; but the Weeweenocks, being a peaceable race, and withal the weaker party, avoided all cause of collision, until the untoward occurrence which destroyed the friendship of the tribes.

A son of Madockawando, sachem of the Penobscots, became enamored of a daughter of the Weeweenocks, who was already betrothed to a warrior of her own nation. The young Penobscot having, in a hunting excursion, wandered round the head of the lake to a mountain which rises boldly from its western shore, unfortunately met the young squaw whom he coveted, and sought by 'soft persuasion' to induce her to follow him; but she, spurning his princely person, so enraged him, that in his resentment, he killed her, and flung the body down a craggy precipice of the mountain. When the young warrior to whom she was betrothed learned the fate of his mistress, he became frantic with thirst for revenge; but the Weeweenocks were too weak to make war upon the Penobscots, and had no means of avenging the injury, without drawing destruction upon their own party.

Toward the close of the hunting season, the Penobscots prepared to move eastward; and as was their custom at the close of their annual hunt, they assembled for a solemn feast upon Mount Kinnes; where, in view of the great Kataadn, they were to eat and dance in honor of the good Spirit who watched over their hunting grounds, and peopled the waters with fish for the red-man. To this feast the Weeweenocks were invited; and stifling their resentment of the injury done to their tribe, they set off to attend it. At its close, and just as the Indians were about to descend the mountain, the young warrior whose mistress had been slain, no longer able to restrain his thirst for the blood of her murderer, fell upon him, and with a blow from his war-club laid him dead at his feet. A general fight ensued. The Weeweenocks, overpowered by the number of their enemies, were nearly all massacred. A few of their boldest warriors still remained, who, seeing no mode of retreat, rather than fall by the hands of their foes, leaped headlong down the ragged precipice, dashing themselves to atoms as they fell from crag to crag, down to the still waters of the lake. The Penobscots, awe-struck by the spectacle, hastily left the spot; and to this day, the miserable Indian whom you sometimes meet in its vicinity, cannot be prevailed upon to ascend the mountain, which he imagines haunted by the souls of the warriors slain in the presence of the Great Spirit of Kataadn.

As I stood by the little fountain which bubbles noiselessly from the rock, and looked again upon the quiet waters below, the very shrubs, as they rustled in the light breeze of the mountain, seemed to ask: 'Where now is that proud, though savage race, which once fished in thy waters, and struck the bounding deer upon thy banks?' P. S.

THE 'ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.'

THAT universal idol, GOLD, in homage each unites;
Without a temple, 'tis adored, and has no hypocrites:
Nay, more, Gold's warmest devotees strive most to *hide* their zeal,
And he that loves this idol most, would most that love conceal.

This idol has prerogatives peculiar and its own:
Unlike its brother idols, 'tis nor block, nor wood, nor stone:
Yet it gives eyes unto the blind, and tongues unto the dumb;
And more: it makes the lynx a mole, and elocution — mum!

WINTER THOUGHTS.

EACH season has its joys : December chill
 Atones for his inhospitable blasts.
 Nature is dreary ; now the northern winds
 Blow cruel from perpetual fields of snow,
 And whistle at our doors ; yet from within
 Comes forth the voice of gladness ; all is gay
 With life and light, with laughter and with song.
 The festive board breaks down with plenteous cheer ;
 And gratulations pour from every tongue,
 While links are joined in Friendship's golden chain.
 Let joy predominate, and happy thoughts !
 Luxuriant fancy o'er the future roam,
 And light the scene with her prismatic tints !
 Yet let not *self* engross the generous heart,
 But kind compassion mingle with our joy.
 Remember those from whom unequal fate
 Withholds her gifts — the humble, suffering poor !

PEROU-ROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER.*

 WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

MANY and strange are the incidents of my eventful history. Destined, by the obscurity of my birth, to spend my life in the humblest class of society, I owe my elevation above it to the malice of man. I am rich, the husband of an affectionate wife, and the happy father of a family ; blessings which I have obtained, by having been the obedient instrument of the most cruel revenge. A passion which has caused the ruin and degradation of so many families, has proved the basis of mine.

I was born in a little hamlet, near the town of Montélimart, where my father, having struggled in vain through a long life to raise himself above indigence, was obliged in his old age to have recourse to the humble employment of bellows-mending, a trade he had learned in his youth, and which he taught me as soon as I was old enough to labor for my own support. For some time I was contented to work under his direction ; until, finding, from my superior adroitness and ingenuity, that I could easily surpass him, I felt ambitious to exercise my abilities on a larger field. I made several excursions in the neighborhood of Montélimart, in which my success so raised my vanity, and encouraged my ambition, that I immediately collected

*In the preface to Mr. BULWER's highly interesting play of 'The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride,' he makes the following remark : 'An indistinct recollection of a very pretty little tale called 'Perouse, or The Bellows-mender,' suggested the plot of this drama. The incidents are, however, greatly altered from those in 'Perouse,' and the characters entirely recast.' It struck me that I had some years since met with this tale in an old French magazine ; and after some research, was fortunate in finding it. Upon a re-perusal, I was so much pleased with the beauty and simplicity of the little narrative, that I have ventured to make a literal translation of it for the KNICKERBOCKER, not doubting that its readers will cordially agree with Mr. BULWER in his admiration of it. It will be seen that Mr. BULWER's memory has been slightly inaccurate as to the name of the hero.

THE TRANSLATOR.

my little earnings, which I left with my father for his support ; and having provided myself with a good supply of the implements necessary for my trade, departed for Lyons, in which city I determined to commence my career. Upon my arrival there, I soon made the most populous streets resound with the cry of ' Bellows ! bellows ! — any old bellows to mend ? ' I was an active, handsome, well-made fellow, and skilful in my trade ; so that I soon obtained as much employment as I could desire, and became a great favorite with all the servant girls in the neighborhood, the highest point to which my ambition had yet dared to soar.

As I was returning late one evening to my humble loft, which served for both work-shop and lodging-room, I was suddenly accosted by four well-dressed young men, who appeared to be taking a nocturnal ramble. It was in one of the least frequented streets of the city. To their jests upon the lateness of my excursion, and sarcastic remarks upon the trade of a bellows-mender, I replied in a tone of raillery, and with a spirit which seemed to astonish them. They regarded each other for a few moments, in a significant manner, and then exclaimed :

' This is our man ! '

These words, I confess, made me tremble. I was alone, the night was dark, in an isolated street, and at the mercy of four vigorous young fellows. ' Unfortunate creature ! ' thought I, ' what will become of me ! ' One of them, observing my alarm, hastened to put an end to it, by mildly addressing me thus :

' Perou-rou, (the name given to bellows-menders in Lyons,) Perou-rou, my good friend, I suppose you have not yet had your supper : neither have we ; will you accompany us ? We intend you no harm, and may do you more service than you suspect. Come with us, and after supper we will make a proposal to you, which if you do not choose to accept, all we shall ask of you is to keep our secret, which will never bring you into trouble.'

There was something so mild and prepossessing in the voice and manner of the young gentleman who addressed me, and the offer was in itself so inviting to one in my situation, that all my fears were at an end, and I accepted it at once. After passing through several streets, my new acquaintances conducted me into a room furnished with great elegance, where we found six young gentlemen apparently awaiting the arrival of our party with no little impatience. My companions explained to them, in a few words, the circumstances under which they had met with me, and we then all gaily took our seats at the supper table. The whole scene was so new to me, that I felt highly excited, and succeeded so well in contributing to the entertainment of the party, by the humor and shrewdness of my observations, and good-tempered repartees, that their favorable opinion of me was confirmed, and they decided to make choice of me for the accomplishment of their object.

As soon as the desert was placed upon the table, and the servants had withdrawn, the party, which had hitherto been noisy and merry enough, sank for a few moments into profound silence. At length he who appeared to be the master of the house, turned to me and said : ' The ten persons with whom you have just supped, reside in Lyons.

We are engravers by profession, and with the profits of our business, and the fortunes we inherit, we enjoy an easy and agreeable independence, while our talents command consideration and respect. Pride and love have, however, united to disturb this happiness and tranquillity. In the street of St. Dominick there lives a picture-dealer, an old gentleman, who is himself by no means extraordinary, but who has a daughter so exquisitely beautiful, that the city of Lyons, large and populous as it is, contains no woman who can be placed in competition with her; and she possesses all those graces and accomplishments of mind and person, which would make her the object of unrivalled admiration and love, were they not obscured by one single fault — and that is pride, overweening pride. Spoiled by universal adulation, she looks with the most sovereign contempt upon those lovers who are her equals in rank and fortune, and scarcely deems any one, beneath the dignity of a prince, worthy to aspire to the honor of her hand. Her old father, who, though a good judge of paintings, is very weak and ignorant in all other respects, has completely spoiled her by indulgence, and a devotion which almost amounts to idolatry. The reading of romances, her mirror, and the unceasing praise and flattery of those by whom she is constantly surrounded, have turned her head; and what at first was nothing more than harmless vanity and self-love, has grown into arrogance and a contempt for all whose rank and opulence do not flatter her pride.

‘But why should I speak of others, when it is my *own* story I would relate? During my professional intercourse with her father, I became acquainted with her. She was affable, and I thought she bestowed more attention upon me than upon most of those around her. She often allowed me to escort her to balls and the theatre; so that, deceived by these trifling marks of favor, I fancied I was beloved, because treated with more toleration than many others; and with the rashness of a lover, ventured to make my proposals to her father, who received them with approbation, and promised me his countenance. My family, fortune, and profession, were all such as to justify me in thinking that my alliance would be acceptable to the young lady. Imagine, then, my surprise, when this arrogant girl turned to her father, in my presence, and said, with a smile of derision upon her haughty lips:

‘‘Do you think, Sir, that I was born merely to become the wife of an engraver?’’

‘I was thunder-struck. Such excess of impudence extinguished my passion in an instant. I left her with precipitation, burning with the desire of revenge, and meditating upon the manner of accomplishing it. I sought my friends, and represented to them that the insult I had received reflected upon our whole profession. They warmly took my part: we have formed a plot, and vowed to make her feel in reality that she was not born to so great an honor as to become the wife of an engraver. This is my story, my dear Perou-rou; and now, tell me whether you have sufficient confidence for this undertaking, and feel an ambition to raise yourself above your present station? Beneath a poor exterior, you have shown us that you possess spirit and intelligence equal to the task we propose to you. Are you willing to become the husband of an accomplished and beau-

tiful woman, who only needs that her pride should be humbled, and her vanity punished, to render her worthy of love and esteem ?

'Yes,' I replied, with confidence, 'I comprehend the part you wish me to act; and I undertake to perform it in such a manner that you will have no cause to regret the choice you have made.'

The next day we arranged a systematic plan, by which we regulated all our future proceedings. I bathed twice a day, to clear my complexion, and soften my skin; my hair was arranged by the most fashionable hair-dresser in Lyons; my friends bestowed upon me a complete wardrobe, and attached themselves so closely to me, that we were almost inseparable, and all their leisure was devoted to my instruction. One taught me to read, another to write. Music, drawing, and various other studies, occupied my time and unremitting attention for three months. I soon perceived that this kind of life so entirely accorded with my tastes, that I felt an ardent desire to perfect myself in my new education. Study became my passion, and nature had endowed me with such capabilities for acquirement, and a memory so retentive, that my young friends beheld with astonishment and delight the rapid progress of their scholar.

The period having arrived when my friends thought me sufficiently prepared to carry their project into execution, I quitted my little study, and took possession of superb apartments in one of the best hotels in Lyons. The poor bellows-mender vanished, and in his place appeared the rich Marquis de Ruperou, one of the principal proprietors of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title, that I presented myself to the old picture-dealer, as an amateur desirous to gratify his taste, and careless at what cost. I had learned from my masters how to show off to advantage my large diamond ring, display a handsome repeater, and strike it with a préoccupied air, and gracefully present an elegant snuff-box, upon the lid of which was a beautiful fancy portrait, which I modestly said was the likeness of a sister, to whom I was greatly attached. In short, I endeavored to please, and was successful. But it was not enough to deceive the father only: to gain our end, the daughter also must be duped and won; and while turning in my mind how to bring this about, fortune seemed to clear the way for me.

One day a note was brought to me from the old gentleman, informing me that he had just received from Rome a number of fine engravings; and he begged me to call at his house the next morning, and make my choice, before he offered them for sale. I went, unconscious of the fate which there awaited me; for instead of being received by the father, as usual, his beautiful daughter appeared before me, and dazzled me by her charms.

It often happens that a calm and indifferent exterior conceals a heart alive to the finest sensibilities of our nature. Mine was susceptible of the deepest passion, and I felt at that moment all the power and fascination of beauty. A new world seemed opened before me; a new sentiment filled my heart; and forgetting that I was but acting a part, one deep absorbing feeling took possession of all my faculties. Aurora, perceiving her triumph, was apparently flattered by my confusion, and listened with complacency to the disor-

dered expressions which escaped my lips, showing too plainly the admiration I felt, and the impression her charms had made upon me.

This interview fixed my destiny for ever. Every obstacle disappeared before my passion, which absorbed my whole being; and from that moment, I resolved to devote my days and nights to study, that I might become less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired. Every day I found some pretext for a visit to the picture-dealer's. I always had some trifle to present to Aurora, or some object of taste upon which to ask her advice. It was the season of flowers, and I constantly presented her with bouquets of the rarest and most beautiful, to which my friends frequently enabled me to add a complimentary sonnet, or song, composed by them, but of which I had all the credit. I soon perceived that my gifts and attentions were not indifferent to her, and frequently surprised the beautiful girl with her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of tender interest.

In this manner six months passed rapidly away. The engravers, intent upon the full accomplishment of their revenge, were fearful, by too much precipitation, to endanger the completion of their object. Every evening they required of me an exact account of the events of the day; and appeared so entirely satisfied with my conduct, that they even furnished me with more money than I needed. One day I received a formal invitation from the picture-dealer to a grand fête at his country-seat, which I suspected was given principally in my honor. When I arrived there, I was received by his proud and beautiful daughter with so much consideration, and she bestowed upon me so many kind and delicate attentions, that, entirely overcome by her charms, heightened by the brilliancy of her dress, I seized the first moment of our being alone, to pour forth feelings I could no longer conceal; and throwing myself at her feet, I offered her my heart and hand. She accepted my proposals with dignity and composure; but a tear which escaped from her downcast eye, convinced me that pride was not the only sentiment that agitated her heart. I saw, I felt, that I was beloved!

Having deceived the daughter as to my birth, it was now necessary to blind the father with respect to my fortune. Nor was this difficult; for having little penetration or suspicion, he gave full credence to my false story. I told him my father resided upon his estate in a remote part of Dauphiny; but that his age and infirmities were such as to prevent his being present at my marriage, although he gave his entire and willing assent to it. I endeavored, in some degree, to ease my conscience by the resolution I had formed to accept of no dower, declaring that my fortune was too large to think of increasing it by a wife's portion. Before the end of the conversation, we came to an excellent understanding, as I left to him all the settlements and money transactions, only requesting him, as our mutual families were distant from Lyons, and could not be present at the ceremony, to avoid all unnecessary publicity in our marriage, which it was decided should take place in two weeks.

With difficulty I tore myself from Aurora, and hastened to Lyons, to inform my friends that our drama was now approaching its conclusion. I related all that had passed: they embraced me with delight, and bestowed upon me such praises, that without a good share of

vanity, I might have thought they were ridiculing me. Their conduct, however, convinced me they were sincere. Their desire for revenge upon the haughty girl, seemed to become more eager and extravagant, as it was about to be gratified. In order to confirm the delusion of both father and daughter, they immediately sent, in my name, to my mistress, a beautiful bouquet, accompanied by a watch, bracelets, jewelry, and lace of the finest quality. Toward the end of the week the marriage contract was drawn up, to which I took care to sign my true name, a precaution which was in the end of the greatest service to me.

I had deceived Aurora, shamefully deceived her, it is true; but heaven is my witness, it was not without the deepest remorse! When at her side, I could think only of her. When with my gay friends, their good humor, their wit, and agreeable manners, and the state of dependence in which they held me; the instructions and favors they had so freely bestowed upon me; the many and kind services I had received from them; all combined to take from me the power of reflection. I could scarcely realize the present, or look forward to the future. But, in the solitude of my own chamber, passion and sophistry gave way to despair and remorse; and I looked with dismay upon the frightful prospect before me! When I pictured to myself my beautiful Aurora, undeceived and conducted to my wretched abode, the only one I possessed; when I thought of those fair and delicate hands condemned to perform the most menial offices, and prepare the scanty meals for our daily support; when I felt that so much grace and beauty, fit to adorn a palace, was doomed henceforth to be buried in my father's miserable hut, I started with horror from the contemplation of the scene; a death-like coldness paralyzed my senses. I was ready to throw myself at her feet, confess my crime, and declare myself ready to bear the shame and degradation I so truly deserved. But alas! self-love, and the madness of my passion, withheld me. Intoxicated by the feelings of the present, imagination cast a ray of hope over the obscurity of the future. 'The unhappiness of Aurora,' I said to myself, 'will only be momentary. Love will soften all the bitterness of her misfortune; and when the thirst for revenge, which now blinds her enemies, shall have passed away, she shall again be happy! I shall have some money remaining, and by my own industry, I can procure her comfort and ease. I should indeed be contemptible, if I were not willing to devote all the energy of my character, and every hour of my life, to shed ease and enjoyment on the pathway of her existence. When she first discovers the truth, her resentment will doubtless be terrible indeed; but the evil being irreparable, reason will in time reconcile her to it; love will compensate her for the loss of fortune; and we shall at last be happy!'

Such were the reflections which occupied my mind, during the few days preceding our marriage. When, at the holy altar, Aurora pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a cold shudder shook my whole frame. Never before had the odious part I was acting appeared in so appalling a light. I turned as pale as death, and should have fallen upon the floor, had not tears come to my relief. This last effort of expiring virtue was mistaken by the surrounding crowd for an excess of sensibility. Aurora was herself deceived; and I felt,

by the expression of her tenderness, that this proud and haughty beauty shrank not from evincing toward me all the feelings of a devoted and affectionate wife.

The engravers, willing to reward the address and good faith with which I had executed their project, permitted me to continue the deception for some days; during which time I gave myself up to the happiness of the moment, and endeavored to banish from my mind the fatal period when the delusion must be dissolved. But alas! I could not ward it off for ever. They at length became impatient; and after many fruitless entreaties to spare my Aurora, her implacable enemies insisted upon the completion of their triumph, and bade me prepare to conduct her to my miserable home. When I proposed to my wife a journey, of which I knew the cruel termination, I could not suppress a deep sigh, which she heard with surprise; for to her lively imagination, the prospect of travelling with me, in a handsome equipage, with attendants, was a gratification both of her affection and pride, to which she could only look forward with delight; and she flew with eagerness to prepare for our departure, the near approach of which caused me inexpressible grief. Again and again I implored the pity of my friends; but they were inexorable, and only replied by placing the bond of our agreement before my eyes. I found my doom was inevitable, and ceased to struggle against fate.

Two of my employers acted as our couriers; and Aurora's rejected suitor, with the aid of a wig, and black patch over one eye, which so completely disguised him that no one could have recognised him, insisted upon being our coachman. Three others, dressed in gay liveries, mounted as footmen behind the carriage, while the other four, unable, on account of business, to leave Lyons, were compelled to console themselves for the loss of the final scene, by exacting from their comrades a promise to give them a full account of every thing that took place during the journey. It was with the greatest difficulty that the rogues could restrain their laughter, when my wife, after giving them her orders in a careless and haughty tone, turned to me, and with the utmost deference, asked the names of my different chateaux, the extent of my domains in Dauphiny, and what were my rights of chase and fishery thereon; and spoke with complacency of the richness of my mines, which in her imagination equalled those of Peru. While conversing upon these subjects, we at length approached Montélimart, and turned off into the narrow, crooked lane, which led to the poor little hamlet in which my father lived.

The awful moment at length arrived; for after a painful drive of three hours over a humble road, our coachman suddenly drew up before a miserable cabin, at the door of which sat a venerable old man, clad in the coarsest garb of poverty. This was my father! Believe me, my dear friend, words are inadequate to describe the scene which then ensued! On one side stood the pale and trembling Perou-rou; on the other, the astonished Aurora, surrounded by the six insolent young men, who handed her with mock ceremony to an old broken chair, amid bursts of insulting laughter, and sarcastic remarks, best calculated to express their revenge, and complete her humiliation. The pretended coachman, throwing aside his wig and

black patch, stepped up to Aurora, and with an air of insolent triumph, and in a tone of derision, said to her :

‘No, madam ; you were not indeed born to become the wife of an engraver ; such a match would have been too great an honor for your birth, your fortune, and your choice ; a poor bellows-mender alone could obtain your hand. Behold the man your discrimination and your pride have chosen for a husband !’

I rushed forward to interrupt him, but in an instant he mounted his box, the others threw themselves into the carriage, and with a burst of merriment and triumph, the whole party drove off, and left us to ourselves.

I knew that the dénouement must be terrible ; but I never imagined it would be carried to such an extent ; for in pointing out to me the part I was to perform, the engravers were careful to hide from me the cruel insults they intended to inflict upon my poor wife ; and I felt like the spectator of a play, who, after dwelling with delight upon some scene of enchantment, beholds the curtain fall, and the whole charm is destroyed in an instant. I seemed to have awakened from a dream of rapture to all the stern realities of life. My unfortunate Aurora had suffered but little of the painful scene ; for long before the engraver ceased to speak, she became unconscious of every thing around her, and they left her in a deep swoon.

You may imagine my state of despair and agony, when you consider, that the new kind of life I had led for the last year, and the pains which had been bestowed upon the cultivation of my mind, had drawn forth new tastes, and brought to life and fostered a delicacy and susceptibility of feeling, with which nature had endowed me, but of the extent of which I was unconscious until now. Alas ! when I beheld her whom I adored, lying at my feet like one dead, I shuddered at the thought of losing her for ever, although I almost equally dreaded the moment which should restore her to the consciousness of her unhappy fate ; and while I ceased not to apply every remedy my anxiety could suggest, I almost hoped my efforts might be without success. It seemed, indeed, for some time, as if my half-formed wishes were to be fulfilled, so long was it before Aurora returned to her senses. At length her eyes unclosed, and met mine gazing upon her with intense anxiety. She shuddered, and uttering the word ‘monster !’ sank again into a state of insensibility. I took advantage of this relapse, to disperse the crowd which had collected around us, and carrying her into the hut, placed her upon my poor old father’s wretched pallet, which a kind neighbor had covered with some fresh straw. I then begged we might be left alone, not wishing there should be any witnesses to the cruel confession I had to make,

When entirely alone, I took Aurora in my arms ; I pressed her to my bosom ; I bathed her cold cheeks with my scalding tears. At length, she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me with a look that made me tremble. The first words she uttered, were to beg me to leave her alone, under the pretext that we both so much needed repose, and to defer, until the next day, the details of the dishonorable plot of which she had discovered herself to be the victim. I yielded to her wishes, and retired, leaving her in care of the curate’s niece, whose affectionate attentions she appeared to receive with pleasure.

Dreadful indeed were the sufferings of that terrible night ! I was suddenly transported from a situation of elegance and luxury, to a miserable hovel, and almost destitute of resources, for I had but a few Louis left ; and my wife, my beautiful Aurora, in the spring-time of her life, accustomed to every indulgence, and all the delights of a society of which she had formed one of the brightest ornaments, was at once, by an infamous deception, reduced to a state of the extremest poverty, and forced to share the wretched cabin of a poor old man ; and with *me*, the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the wretched accomplice in all the atrocities from which she suffered. Alas ! what could I now do ? How hope to soften her wounded feelings ? My fervent attachment, my tenderness, my deep devotion, would they alone suffice for her happiness ? Would they atone for my dishonorable and cruel conduct ? Alas ! I feared not. I could scarcely presume upon so much goodness and forgiveness. I felt more strongly than ever the wretchedness of her fate, and the unmanly folly of my own course. It was not the reverse of fortune which I lamented ; for in truth I had experienced none. Born and bred in poverty, I was habituated to its wants, and could bear with all its privations : but my full heart taught me, but too sensibly, that I could never bear that grief which springs from indifference and contempt in the cherished object of our love ; the most bitter which falls to the lot of humanity. I could not endure to lose for ever that tenderness so necessary to my happiness, nor bear to read coldness and disdain in those eyes which once beamed upon me with confidence and affection. Nor was this all. I knew not that even this would be the extent of my punishment. Might not deep aversion and contempt take the place of indifference ? And even if hated by her whom I adored, what right had I to complain ? My conscience told me I had none ! My deep remorse added to my torture, but could bring me no relief. Was not I the cause of all her misfortunes ? Had I not cast a dark cloud over the brilliant horizon of her life ? Had I not brought sorrow upon the brightest days of her youth ? In short, was I not the unfortunate cause of all her wretchedness ? Perhaps in her despair she might seek an asylum in the grave ; perhaps with her last breath she would pour curses upon my head ; or, if in pity she granted me a generous pardon, such pity, such pardon, would be more painful than reproach — more heart-rending than her malediction. I was almost frantic with these harrowing thoughts, which made the bed upon which I had sought repose, a place of torment, where I in vain courted a short oblivion of my woes.

To increase the evils of my situation, a long-continued rain had inundated the road to Montélimart, and rendered it impassable for several days, which prevented me from sending there for a carriage, as I had intended, to convey Aurora to a more comfortable and less humiliating lodging. You will believe that I made frequent inquiries after my unfortunate companion : the replies were satisfactory, and my attentions were received with some acknowledgment. I was even told that I should be admitted to see her the next day ; that she exerted herself, and displayed a strength of character, a firmness, and courage, under the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, which would astonish and confound her heartless enemies. All this

was told me, however, with such an air of mystery, that it gave me no comfort; and the next day found me again filled with terror and dismay. The fatal interview appeared more dreadful than death itself; and I was seeking for some pretext by which to defer it, when the door of my chamber opened, and Aurora stood before me. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing her hand, bathed it with tears. She gazed upon me for some time in silence; then bidding me rise, said, with an air of dignity and pride, which nothing could overcome: 'You have deceived me, cruelly deceived me, and must be aware that my pardon depends upon the course you may henceforth pursue. If any sentiment of generosity remains in your heart — if you do not wish to heap new misfortunes upon your victim — you will not seek to take advantage of the title you have so unjustly acquired. The curate's niece offers me an asylum in her uncle's house: I have accepted it, as it accords with my situation and duties. You can see me there, when you please; and we can then, with more calmness, consider the best mode of relieving ourselves from our present painful position, and arrange our future plans. You may trust to my honor for the faithful guardianship of yours.'

The man who loves, is always sanguine. A kind expression from the woman he adores, is sufficient to banish uneasiness from his mind. In spite of the studied calmness of Aurora's manner, my faith was strong in her good intentions; and I did not reflect, that it would have been much more natural for her to have overwhelmed me with reproaches. For some days, I retained the hope of pardon; for I saw her smile as I traced out the plan of such a life as my fond affection suggested. How indeed could I conceive, after the agony I had endured, that my cup of bitterness was not yet full, and that there was in reserve for me a grief still more fatal?

One morning, about a week after our arrival, when dreams of happiness had prolonged my sleep to a later hour than usual, my father entered my room, and reproving my laziness, presented me with two letters. The handwriting of one was unknown to me. I opened the other, which was from my friends at Lyons, and ran thus:

'We are so well satisfied with you, and our revenge upon the proud Aurora has been so completely accomplished, that it is but just we should remember the adroitness and good faith by which you have insured our success. You are no longer fitted to dwell in the class in which you were born; and we have great pleasure in being able to offer you the means of extricating yourself from your present situation, without taxing your gratitude too far, as we can be useful to you, without injuring ourselves. When, urged on by our desire of revenge, you are aware that we each contributed one thousand crowns in aid of our plan: you have scarcely expended one third of this sum; the rest is placed at your disposal, in the hands of a notary of this city, who is ready to deliver it to you at any moment. The lace, silks, and jewelry, which served to confirm the credulity of a silly father, and blind the pride of an arrogant daughter, you must also consider as your own; and to you we confide the future happiness of Aurora; having made choice of you, in the hope that we might never have cause to regret our revenge being carried too far.'

Should you desire to enter into any speculation, you may rely upon the credit, the good will, and the support of your friends of Lyons.'

'Thank Heaven,' cried I, with delight, 'half my troubles are removed! I can now supply all the wants of my adored wife.'

The other letter was from Aurora, and contained these words: 'Some feeling of pity which I still retain for you, notwithstanding your conduct toward me, induces me to inform you of my proceedings thus far. By the time you receive this letter, I shall be in Lyons, where it is my intention to retire to a convent, in which I shall be secure from your odious presence. As an open and generous enemy, I make known to you that it is my purpose to appeal to every tribunal in the country, until I find one which will do me justice, by breaking the chains of your victim, and punishing the vile traitors who have sacrificed me.'

The perusal of this letter threw me into the most violent agitation. At first I thought of pursuing Aurora, and forcing her to obey the man whom fate had made her husband; but this was only an idea of the moment, for I felt an invincible repugnance to persecute a woman I so truly and tenderly loved: and beside, the thing was impracticable, as she had already been gone several hours, and it was in vain to hope to overtake her. I could procure no horses nearer than Montélimart, and it was useless to attempt it on foot. My greatest desire now was to quit a place so fraught with bitter and sorrowful recollections; and fortunately, I had just money enough to take me to Lyons. Before my departure, I questioned both the curate and his niece, in hopes of gaining some clue to my wife's place of concealment; but neither prayers nor threats were of any avail: they pleaded utter ignorance of her intentions, although I afterward discovered them to have been the projectors of the whole plan.

When I arrived at Lyons, new difficulties presented themselves. Where was I to commence my search? How, in so large a city, was I to discover the asylum in which Aurora had taken refuge? I dared not appeal to her father, justly incensed, as he must be, against the deceiver of his daughter; nor could I wander from one convent to another, making such unusual inquiries, without running the risk of being arrested and imprisoned as an accessory in so culpable a plot. In my dilemma, I had recourse to my friends, the engravers, who advised me to remain perfectly quiet, and wait until the suit instituted against me should become the subject of general conversation in Lyons, when, without doubt, I should discover all I desired to know. I followed their advice; and in the mean while, occupied myself industriously in endeavoring to increase my fortune, being well convinced that without wealth and character, I could never hope to recover the esteem and affection of my wife.

After the sale of the various articles of which I could now make no use, I found myself possessed of ten thousand crowns. There were rumors of a war between some of the principal powers of Europe, of which, aided by my generous friends, I took advantage to make a bold speculation, which, if it failed, would again plunge me into misery and poverty, but if successful, would at least quadruple my funds. Thus while my commercial operations were made with the greatest secrecy, the history of my marriage became the subject

of universal conversation ; for from the seclusion of her convent, Aurora continued to denounce my friends and myself. Their want of address and caution had brought all the persecution upon themselves ; but it was most advantageous to me, as their own interests obliged them to take up my defence. Aurora pleaded that our marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent, a lady highly esteemed for her excellence and noble birth, warmly supported her ; while her father and his friends used all their influence, and made every exertion in their power ; so that we were menaced on every side with a defeat, the shame of which would indeed have fallen upon the engravers, but by which I alone should be the sad and heart-broken sufferer. They even laughed at the whole affair, and were much amused to find how completely Aurora's pride became her greatest punishment, through the publicity to which it subjected her. But their merriment could not delay the course of justice. An order was issued for my arrest, which I only escaped through the obscurity in which I lived.

The day of the trial arrived. Aurora demanded a guard to attend her to the tribunal by which our marriage was to be declared either null or valid. She appeared there in all the brilliancy of beauty, heightened by an air of unfeigned diffidence and modesty. Never had any trial drawn together so large a concourse of people ; and her counsel pleaded her cause with so much feeling and eloquence, that he was frequently interrupted by the tears and sobs of the whole assembly. The interest manifested by the judges, left but little doubt as to the nature of their verdict ; and the expectant assembly awaited with enthusiastic eagerness : when, no one coming forward to undertake my defence, the engraver whom Aurora had rejected, asked permission of the court to plead my cause, which was immediately granted. In a few words, he related my history, exaggerating in nothing, excepting in the praises he bestowed upon me. He acknowledged that the circumstances under which my marriage had taken place, would fully authorize the judges to declare it null. He appeared to hesitate for a moment. . . . The most profound silence reigned throughout the court ; when, turning to Aurora, he said, in a calm and impressive manner :

'It may be true, madame, that you were not intended to be the wife of a bellows-mender ; but nature obliges you to be the mother of his child ! Listen to the pleadings of your unborn infant, and say if you desire a freedom, which will condemn it to the infamy of an illegitimate birth.'

'No ! no !' cried the trembling Aurora, bursting into tears ; while the spectators deeply moved, echoed her words, as with one voice ; and 'No ! no !' resounded throughout the assembly.

The voice of maternal love decided the cause. The judges declared the marriage valid, as the contract was signed with my true name ; and they even admitted that our situations were not so unequal as to justify the dissolution of our ties. But in order to diminish the triumph of an adventurer, they declared that my wife was at liberty to remain in the convent she had chosen for her retreat, and that her husband could neither reclaim, nor molest her, without incurring the penalty of the law ; that the child should be baptized by

my name; and that I could assert no right over it; and the rest of the sentence relating to details more interesting to the lawyers than the readers of my history, I here omit. Aurora left the hall of justice in a sort of triumph, escorted to her asylum by the crowd, loud in its praises of the touching sacrifice she had made to her maternal feelings.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the progress of which I was ill at ease. Obligated to remain concealed, I took advantage of my person being unknown, to mingle with the crowd, feeling secure that no one would recognize, in a handsome, well-dressed man, with the manners and appearance of a gentleman, the poor bellows-mender, whom they so much abused. I even forced myself to join in the laugh, when they made amusing and ridiculous remarks upon my marriage and absence; though I felt humbled to observe that even those who were most vehement in declaiming against what they called my infamy, were equally lavish in their jests and sarcasms at the expense of Aurora. My own wishes, confirmed by the advice of my friends, determined me to quit Lyons, and transfer my funds to some other city, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris, which, from its size and population, would enable me to escape all observation, and there I could employ my capital to greater advantage. Here your friend, the poor bellows-mender, with one hundred thousand francs, and the credit of his kind benefactors at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond his utmost hopes; and for five years, I was the favorite of fortune, although my conscience bears me witness, that I have no cause to blush for a single transaction during that time.

My correspondence with Lyons was very extensive; and upon one occasion, I was so happy as to be able to render an essential service to one of the first bankers of that city. His gratitude induced him to urge me strongly to pay him a visit; and at last I consented to do so, actuated by an irrepressible desire to breathe again the same air with my beloved Aurora. I went with my own equipage and servants, in the best style; and this time my luxury was not borrowed, but being the fruits of my own industry, I felt happy, and secure of its duration.

Even my old friends, the engravers, scarcely recognized me; so that I had nothing to fear from casual acquaintances. Without appearing to evince too great an interest in the subject, I spoke of the celebrated trial which had caused so much excitement throughout the city, five years before, and made some inquiries about Aurora and her family, as if it were a mere matter of curiosity. I learned that her father died some years before, leaving his affairs in so bad a condition, that Aurora was almost penniless, and indeed in some degree dependent upon the kindness of the abbess, with whom she still remained. I was told, at the same time, that independently of the general interest she had inspired, her conduct had been such as to win the respect and admiration of every one. They observed, also, that the bellows-mender had never disturbed her tranquillity, or attempted to reclaim the rights of which he had been deprived.

I could not listen to this recital, without the deepest emotion. During my four years' residence in the capital, my thoughts had been incessantly occupied in efforts to acquire a fortune, in the hope of re-

gaining the sole object of my labors. But my return to Lyons, and the unfeigned admiration of all who spoke of Aurora, revived with increased strength the love which I had never ceased to cherish for her. The form of my adored wife was for ever present to me, and I felt how utterly worthless would be the fortune I had so labored to acquire, should she refuse to share it with me. And my child ! alas ! was I never to strain him to my heart ? Never to enjoy his infantine caresses, or to experience those paternal feelings, which imagination pictured to me in such glowing colors ? I could bear this suspense no longer, but resolved that nothing should prevent me from meeting my wife and my son.

At my desire, one of the engravers assembled all her father's creditors, whom I immediately paid, and at the same time exerted myself to recover many things which I knew long habit had made dear to his daughter, and the loss of which I was sure she must regret. My friend the banker had spoken so handsomely of her, and was himself so generally esteemed, that I determined to make him my confidant, and induce him to aid me in my project ; for I knew his name alone would diminish many of my difficulties. He possessed a beautiful villa upon the borders of the Rhone, to which I accompanied him ; and having one day obtained from him a promise of secrecy, I spoke thus :

‘Hitherto, you have known me only as a merchant, who is indebted to his talents, industry, and probity, for fortune, and an honorable name. My wayward fate has obliged me to appear under a kind of mask to those whose esteem I most fondly covet. Formerly, I deceived my mistress ; but let me no longer impose upon you, my friend, who already know one half of my history. Listen, now, to the rest. You see before you that unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of thoughtless young men, as the instrument of their revenge.’

At this unexpected avowal, my friend started with surprise, and incredulity and doubt were expressed in his countenance. But I continued :

‘I am indebted to nature for many faculties, which study and education have more fully developed. The generosity of my friends, and successful fortune, have achieved the rest. You have spoken kindly of Aurora. It is my intention soon to leave Lyons ; but I solemnly declare to you, I will not depart without an effort to see her. Will you, my dear friend, who enjoy the esteem and consideration of all who know you, will you consent to be our mediator, and let me owe to you the happiness of my life ?’

Recovering from his astonishment, he assured me he did not doubt being able to bring about the reconciliation I so ardently desired. ‘The Abbess of the convent in which your wife resides,’ said he, ‘honors me with her friendship : we are not far from the city ; let us at once order our carriage, and seek Aurora ; when, I trust, we shall be able to remove all difficulties.’ I eagerly agreed to this plan, for I was now as anxious to see her, as I had once been to avoid her ; and I ardently desired to embrace my son.

We reached the convent, where the banker was announced under his true name, and introduced me as one of the first merchants of Paris. We were admitted. What a picture presented itself to our

eyes! Aurora, my beloved wife, more beautiful than ever, was seated near the venerable Abbess. A child, the personification of infantine loveliness, slept upon her knee, and appeared to absorb the attention of the mother so entirely, that she scarcely noticed our respectful salutation. The first moment she cast her eyes upon me, I perceived, by an involuntary shudder, that my appearance recalled to her mind some painful idea; but my being introduced by a man whom she knew, presented as the head of one of the first commercial houses in Paris, with the obscurity of the approaching evening, contributed to dissipate her suspicions; and she was far from recognizing in the rich stranger her despised and long-neglected husband. My friend opened the conversation by some vague remarks upon my approaching departure from Lyons. He spoke of the extent of my connections; and inquired of the Abbess if she had not some commission to charge me with, for the capital.

During this conversation, the child awoke, and instead of being alarmed at the sight of strangers, smiled gaily, and after gazing at us both for some time, in uncertainty ran toward me. Oh, my friend! you may imagine what were my feelings, when I first received the sweet caresses of my child! I covered his little face with kisses. I could restrain myself no longer; but seizing him in my arms, I threw myself at the feet of my wife: 'Aurora! Aurora!' I exclaimed, 'behold your child!' Your son pleads for his father! Will you for ever suffer pride to triumph over affection?' While I pronounced these words, in a deeply agitated voice, Aurora, taken by surprise, seemed ready to swoon. She gazed alternately upon me and my son, who clasped her knees, as if to implore pardon for his father. At length, she burst into tears; at which, the child, not being able to comprehend the reason of his mother's emotion, mingled his plaintive cries with my entreaties. Aurora replied by throwing herself into my arms: 'I know not,' she said, 'whether you seek again to deceive me; but your child pleads too strongly in your favor: henceforth, I am yours for ever!'

She pressed me to her heart, and for some moments we were incapable of uttering a word. Our happiness, the caresses of our child, the tears of my friend, and the solemn influences of the place, all served to increase our emotion. 'My children,' said the Abbess, gazing upon us with an eye glistening with sensibility, 'you will, I trust, each fulfil your duty. Mr. — is too sincere to prove a traitor; and maternal love is too powerful in the bosom of Aurora, to suffer her again to become the victim of a foolish pride! May this union, so touchingly renewed in my presence, be more happy than the first; and may you long enjoy that felicity which virtue alone can give!'

These words, pronounced in a grave and solemn tone, calmed our excited feelings; and I proceeded to recount my adventures, neither omitting my faults, nor the remorse which they had occasioned. And I remarked with delight, that the hand of Aurora often gently pressed mine, whenever I spoke of the projects that my love for her had inspired; although she appeared to listen with indifference, when I dwelt upon the riches I had acquired. The part of the narrative which touched her most sensibly, was the payment of her father's debts, and my successful endeavors to rescue from the hands of the

creditors the articles which had been dear to her from her childhood. My friend celebrated our *réunion* by a brilliant *fête*. Near to his house was one which, although not large, was delightfully situated; and believing, from an accidental expression, that it would be agreeable to Aurora, I immediately purchased it in her name; and in twenty-four hours, placed in her hands the deed which made her its mistress.

I returned to Paris with my wife and son. Whether it was that she still retained some of her former pride, or whether it arose from true greatness of soul, I know not; but she showed no surprise when introduced into a large and handsome house, furnished with much taste and magnificence. But I knew that adversity had had a happy influence upon her character; and I felt satisfied that I was beloved by the object of all my tenderness and affection.

A year had thus passed away in perfect happiness, when one morning Aurora entered my study, her eyes sparkling with pleasure: 'My dear friend,' said she, 'you must not refuse an invitation from your wife. I am going to give you a dinner-party in my house at Lyons; but you must allow me to precede you with my son. I wish to teach him to do the honors of the house to his father.'

I failed not to arrive at the appointed hour, on the day of the *fête*. Aurora, who had surpassed even the wonted elegance of her toilet, was brilliant with beauty and gaiety; and dinner was soon announced: but judge of my surprise, when, taking me by the hand, and conducting me to an apartment decorated in the most tasteful manner, I beheld there my ten old friends, the engravers; my first protectors, the authors of my fortune; of my marriage, and of my present happiness. I cannot describe the sensations I experienced, during this repast, in which the sprightliness and good humor of my charming wife inspired all our guests with gaiety and enjoyment. After dinner, she led us into the room she had arranged for me, and touching a slight spring, a curtain was withdrawn, and discovered two pictures, beautifully executed. We drew near to examine them, and an exclamation of surprise and admiration burst from all of our lips. One of the pictures represented the scene at my father's hut, near Montélimart. I was upon my knees before Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, at the same time throwing a look of contempt upon the engraver, who acted as coachman. Below was written: 'Love conquered by Pride.' The second represented the scene of the present day; my ten friends at table, and Aurora placed between her happy husband and the engraver whom she had refused, smiling complacently upon both. Beneath it was written: 'Pride conquered by Love.'

Here ends my history, or at least my adventures; for it is easier for me to feel my happiness, than to describe it. I became the happy father of three other children; and Aurora insisted that the engraver who had addressed her should stand godfather to the eldest. This estimable man is united to a charming woman, now well known throughout Lyons for the care she has bestowed upon the education of an only daughter. Aurora assures me it is her earnest wish to have this young person for her daughter-in-law; and what is more singular still, my son declares it would constitute his greatest happiness, if this wish could be fulfilled.

PASSAIC:

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Ow could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My bright example as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.

TALE FIRST.

THE GREAT DESCENDER.

'Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.'

BYRON.

Wild was the night; fast flew the hurrying cloud,
Mantling the heavens with many-folded shroud;
The baffled moon kept struggling, though in vain,
Through the rent gloom to smile upon the plain.
Out stood the cliffs, still blacker than the sky,
Whence rushing, tumbling, foaming from on high,
PASSAIC, driven with impetuous sweep,
Sprang with a scream of horror down the steep;
And in the depths of sternly-girdling rock,
Muttered deep groans of anguish at the shock:
To whose lament, the snarling winds on high
Yell back their surly howlings in reply:
And not a voice disturbed the air, beside
That clamorous quarrel of the wind and tide;
Whose loud dispute — for wranglers never spare —
With ceaseless brawling tires the sleepy air.
Dark, savage scene — wild as a murderer's dream —
Which to the moon's dim-gazing eye might seem
Like a sick beast, that, fretting as it lay,
Growled, frowned, and fumed the sullen night away.

Now from the west upheaves a denser gloom;
Red lightnings gleam, and coming thunders boom
Portentous: starts the sleeper in his bed,
Blessing the shelter that protects his head;
And mourns the hapless traveller's piteous plight,
Who bears the tyrannous fury of the night.
Bursts the big cloud, the gushing deluge pours,
That ev'n the cataract outrains and roars:
When lo! a flash, and quick successive shock
Quivers and thunders; high upon a rock,
Lit by the lightning's momentary blink,
A human form sits dangling o'er the brink!
And by his side lo! darkly crouching there,
A red-eyed monster, black, with shaggy hair!

Oh! who is watching at this awful hour?
What murderer hides him from law's iron power?
What unchained madman shows his daring form,
Or madder poet, amorous of the storm?
The glancing moonlight, as the clouds roll by,
Reveals the startling phantom to the eye.
His dress and mien a lowly man display,
Whom fortune owes much, but neglects to pay:
Yet his fixed lip shows firmness not to blench;
His eye, a fire no cataracts can quench.

From his drenched hat the rain-drops, gathering slow,
 Drip one by one far down the gulf below :
 Like tears they seemed, that 'scaped his bended head —
 Alas ! the only tears he knew to shed.
 His care-worn features, wild, and fever-tinged,
 Bespoke a soul ambitious fire had singed :
 High resolution flashed from every look,
 And trying thoughts his rigid sinews shook ;
 As if some mighty purpose swelled his mind,
 Big with results to science and mankind.
 No murderer he, that shunned the meed of crime —
 No madman loose, nor madder child of rhyme :
 No ! 't is the Great Descender, mighty PARCE !
 Spurner of heights — great Nature's overmatch !
 Lone, strange, and musing on his deeds unborn,
 Of youth the laughter, and of age the scorn :
 And the fell fiend that crouched so darkly there,
 Was but his pet and follower, a bear :
 For his was far too bold, too wild a mind,
 To mate with creatures of a common kind.

Thus great Columbus idled on the shore,
 Dreaming of worlds his genius should explore :
 Thus Newton, child-like, blew his bubbles bright,
 To give the sneering world the laws of light :
 Thus Franklin flung his line and kite on high,
 Angling for lightnings in the liquid sky ;
 By all the jeers of gaping fools unchecked,
 Whose very heads his wit would soon protect.
 Oh ! ever thus, short-sighted man decries
 The first bold projects of the great and wise ;
 And Science' self seems doomed to wander here,
 Scoffed, scorned, and pelted, through her long career :
 Yet nobly gives for sneers new powers unborn,
 And with protection pays the debt of scorn.

What wonder then our hero should evade
 The face of man, and court the lonely shade ?
 What wonder his congenial soul should seek
 The spot where daring waters leap and break ?
 There breathed a spirit round that wild abyss,
 Of storm and energy, akin to his :
 The strife of tortured waters, groaning there,
 Seemed but the struggle of his own despair ;
 While their calm progress after trials passed,
 Typed the sure triumph he should find at last.

But hark ! — he lifts his voice, and thus proceeds,
 Turning his thoughts to words that shall be deeds :
 ' Ill fated lot, to grovel yet with pride,
 To thirst for fame, with power to win denied :
 From my sad birth, to toil and ignorance doomed,
 Cursing my days ignobly thus consumed.
 And yet, ofttime the question stays my sighs :
 Can grovelling ignorance ne'er hope to rise ?
 Can the wide world, in all its paths of care,
 No instance show to hold me from despair ?
 Are there none ignorant, at this very hour,
 Treading the heights of wealth, of place, of power ?
 Are there none such, great Gotham ! wear thy crown,
 And sway the topping circles of the town ?
 Find we none such among our noisy great,
 Holding the high — ay, highest chairs of state ?
 Oh, Law and Physic ! — mid your dregs and lees,
 Have ye none such that fatten on the lees ?
 Mid Physic's apes, than with her sons no lees,
 Are there none such ? — great BRANDRETH ! answer yes.
 Ah yes ! — too many such the prize obtain :
 So many seek, it kills my hope to gain.

Alas ! then whither shall my spirit turn,
To quench in deeds these fiery hopes that burn ?
Teach me, ye stars ! some method, short of crime,
Some untried ladder lend me now to climb !'

With lifted head and proudly soaring eye,
He scanned those bright diviners in the sky :
Just then, a sudden meteor, trembling there,
Slid down the sky, and quenched itself in air :
The hero started : ' Ha ! I will obey !
Renown is mine ! — the heavens have marked the way :
Yon meteor tells me, wherefore climb at all,
Since fame as well irradiates things that fall ?
Yon earth-born meteor, spawn of slime and mire,
More wakes the vision by its dropping fire,
Than the world-sprinkled heavens, whose lights sublime
Have cheered the darkness since the birth of time.
And more : does not the monarch of the skies
Go down in glory too, as well as rise ?
How many watch him as he sinks away !
How few pay homage to his rising ray !
The lightning's self may glitter as it likes,
'T is ne'er gazetted, saye it stoops and strikes.
How many, smitten with the fame it gave,
Have dived in bells far 'neath the ocean-wave !
Or from balloons in parachutes gone down,
Stooping to catch the jewel of renown.
We pass unpraised the stones that round us lie,
But hail them when they tumble from the sky :
The Arch-fiend's fame no poet's tongue would tell,
Nor history chronicle, until he fell ;
And Pisa's tower, so bending, and so tall,
We laud — that only makes a threat to fall.

' And thou, Passaic ! of clear streams the queen —
How many pilgrims at thy shrine are seen !
Why gather thus these strangers at our walls ?
To see thy flood — and why ? — because it falls !
Ignobly else thy gentle tide had flowed,
Nor won the worship of th' admiring crowd :
Thy very mists, whose silver-drizzling spray,
The rainbow circles in the sun-bright day,
Have first to fall, before they mount and glow,
With glory's garland wreathed around their brow.
Oh ! thus, the world, for its applause, demands
Some perilous deed — some trial at our hands :
A life of peace, though better worth a name,
Is barely whispered by the breath of fame ;
While trumpets shout at every daring leap,
Which Danger ventures from his dizzy steep.
Forgive me, Heaven ! — if that which I pursue
So warmly now, be sought too rashly too :
Ambition drives me — urging, pushing still —
I have the bump, and cannot use my will.
Floods, storms, chasms, quicksands, rocks of blackest frown,
Line the sole route life opens to renown.

' Thou stubborn stream ! that from thy fount dost sweep
Downward, unswerving to thy goal, the deep ;
Nor even pausest at yon giddy height,
But run'st in eager rapids at the sight,
To gain sure headway for the leap profound,
Then clear'st the horrid barrier at a bound,
Lighting in triumph on the vale below —
Canst thou rush on where I would fear to go ?
Canst thou, by leaping, win the laurel crown,
And I not seize it by the means thus shown ?
Yes ! here I'll prove, at midnight, and alone,
Some things as well as others can be done !
Thou gaping chasm ! whose wide devouring throat
Swallows a river — while the gulping note

Of monstrous deglutition gurgles loud,
 As down thy maw the huddled waters crowd,
 I to thy hungry jaws devote me too!
 My hour is come — my steady nerves keep true!
 I toss my body from these giddy rocks,
 'To bring up drowning honor by the locks.'
 I dive for glory's rare and pearly prize.
 I stoop to conquer, and I fall to rise!
 Cavern of savage darkness, foam, and roar,
 Where never mortal plunged, and lived before!
 Oh! cast me safe, as erst, within him hid,
 The great Leviathan the prophet did!
 Sons of renown! who seek a deathless name —
 Mount, if ye like! I will *descend* to fame!

He ceased, with dignity in every look,
 Then from his head his dripping hat he took,
 And whirled it proudly in the boiling sea,
 And calmly said: 'Old friend! I follow thee!
 With one rude bound, he rushes madly on
 To the dark brink's sharp edge — and — is he gone?
 Not yet — not yet; he halts in mad career!
 What sudden thought, what shock arrests him here?
 Ah! wherefore seek the anguish that oppressed,
 In hour like this, his big, tumultuous breast!
 Condemn him not! — ye cannot know the strife
 That shakes a mortal on the verge of life.

Again he's roused — first cramming in his cheek
 The weed, though vile, that props the nerves when weak.
 Once more he rushes! Stay — he stops once more,
 With more spasmodic quickness than before;
 Envy would say, fright checked his bold career —
 Vain, ignorant sneer! — for heroes know not fear.
 Perchance he thought upon his parents lone,
 Childless, all hope of future issue gone;
 Himself, last scion of the house of Patch,
 Tossed like the tide, for every rock to catch!
 Perchance he started, thinking on his debts;
 Perchance — but see! all dangers he forgets,
 And from his breast a vessel doth remove,
 Filled with the nectar heroes ever love:
 With one long draught, the fiery tide he quaffs —
 Feels a new vigor — leaps, and shouts, and laughs:
 Now! — now! — he springs! he clears the final stone!
 Shoots down the darkness — gracious heaven! — he's gone!
 No shriek is sent, no sound is heard, beside
 Th' eternal thunder of the falling tide;
 And Bruin's growl, who prudent turned about,
 Following his master by a safer route.
 Mad, reckless man, to brave sure ruin so,
 And stake his body on so rash a throw!
 Ambition's fool — none saw the death he braved —
 All's lost with life, even to the fame he craved.
 But hark! — far down yon water-flooded vale,
 A voice swells faintly on the evening gale:
 He lives! — he lives! — his feeble voice it is —
 His, first survivor from that black abyss!

On a green isle, which seems so sweet asleep,
 That the rude waters, ere its shores they sweep,
 Fork gently, touched with charms that helpless lie;
 And pass unawaked the dreaming beauty by —
 The hero lies, left by the hurrying stream;
 Though spent, his eye is bright with victory's gleam —
 Battered, and worn — still conqueror of the fall,
 Exhausted — yet triumphant over all!

END OF CANTO I.

PELAYO AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

It is the common lamentation of Spanish historiographers, that, for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavoring to connect incongruous events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abarca, declares that, for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in theological controversies, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of Spanish history, and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject, was a melancholy and mortifying state of indecision.*

During this apocryphal period, flourished PELAYO, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country, but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven.

The quaint old chronicle of the Moor Rasis, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least doubt or hesitation. It makes him a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic kings of Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was spent in a castle among the Pyrenees, under the eye of his widowed and noble-minded mother, who caused him to be instructed in every thing befitting a cavalier of gentle birth. While the sons of the nobility were revelling amid the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that vicious and effeminate indulgence which led to the perdition of unhappy Spain, the youthful Pelayo, in his rugged mountain school, was steeled to all kinds of hardy exercises. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pyrenees abounded; and so purely and chastely was he brought up, by his good lady mother, that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts may be relied on, he had attained his one-and-twentieth year, without having once sighed for woman!

Nor were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest. Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a more formidable character. The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascony. The Gascons, says an old chronicler, were a people who used smooth words when expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on every thing they met. Though

* PADRE PEDRO ABARCA. *Anales de Aragon, Anti Regno*, § 2.

poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not plume himself on being a *hijodalgo*, or the son of somebody.

At the head of a band of these needy *hidalgos* of Gascony, was one Arnaud, a broken-down cavalier. He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest were a set of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border; here to-day and gone to-morrow; sometimes in one pass, sometimes in another. They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and were over the mountains and far away, before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant, trading with Biscay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with him his wife, who was a goodly dame, and his daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon. He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and a man servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandise.

When the Gascons heard of this wealthy merchant and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by providence for the benefit of *hidalgos* like themselves, of valor and gentle blood, who lived by the sword. Placing themselves in ambush, in a lonely defile, by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounted on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the defile, when the *Bandoleros* rushed forth and assailed them. The merchant, though but little used to the exercise of arms, and unwieldy in his form, yet made valiant defence, having his wife and daughter and money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered; one of his servants was slain, the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransack for spoil, but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breast of the trembling merchant, they demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited the arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day, Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand on a rock, at a narrow pass, to await the sallying forth of a wild bear. Close by him was a page, conducting a horse, and at the saddle-bow hung his armor, for he always prepared for fight among these border mountains. While thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the robbers. On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life, for he supposed him to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror, and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were the

crew of Gascon hidalgos, upon the scamper. Taking his armor from the page, he put on his helmet, slung his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and mounting his steed, compelled the trembling servant to guide him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek his huntsmen, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the forest, with a single attendant on foot, and beheld his rich armor sparkling in the sun, they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands, and Arnaud and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler, and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

'Who and what are ye,' cried he, 'and what seek ye in this land?'

'We are huntsmen,' replied Arnaud, 'and lo! our game runs into our toils!'

'By my faith,' replied Pelayo, 'thou wilt find the game more readily roused than taken: have at thee for a villain!'

So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of his breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter, which cleft his scull-cap, and sank into his brain. His companion, seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming up, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth, and struck one of the robbers dead: the others, beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for never had they looked upon such feats of arms. They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rival band of robbers; and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were soonest undeceived, especially the daughter; for the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanor of Pelayo, and said to herself: 'Surely nothing evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form.'

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him at these signals, and especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket. They were clad in hunters' dresses, and armed with boarspears, darts, and hunting-swords, and many of them led hounds in long leashes. All this was a new and wild scene to the astonished merchant; nor were his fears abated, when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney, laden with money-bags; 'for of a cer-

tainty,' said he to himself, 'this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains.'

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dross; at which the honest burgher marvelled exceedingly. He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and his own examined. On taking off his cuirass, his wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have put the captive robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

The huntsmen now made a great fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they had killed, cut off portions and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals. Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relish of huntsmen and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife, and daughter, looked at all this, and wondered, for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of them if they did not desire to eat: they were too much in awe of him to decline, though they felt a loathing at the thought of partaking of this hunter's fare; but he ordered a linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream; and to their astonishment, they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess: his fears having subsided, his appetite was now awakened, and he addressed himself manfully to the viands that were set before him. His daughter, however, could not eat: her eyes were ever and anon stealing to gaze on Pelayo, whom she regarded with gratitude for his protection, and admiration for his valor; and now that he had laid aside his helmet, and she beheld his lofty countenance, glowing with manly beauty, she thought him something more than mortal. The heart of the gentle donzella, says the ancient chronicler, was kind and yielding; and had Pelayo thought fit to ask the greatest boon that love and beauty could bestow—doubtless meaning her fair hand—she could not have had the cruelty to say him nay. Pelayo, however, had no such thoughts: the love of woman had never yet entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as the fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty caused no perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the defiles of the mountains, lest they should be molested by any of the scattered band of robbers. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the servant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. Having formed their cavalcade, they pursued their way slowly up one of the steep and winding passes of the Pyrenees.

Toward sunset, they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of the living rock: there was a cross over the door, and before it was a great spreading oak, with a sweet spring of water at its foot. The body of the faithful servant who had fallen in the defence of his lord, was buried close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit promised to perform masses for the repose of his soul.

Then Pelayo obtained from the holy father consent that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell; and the hermit made beds of moss for them, and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful champion who had rescued her from death or dishonor.

Pelayo, however, was visited by no such wandering of the mind, but, wrapping himself in his mantle, slept soundly by the fountain under the tree. At midnight, when every thing was buried in deep repose, he was awakened from his sleep, and beheld the hermit before him, with the beams of the moon shining upon his silver hair and beard.

'This is no time,' said the latter, 'to be sleeping; arise and listen to my words, and hear of the great work for which thou art chosen!'

Then Pelayo arose and seated himself on a rock, and the hermit continued his discourse.

'Behold,' said he, 'the ruin of Spain is at hand! It will be delivered into the hands of strangers, and will become a prey to the spoiler. Its children will be slain, or carried into captivity; or such as may escape these evils, will harbor with the beasts of the forest, or the eagles of the mountain. The thorn and bramble will spring up where now are seen the corn-field, the vine, and the olive, and hungry wolves will roam in place of peaceful flocks and herds. But thou, my son! tarry not thou to see these things, for thou canst not prevent them. Depart on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine; purify thyself by prayer; enrol thyself in the order of chivalry, and prepare for the great work of the redemption of thy country; for to thee it will be given to raise it from the depth of its affliction.'

Pelayo would have inquired farther into the evils thus foretold, but the hermit rebuked his curiosity.

'Seek not to know more,' said he, 'than heaven is pleased to reveal. Clouds and darkness cover its designs, and prophecy is never permitted to lift up, but in part, the veil that rests upon the future.'

The hermit ceased to speak, and Pelayo laid himself down again to take repose, but sleep was a stranger to his eyes.

When the first rays of the rising sun shone upon the tops of the mountains, the travellers assembled round the fountain beneath the tree, and made their morning's repast. Then, having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed in the freshness of the day, and descended along the hollow defiles leading into the interior of Spain. The good merchant was refreshed by sleep, and by his morning's meal; and when he beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled a chanson as he went, and the woodlands echoed to his song. But Pelayo rode in silence, for he revolved in his mind the portentous words of the hermit; and the daughter of the merchant ever and anon stole looks at him full of tenderness and admiration, and deep sighs betrayed the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to the foot of the mountains, where the forests and the rocks terminated, and an open and secure country lay before

the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different. When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were loud in thanks and benedictions, and the good burgher would fain have given Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold; but the young man put it aside with a smile. 'Silver and gold,' said he, 'need I not, but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price.'

In the mean time, the daughter had spoken never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed; and after a violent struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty, her heart relieved itself by words.

'Senor,' said she, 'I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it, you may consider it as a memorial of your own valor, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you.'

With these words, she drew a ring from her finger, and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at the words of the simple maiden, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him: but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from the snares of love. 'Amiga,' (friend,) said he, 'I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness:' so saying, he kissed her on the cheek.

The damsel was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing, says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters: yet certain it is, that he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted, Pelayo remained with his huntsmen on a cliff, watching that no evil befel them until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him, for the distance, and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And, for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man; but, for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a virgin. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discoursed of celestial matters, and it was called 'The Contemplations of Love;' because, at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel, and called her by the gentle appellation of 'Amiga.' And often thinking of him in tender sadness, and of her never having beheld him more, she would take the book, and would read it as if in his stead; and while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would endeavor to fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.

CABINET PICTURES.

CHASTITY.

THE purely chaste, are those who're chaste in thought;
 An angel's purity within them lives:
 Their unstained souls with Heaven's own fire are fraught,
 Which its great glory to their being gives.
 The unsunned snow upon the eternal hills,
 The crystal ice, in regions where no ray
 Of warmth the frozen air one moment fills,
 To thaw its everlasting front away,
 May not example peerless CHASTITY:
 For they, removed from their peculiar sphere,
 Lost in a moment to themselves would be;
 But the chaste soul Temptation's self may dare,
 And win itself from man a glorious crown,
 On which the gods approvingly look down.

CHILDREN.

MIRTH, pleasure, innocence, delight and joy,
 Encompass children of a tender age;
 Grief, sorrow, agony — sin's dark alloy,
 Stamp no impression on that sunny page:
 The untainted spring of life's mysterious river
 Here owns its clear, its crystal fountain-head;
 Pure as it flowed from the all-pure All-Giver,
 Its light unclouded radiantly is shed.
 We gaze on children sporting in their glee,
 And pause to watch them as they gaily move,
 And wonder what the infant charm can be,
 That binds them to us in the bonds of love:
 Ah! know we not that it is heaven we see?
 That heaven itself exists in purity?

CHURCH-YARD.

I WANDER in the city of the dead,
 Midst streets of corse, mouldering to decay?
 Where is the pride of riches? — it is fled!
 Where pomp and circumstance? — all passed away!
 The loved and lovely lie together sleeping,
 The high and lowly in one dust are laid;
 A solitary mourner here is weeping
 O'er the last tenant Nature's debt has paid;
 Soon Time, Grief's great assuager, will dry up
 The flowing tears, leaving the dead unwept.
 Drink, then, proud mortal! from the better cup
 Of wholesome truth. Wake up! — too long thou'st slept.
 High as thou art, lowly in death thou'lt lie;
 The CHURCH-YARD calls to thee, 'Prepare to die!'

CONSCIENCE.

PAINT hell in horrors: picture liquid fire,
 In which the quivering spirit ever lives
 Where the fallen angels, now fell demon's, ire,
 The eternal lash to the racked sufferer gives.
 Crown him with scorpions, let each piercing fang
 Stab him continuous, and let heaven's bright bliss
 Live in his sight, to add a keener pang
 To his dread suffering — picture thou all this!
 'Tis not more dreadful than the awful voice
 Of CONSCIENCE torturing the sinful soul,
 'Till madness is a blessing. Oh, rejoice,
 Thou whose pure life gives Conscience no control.
 In good men's hearts Conscience as loved doth dwell;
 It is the evil-doer's burning hell!

QUINCE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HENRY OF GUISE, OR THE STATES OF BLOIS. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of 'Richelieu,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 468. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE volumes, by one of the most popular novelists of the day, have doubtless been perused and admired by the great mass of our readers. We have always been favorably impressed with the good moral tendency of all of Mr. JAMES' tales, as well as the easy style in which they are clothed, and the deep interest which they excite. Though not peculiarly happy in portraying nice shades of character, he is always successful in marking out a bold outline, and preserving its consistency and keeping throughout. He is, in our judgment, particularly forcible and impressive in developing and describing the more universal feelings of our nature; the ordinary currents of human thought; those impulses and affections, in short, which are common to all mankind. He frequently begins his chapters with abstract reflections, illustrated by the most happy comparisons, which possess the merit of being apposite, and consonant with the case in hand, while they exhibit the point and apothegm of La Bruyère, and the simplicity and truthfulness of Addison. To illustrate this remark, we quote the following passage:

"The prudent plans and purposes of the most prudent and politic people in this world are almost all contingent; contingent, in the first place, upon circumstances, the great rulers of all earthly things, and, in the second place, not less than the first, upon the characters, thoughts, and feelings of the very persons who frame them. Many a one may be tempted to tell us that it must be a prudent man to form prudent resolutions, and that such a prudent man will keep them; but now the reverse of this commonplace reasoning is directly the case, and the most prudent determinations are but too often taken by the most imprudent people, and violated without the slightest ceremony or contrition. This is, indeed, almost universally the case; for really prudent people have no need to make resolutions at all, and those who make them have almost always some intimation in their own mind that there is a likelihood of their being broken."

"The rock which it meets with in its course turns the impetuous river from the way it was pursuing, even when it comes down in all the fury of the mountain torrent. The slight slope of a green hill, the rise of a grassy bank at an after-period, bends the calm stream hither and thither through the plains, offering the most beautiful image of the effect of circumstances on the course of human life. Some streams also become colored by the earth they pass over, or mingle readily with the waters that flow into theirs. But there are a few — and they are always the mightiest and most profound — which retain their original hue and character, receive the tribute of other streams, pass over rocks and mountains, and through the midst of deep lakes, without the Rhone losing its glossy blue in the bosom of Lake Lemane, or the Rhine mingling its clear stream with the waters of Constance or the current of the Maine.

"The firm and powerful mind may be affected in its operations by circumstances, but not in its nature, and the depths of original character remain unchanged from the beginning to the end of life. Even strong feelings in such hearts, like objects cast upon a grand and rapid river, are borne along with the current through all scenes and circumstances, till with the waters themselves they plunge into the ocean of eternity."

The story of Henry of Guise is laid in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Henry III. of France, and the Wars of the League. The leading events are historically true.

It would occupy too much of the space allotted to this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to give a full analysis of the story; and we must confine ourselves to a few general remarks. Charles of Montsoreau, the hero, at least of the love, if not of the action of the tale, is a pleasant specimen of humanity in the abstract, and meets with many sad mishaps, and performs many noble deeds, that make us wonder why virtue in this world finds so much trouble in obtaining its reward; but like most of JAMES' personages, he lacks that strong Shakspearian individuality of character, which is essential in exciting deep personal interest. The Abbé de Boisguerin, the Marplot of the story, is a good specimen of an abstract villain, and so is Villequier; but they are cast in the same mould; they act and think alike; and it is their different position, only, that makes any difference in their respective characters. Not so with Shakspeare's or Scott's villains. Iago and Varney are each thorough-paced rascals, yet so peculiar, that they stand out by themselves, as it were; natural, yet unique; consistent, yet defying all competition. There is an easy flow, however, in Mr. JAMES' novels, which bears us on, perhaps more pleasantly than a wilder current. His descriptions of scenery are vivid; his detail of events is striking; and his plot is well digested and well developed. We always arise from the perusal of his works not only amused, but improved; not merely entertained, but instructed.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE. POEMS OF WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. In one volume. pp. 322. Boston: D. S. KING, and CROCKER AND BREWSTER. New-York: GEORGE W. LIGHT, Fulton-street.

MR. TAPPAN has been long before the public as a 'fugitive' poet, and many of his brief occasional pieces have won deservedly high commendation. He has always manifested the strictest regard to the moral and religious tendency of his verse; devoting his talents, in almost every effort of his pen, to the inculcation of good lessons. Oftentimes, his versification is melodious, and altogether felicitous; yet we are constrained to say, he seems occasionally to have written, not so much from impulse, as habit. Crudeness and unripe thoughts must needs sometimes follow. The volume under notice opens with 'The Good Wine,' which deserves the place of honor it occupies. It was originally written, as well as several other poems in the present collection, for the *KNICKERBOCKER*. For this reason, it is not necessary that we should call special attention to Mr. TAPPAN's merits as a poet. Conceding, therefore, that he has not gained repute without adequate desert, we must nevertheless caution him against the very common fault of writing too much. He now and then forces a sentiment, and pumps up a feeling, simply because the gods have made him poetical, and not because he feels the divine afflatus. With none but the kindest feelings toward Mr. TAPPAN, we must be permitted to cite a few examples of the composition from which we draw this conclusion. Take, as an instance, the beginning of the second poem, 'The Choir:'

*'I went to chapel, some few Sundays since,
In Chatham-street, New-York! . . . 'T was early yet,
So I surveyed awhile the edifice,
Admiring at the growth of piety!'*

We cannot 'admire at' such prosaic lines as these, however cordially we may commend others, from the same source. They remind us too forcibly of WORDSWORTH's satirist, in the 'Old Cumberland Pedlar' of 'Warreniana:'

*— 'Come, Timms, and you too, Stokes,
Come, sit you down upon this bank of fresh
And bilious butter-cups; 't is scarcely seven,
And I shall not drink tea till half past eight,
Or peradventure nine!'*

Something of this familiar style may be seen in the annexed sentence from 'The Child of the Tomb:'

'Meanwhile, the recreant teacher, where was he?
Gone in effrontery to take his tea
With the boy's mother!'

The same imitation of WORDSWORTH's minute *simplicity*, merely, may be seen in the opening of 'The Silent Street':

'In Boston is a street, about a rod
From her famed Common,' etc.

And again in 'Mortality and Immortality,' MR. TAPPAN tells us:

'I saw some workmen toil, the other day;
'T was in Saint Mary's church-yard: . . .
. . . they had digged a vault
Some six feet square, and more than twice that depth.'

We have cited these instances, to show that MR. TAPPAN owes it to his fair fame, as a poet, to write less hastily, and *always* to give to good thoughts the best of words. Does he not see how a single prosaic line, like those we have instanced, would have affected such a beautiful poem as the one upon the twenty thousand children of our Sabbath schools, celebrating the Fourth of July at Staten Island, and commencing:

'Oh, sight sublime! oh, sight of fear!
The shadowing of infinity —
Numbers! whose murmur rises here,
Like whisperings of the mighty sea!
Ye bring strange vision to my gaze;
Earth's dreamer, heaven before me swims;
The sea of glass, the throne of days,
Crowns, harps, and the melodious hymns!'

Many other examples might be given of MR. TAPPAN's ability to write admirable poetry, when he composes deliberately, and revises carefully. We commend 'The Poet's Tribute' to the reader, as a work well calculated to awaken and stimulate the better emotions of the heart. We should not omit to add, that the volume is handsomely printed and bound, and embellished with a likeness, in mezzo-tint, of the author, and a tasteful vignette landscape. It would form an appropriate 'tribute' to a friend, in this season of presents and tokens of affection.

LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD. BY A LADY OF NEW-YORK. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 643. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE letters from Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Palestine, Turkey and Greece, following in the wake of STEPHENS' delightful 'Incidents of Travel' in the same regions, come before the public subject, it must be confessed, to a trying comparison. But they will sustain it to the general content. They appear to have been written by an industrious and careful observer; one who seizes upon, and records faithfully, pretty much all that occurs, or is seen, during an interesting tour. Although there is not *always* apparent a due discrimination between salient points and tame platitude; striking incidents and minute detail; or between peculiar characteristics and common attributes; there is yet, undeniably, much entertainment in the work. Indeed, its faults are comparatively few, and such, moreover, as are common to most writers of travels. We need not commend the volumes to our readers; since the fair and accomplished authoress has been sending out literary letters of credit, for several months, through the columns of the 'New-York American' daily journal.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume. pp. 144. Cambridge: JOHN OWEN.

PERHAPS it will be considered altogether a work of supererogation, that we should invite the attention of our readers to a volume of poems from the pen of Professor LONGFELLOW, from whom they have heard so often, and never without delight; and we confess there seems something worth heeding in the objection: yet we cannot avoid saying, that beside the several 'Psalms of Life'—(not inappropriately named, in another sense than that of the writer, for they will *live*,) — there are numerous earlier poems and translations of the author, among which we find several of the most finished productions of his pen. Such, especially, are the ode from the Spanish of DON JORGE MANRIQUE, one of the most solemn and pathetic dirges we have ever read in any language, 'An April Day,' and the lines to 'Autumn,' all of which have become thoroughly domiciliated in the national heart. Although we may well doubt whether these pages will meet the eye of a single reader who is not familiar with the easy flow of Professor LONGFELLOW's verse, and his fine ear for its music, yet we cannot resist the inclination to transcribe the first six stanzas of the 'Prelude' to the volume under notice:

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen,
Alternate come and go:

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves,
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves,
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms up-lifted be,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound:

A slumberous sound — a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream —
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea:

Dreams, that the soul of youth engage,
Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

The same evidences of an attentive perusal of the volume of nature, that 'universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all,' may be traced throughout the book before us: nor should we do the author justice, did we omit to add, that his passing records of human cares, affections, and aspirations, are not less life-like and striking. Let no modern bardling, who fancies that he soars high, because he is out of sight in a mist, imagine that in the occasional figurative, German-like passages of Mr. LONGFELLOW, he discerns a precedent for turning his own intellectual tread-mill, which, having nothing to act upon, grinds the wind. The reader needs but the mood, to *appreciate* every shade of thought and feeling which is here developed. And we cannot better close our brief and imperfect notice, than by remarking of this very beautiful volume, as of its predecessor, 'Hyperion,' in the language of an old English worthy, that 'a book is little worth, if it deserves to be perused *but once*. As the same landscape appears differently at different seasons of the year, at morning and at evening, in bright weather and in cloudy, by moonlight and at noon-day, so does the same book produce a very different effect upon the same reader at different times, and under different circumstances.' Most cordially do we commend these 'Voices of the Night' to the imaginations and hearts of our readers. They will find them full of

— 'bright images of life and beauty,
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets.'

EDITORS' TABLE.

JANUARY. — The same imaginative friend who somehow since invaded the presence-chamber, and left behind him that earnest remonstrance with surly December, (administering a gentle kick, in his declining fortunes, to assist him down hill,) which graced our last number, has again been tampering with our grey-hound; for on entering the sanctum, on the first morning that rose upon this present year — when but for you, good reader, we should have been giving and receiving, and enjoying with wonted zest, the customary congratulations and hilarity of the season — we found our graceful iron quadruped 'holding on,' with characteristic tenacity, to the annexed, which we endorse, and complacently set forth on the road to posterity: 'The town-clock, like a faithful chronicler, had just begun to syllable the last hour of the year, when that respectable ancient, *TIME*, summoned a cabinet council. It was a bitter and gloomy December night. Old Boreas had marshalled in the skies a dark phalanx of angry clouds, which he had recruited to his banner in Labrador, and other outlandish regions; and a kinsman of his, whose realm is in the north-west, near the Lake of the Woods, and who ruleth even to the arctic seas, added a reinforcement of heavy battalions, in black Russian caps. Indeed, there was that night a fearful gathering and mighty strife of the elements; and Ocean, joining in the universal din, called forth his hosts of waves from their briny caverns, and sent them up, hissing defiance to the winds of heaven. In this dark and boisterous midnight, on the verge of the blackest cloud that overhangs the wild and stormy Cape Hatteras, old Time sits in council, with 'hooded clouds for a pavilion round about him,' saying 'mass for the dying year.' The shrieks of drowning mariners, which he drinks in with a grim smile, is the only music of that vast and solemn cathedral. The restless old tyrant, who gives himself no leisure for repose or debate, strides into the assembly of his ministers, with the perspiration freezing upon his wrinkled brow, and stiffening his hoary locks; and with his huge scythe, reeking with the blood of thousands, and greedy for more victims, hastily slung over his broad shoulders, and awkwardly encumbering his person, as if unused to such idle conclaves. His ministers, the Months, are around him, with their various emblems of office. Turning to *DECEMBER*, who at the moment held the keys of authority, and the reins of the elements, he saith, somewhat sternly: 'Faithful, yet too zealous servant! wherefore dost thou suffer thy slaves, the elements, to lash the earth with such inconsiderate fury? It is not our will that it be totally annihilated, nor its sinful inhabitants reduced to utter despair. Time is not their enemy, but punisheth only for their abuse of his favors. We destroy the blossom, but we spare the seed; we cut down the stem, but we protect the root. We delight not in destruction for its own sake, but only to make room and aliment for new life and beauty, throughout the earth. Our scythe is not the instrument of Hate, but of Love; and we cherish and protect the bud and blossom of the rose, with the same care that we gather its falling and withered leaves. Stern as we are, we know and rejoice, while we lay low the pride and glory of the earth, that its desolation is but temporary. Restrain thy wrath, therefore, and moderate this fierce extremity of the elements; or rather since thou art perhaps too much flushed with victory to control thy temper, it is

our decree that thou instantly deliver up the reins of government to our minister, JANUARY, who, with his double face, can exercise double vigilance in correcting the evils thou hast brought on the earth, and gradually and not too hastily restore order and peace in my path over its broad and fair domains.' So saying, the scythe-king instantly changed the ministration of his power, and dissolved the council. . . . Hail to thy softened though still stern reign, thou Son of Janus, the Double-faced! What sweet duplicity, to cheat us into the hope of returning serenity and peace, as thou sendest forth the bright sun in the clear east, and spreadest for his course an expanse of the deepest blue! How glorious, even if delusive, to step forth upon the crisp snow, that rings out clear beneath the feet like tiny bells; to inhale the fresh, dry, frosty air, that gives its own elasticity to the spirits; to mark the smoke from thousands of happy fire-sides, curling with gentle gyrations far up the pure blue sky, whitening as it advances, as if to grow more pure, to mingle in that pure element; and to look from some little eminence across the calm, bright waters, upon the curving bay and swelling bank, sleeping sweetly in the sunshine and the haze; while, in the blue distance, the undulating outline of wooded upland and swelling hill reposes as soft and tranquil upon the glowing horizon, as when summer clothed them in her richest verdure and her brightest sunbeams! If by such charming delusions, O January! thou provest thy lineage, we could almost wish that thy power should be perpetual, at least while TIME reigneth. But no! changeful satrap of a stern tyrant! While one face is beaming with smiles, dark frowns are gathering on the other. We dare not trust thee. We are not Romans enough to worship thee, nor build thee a temple; and we bid thee God-speed, with all our hearts!

THE NEW-YORK REVIEW, for the January quarter, well sustains its reputation for scholarship and critical acumen. Its first article is a very long and very able review of HALLAM's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe.' Its merits would insure a ready perusal, but for its unreasonable length. Fifty pages are too much for a continuous paper; and if the subjects were too weighty, as they were, to be treated in less space, two numbers should have been devoted to the work. 'Politics and the Puritans,' 'France and the Argentine Republic,' 'Prison Discipline in New-York and Pennsylvania,' follow next, and are succeeded by a paper upon 'English and French Travellers in America,' embracing reviews of MARRYAT's *Diary*, MURRAY's *Travels*, DE TOCQUEVILLE's *Democracy in America*, and CHEVALIER's 'Lettres sur l' Amerique du Nord.' This is a capital article, and inferior to none in the number. We can help the reviewer, let us inform him, in passing, to one or two older diaries than that of the 'respectable Mr. JOSSELYN,' over which he gloats with such exceeding great unction. The papers upon 'MILLER's Rural Sketches,' and the Oxford Tracts, we have not found leisure to read. Some score of brief reviews, under the general head of 'Critical Notices,' close the number. Among these, is a notice, not very flattering, of Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON's poems. The reviewer charges the author with numerous and gross grammatical errors, and with frequent violations of common metrical rules. Moreover, as we ventured recently to fear would be the case, he accuses Mr. BACON of plagiarism. 'We cannot say,' observes the reviewer, 'that the poems display an originality in their general tone and thought, such as might make up for these particular faults. Here we bow to HALLECK, there to BRYANT; now to BYRON, (no poet, according to Mr. Bacon,) now to YOUNG, presently to TALFOURD, and during the intervals, chiefly to WORDSWORTH. We must do the author the justice, however, to observe, that he admits these thefts, in a most gentleman-like manner, in his notes! . . . 'What is chiefly commendable in the book, is the amiable and correct moral spirit in which the author seems to have composed it; beside which, there is a good deal of genuine feeling for nature, such as, with more cultivation, may become the basis of creative excellence.'

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW. — We have great pleasure in commending the subjoined letter to the attention of the public; and are glad of an opportunity to communicate to our readers, what we have for many months known, that an international copy-right law — the advocacy of which originated in, and has been strenuously urged from time to time by, this Magazine — has found a warm and disinterested supporter in Mr. LIVING. We say 'disinterested,' because there will not be wanting *really* interested parties, who will bring against GEOFFREY CRAYON the charge of self-interest in this matter; since, being the most popular author of our country, on both sides of the Atlantic, he may naturally be supposed to have an eye to his own literary rewards. But independent of the declaration, in the annexed 'confession of faith,' touching a matter of duty, our readers will remember the writer's abdication, near a twelvemonth since, of the veritable *author's* throne, in the first paper in which he introduced himself as a permanent contributor to these pages: 'I have hitherto sought,' says he, 'to ease off a plethora of the mind, or surcharge of the intellect, by means of my pen; and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am tired, however, of writing *volumes*; they do not afford exactly the relief I require. There is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade, in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious, for any thing that requires labor or display.' Hence it was, the reader will remember, that he 'secured a snug corner' in this periodical, 'where, during the remainder of his literary career, he might, as it were, loll at ease in his elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into his brain.' But we are keeping the reader from the letter.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: Having seen it stated, more than once, in the public papers, that I declined subscribing my name to the petition, presented to Congress during a former session, for an act of international copy-right, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined, not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favor of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however, to members of Congress in support of the application.

As no other petition has been sent to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, I now, as far as my name may be thought of any value, enrol it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equity. I consider it due, not merely to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

For myself, my literary career, as an author, is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and lustre upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copy-right law, I had recently an instance, in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit, written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, *for which they had nothing to pay for copy-right*. This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will do to all who peruse these

lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will barely observe, that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act, that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men ; while I have noticed some that have been urged, so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they are addressed.

I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided ; and will be carried by an overwhelming, if not unanimous, vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just, and a generous nation.

Your ob. Servt.,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LAMENT OF THE BEREAVED. — The following lines, from one who only occasionally throws a faltering and unpractised hand across the lyre, will commend themselves to the susceptible reader, by their fervor and pure affection. They were written at two o'clock of a stormy morning in November, while the author was sitting by his lonely fire-side, ' thinking of his wife and two children, then upon the sea.' ' We have seen,' says he, in a note to the editor, ' seven of our little cherubs go down, one by one, to the voiceless grave ; and all that are left of a dear family of nine, are now upon the ocean wave. None but a MOTHER would have had the courage and fortitude to brave the dangers of the sea, in a voyage of two thousand miles, with the faint hope of recovering the failing health of a darling child.'

I.

THE winds and the waves are now bearing away
The loves of my youth and of life's summer day ;
Balmv sleep and repose are strangers to me,
While my wife and my children are on the deep sea.

II.

I keep faithful vigils throughout the long night ;
Watch the clouds passing o'er, and the meteor's swift flight :
The wind's angry howl brings a terror to me,
For my wife and my children are on the deep sea.

III.

Strong and swift is the vessel, propitious the gales
That waft them along, yet still my heart fails ;
For I think what a treasure may vanish from me,
While my wife and my children are on the deep sea.

IV.

Will a tropical clime save my child from the tomb ?
Will the rose of health on her cheek yet bloom ?
Shall I e'er again clasp those treasures to me —
My wife and my children, now on the deep sea ?

V.

Oh ! when Spring, joyous Spring ! resumes her glad reign,
Will my hopes, like the trees, bud and blossom again ?
Will the soft southern breeze waft safely to me,
My wife and my children, from o'er the deep sea ?

VI.

Yes ! that merciful BEING, who holds in his hand
The winds of the ocean, as well as the land,
Will never forsake, where'er they may be,
My wife and my children, now on the deep sea !

THE 'SUMMER ISLES.'—It was a pleasant coincidence, that, a few moments before the MS. of Mr. IRVING'S 'Bermudas, a Shaksperian Research,' elsewhere in the present number, was laid before us, we had closed a rare and antique volume, which treated, in most amusing detail, of the Summer Isles, and their poetical history. It is entitled 'The Generall Historie of the Bermvdas, now called the *Summer Isles*, from their Begininge, in the Yeere of our Lord 1593, to this present 1623, with their Proceedings, Accidents, and Present Estate.' Nothing could exceed the natural richness of the islands at this period, according to our historian. Such a temperate and fertile clime; such trees and fruits; such treasures of the land, the sea, and the air! 'Concerning,' (says 'Captaine JOHN SMITH, sometymes Governour in those Countreys, Admirall of New-England,' and author of the book from which we quote,) 'concerning the serenity and beauty of the skie, it may as truly be said of those ilands as ever it was of Rhodes, there is no one daye throughout the xii moneths, but that in some houre thereof the sun lookes singularly and cleere vpon them.' In short, it was literally a land flowing with milk and honey; every where alive with the choicest gifts of Providence. Surely Mr. CHAYON does not exaggerate the abundance of that favored region; for we are told, after an elaborate description of the natural productions:

'Now besides these naturall productions, providences and paines since the Plantation, haue offered diuers other seeds and plants, which the soile hath greedily imbraced and cherished, so that at this present 1633, there are great abundance of white, red and yellow coloured Potatoes, Tobacco, Sugarcanes, Indicoes, Parsnips, exceeding large Radishes, the American bread, the Cassada root, the Indian Pumpian, the Water-millon, Musk-millon, and the most delicate Pine-apples, Plantains, and Papawes, also the English Artichoke, Pease, &c.; briefly, whatsoever else may be expected.

'Neither hath the aire for her part been wanting with due supplies of many sorts of Fowles, as the gray and white Hens, the gray and greene Plover, some wilde Ducks and Malards, Cootes and Red-shaukes, Sea-wigions, Gray-bitterns, Cormorants, numbers of small Birds like Sparrowes and Robins, which haue lately bene destroyed by the wilde Cats, Wood-pickers, very many Crowses, which since this Plantation are kild, the rest fled or seldome seene except in the most vninhabited places, from whence they are obserued to take their flight about sun-set, directing their course towards the North-west, which makes many coniecture there are some more ilands not far off that way. Sometimes are also seene Falcons and Iar-falcons, Ospreies, a Bird like a Hobby, but because they come seldome, they are held but as passengers; but above all these, most deserving obseruation and respect, are those two sorts of Birds, the one for the tune of his voice, the other for the effect, called the Cahow, and Egge-bird, which on the first of May, a day constantly obserued, fell a laying infinite store of Eggs neere as big as Hens, vpon certaine small sandie bays, especially in *Couper's Ile*; and although men sit down amongst them when hundreds haue bin gathered in a morning, yet there it hath stayed amongst them till they haue gathered as many more: they continue this course till *Midsummer*, and so tame and feewles, you must thrust them off from their Eggs with your hand; then they grow so faint with laying, they suffer them to breed, and take infinite numbers of their young to eat, which are very excellent meat.

'The Cahow is a bird of the night, for all the day shelles hid in holes in the Rocks, where they and their young are also taken with as much ease as may be, but in the night if you but whoop and hollow, they will light vpon you, that with your hands you may chase the fat and leane; the leane; those they haue only in the winter: their Eggs are as big as hens, but they are speckled, the other white. Mr. Norwood hath taken twenty dozen of them in three or four houres.'

Would that we could quote the quaint typography of this dingy tome; but that would defy any type-founder or paper-maker of this era. We find the annexed passage in that portion of the description which treats of the vermin of the ielands; and quote it for the benefit of those who are engaged in cultivating *morus multicaulis* trees, and insinuating themselves into the good graces of silk-worms. It would not be a difficult matter, one would think, with a supply of able-bodied spinners, to establish silk rope-walks:

'Certaine Spiders also of very large size are found hanging vpon trees, but instead of being any way dangerous as in other places, they are here of a most pleasing aspect, all ouer dress, as it were with Siluer, Gold, and Pearle, and their Webs in the Summer wouen from tree to tree, are generally a perfect raw silke, and that as well in regard of substance as colour, and so strong withall, that diuers Birds bigger than Black-birds, being like Snipes, are often taken and snared in them as a Net: then what would the Silke-worms doe were shes there to feede vpon the continuall green Mulberry?'

The entire volume teems with poetry and romance; and we hope to be able to condense a portion of these characteristics for the KNICKERBOCKER, at some future day. It is proper to add, here, that the substance of so much of Mr. IRVING'S essay as relates to SHAKSPEARE, was communicated by him, some years since, to the Rev. WILLIAM HARNESS, when that gentleman was preparing his elegant edition of SHAKSPEARE. He has made use of the hints, in his introduction to the play of the Tempest.

THE NORTH AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW for January, came to hand at a late hour. We are unable, therefore, to refer to but a few of the articles which it contains. Its papers are, 'National Music,' 'Steamboat Disasters,' 'Italy in the Middle Ages,' 'Discovery beyond the Rocky Mountains,' 'Hyperion,' BACON'S 'Historical Discourses,' SPENSER'S Poetical works, 'CLAYERS' Glimpses of Western Life,' 'Manufactures of Massachusetts,' 'Hillhouse's Poems and Discourses,' and eight Critical Notices. Most of the works here reviewed, have already been noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER; and we are especially gratified to find the praise which has been bestowed in these pages upon 'A New Home, Who 'll Follow,' 'Hyperion,' PARKER'S and TOWNSEND'S Travels beyond the Rocky Mountains, and Mr. LONGFELLOW'S 'Voices of the Night,' reëchoed in the deliberate verdict of the 'North American.' Mrs. CLAYER'S 'New Home' is deservedly commended, as 'one of the most spirited and original works which have yet been produced in this country.' The reviewer says of the several 'Psalms of Life,' written by Professor LONGFELLOW for the KNICKERBOCKER, that 'they are among the most remarkable poetical compositions which have ever appeared in the United States. They are filled with solemn pathos, uttered in the most melodious and picturesque language.' We shall refer again to this number of the 'North American;' but we cannot close even this hurried glance at its contents, without cordially thanking the critic of 'Pebblebrook and the Harding Family,' for assisting our feeble endeavors to lash the stupidity and folly of the second-hand imitators — (and by 'second-hand' we mean miserable imitators of poor imitations), — of THOMAS CARLYLE'S German-English style. Very transient, as the reviewer prophetically observes, will be this latest literary humbug. The smallest mind can hide a mysterious no-meaning under a mass of be-capital'd and compounded words; but the feeble intellects who strive to please, without being able to inform, will never have any but once-readers. Therefore, O, twaddling imitator of a bad model! wheresoever thou abidest, strike out from the turbid eddy-current of the Wishy-washy and All-misty, and by Clear-thought be guided Senseward! Rest not long, dreaming such dreams as thou callest reflection, but by independent action, straightway bring about a rise-up and a get-out of the marshes and pools of Stagnation! We have essayed to address CARLYLE'S small-beer copyists in language kindred with their own, word-painting to them the life-threads of the Ridiculous, which are as the ever-present Visible, in their foggy compositions!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S AUTOGRAPHS. — We find the following paragraph in a late number of the '*London Athenæum*' literary journal:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

'DEAR SIR: It has reached me by hearsay, that a writer in some American periodical has complained of the costliness of autographs in England, seeing that he had just given eight dollars for 'a letter from SIR WALTER SCOTT to THOMAS HOOD.' As such a statement implies that I am capable of selling such literary treasures, I beg to say that, on referring to my own collection, I am firmly persuaded that I possess every letter or note I ever received from Sir Walter Scott, except one, which, by the express desire of the writer, I handed over to Mr. COOPER, the Royal Academician, as containing the original ms. poem, 'The Death of Keeldar,' in illustration of a picture by that very able painter. I have said, 'ever received by me,' because I can imagine how such a letter may have been diverted from its proper destination; and should this meet the eye of the American gentleman, he would greatly oblige me by a copy of what may be perfectly new to

'Yours, very truly,

'THOMAS HOOD.'

The 'American periodical' to which Mr. Hood refers, is the KNICKERBOCKER; and in relation to the subject matter of his communication to our London contemporary, we have received the following letter from the 'American gentleman' who possesses the autograph in question. His name is at the service of Mr. Hood, or the editors of the *Athenæum*. It is only necessary for us to add, that he is a gentleman, of known character and standing, and altogether above deception, or any other mean action; and that the extracts from his communication to us, which have given rise to the present

correspondence, were inserted in these pages for the current interest which they possessed; the editor not deeming that there was any thing of a private or confidential nature embraced in their merely literary developments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: As the autograph alluded to in the London *Athenæum*, which I send you, is one which I mentioned casually in a letter to you, not designed to be printed, I beg you will allow me to state, that it was purchased by me, with several other autographs, through the medium of an esteemed friend in London, who happened to know that the holder of this letter of SCOTT'S would part with it. It is evidently the very one which MR. HOOD alludes to, as given to MR. COOPER, R. A.; although that gentleman says, in another number of the *Athenæum*, that he retains at present all he ever received of SCOTT'S autographs. The genuineness of the note is unquestionable; but I should not trouble you with so trifling a matter, were it not that MR. HOOD seems to attach some importance to it, and requests a copy. The note is very brief, and in itself of little interest. It is as follows:

'DEAR SIR: I enclose the verses, hastily written over. I will be desirous of seeing them in proof, which SIR FRANCIS FRELING will send under cover to me, if other opportunities do not occur. The autograph is for MR. COOPER, if he cares for it; and I will write him in a day or two. The death of a friend and brother in office has just been received, which obliges me to subscribe myself abruptly,

'Your faithful servt.,

'THOMAS HOOD, Esq., Bookseller,

'2 Robert Street, Adelphi, London.'

'WALTER SCOTT.'

Post-marked Sept. 20, 1828.

OLD AND NEW NEW-YORK. — Ten to one, reader, that you never perused that old-time chronicle, y'clept 'A Prospect of New-York, with the Scituation, Plantation, and Products Thereof, imprinted for NATH. CROUCH, at the Bell in the Poultry, of London, in 1685! Dusky and worm-eaten, that notable work now lies before us. Observe how the following smacks of antiquity: 'New-York, so called from our present gracious sovereign, when Duke of York, was first discovered by Mr. HUDSON, in 1603, and sold presently by him to the Dutch, without authority from his sovereign. . . . 'In 1664, King Charles the Second, he sent over four commissioners, who, marching with three hundred Redcoats to *Manhadees* or *Manhataes*, took from the Dutch their chief towne, then called New-Amsterdam, now New-York; and August 29, turned out their Governour with a Silver Leg, (the losel scouts! — that was 'Hard Koppig Piet!') and all the rest but those who acknowledged subjection to the King of England, suffering *them* to enjoy their houses and estates as before.' Then follows a description of the city, which we desire our town readers to contrast with the present aspect of the metropolis: 'The town of New-York is well seated, both for trade, security, and pleasure, in a small isle called *Manahatan*, at the mouth of the great river *Mohegan*, which is quite commodious for shipping, and about two leagues broad. The town is broad, built with Dutch brick, à la *moderna*, consisting of above five hundred fair houses, the meanest not valued under an hundred pound. ('City property' was not indifferent real estate, even in *those* days!) Landward, it is encompassed with a wall of good thickness, and fortified at the entrance of the river, so as to command any ship which passes that way, by a fort called *James' Fort*. It hath a Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, and Justices of the Peace, for their magistrates. The inhabitants are mostly English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with the Indians for wild furs and skins, and are supplied with venison and fowl in the winter, and fish in the summer, by the Indians, at an easy price.' . . . 'These salvages be great lovers of strong drink, so that except they have enough to be drunk, they care

not to drink at all. If there be so many in a company, that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually chuse so many as are proportionable to that quantity, and the rest must be spectators. If any chance to be drunk before he has taken his share, which is ordinarily a quart of brandy, rum, or strong waters, to show their justice, they will pour the rest down his throat. In these debauches, they often kill each other, which the friends of the dead revenge on the murderer, unless he purchase his life with money, which is made of a periwinkle shell, both black and white, strung like beads.' These were the times of 'specie-currency,' when suspending and failing banks, discounts and small bills, were unknown! Roll back the tide of time, and look at the above picture, an 'undoubted original;' and meanwhile we will be bringing out the beauties of another, by the same master, for our next number, being none other than a kindred sketch of the City of Brotherly Love, at the same remote period.

A NEW THEORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MIND. — We have examined, and with deep interest, a new theory of the science of mind, by JOHN STEARNS, M. D., a gentleman of the highest standing in the medical profession in this city. It was read, recently, before the New-York Medical Society, and has elicited much inquiry and speculation. Designing, hereafter, with the kind permission of the author, to avail ourselves of selections in detail from the arguments advanced in support of the theory — some of which, as we conceive, will be found to supply an important desideratum in the clear perception of the hitherto mysterious analogy between brute mind and intellect — we shall content ourselves, for the present, with segregating from the complete performance the following propositions, which comprehend, we believe, the fundamental principles of the theory:

I. Man consists of three distinct entities: *body, soul, and mind.* II. The ideas of sensation are those carnal ideas which constitute the animal propensities, and which we derive, in common with other animals, from the five senses. III. The intellectual and moral ideas, which some philosophers ascribe to reflection, and to innate principles, are derived entirely and exclusively from the soul. In the soul is held the high court of chancery, denominated conscience, or the moral sense. IV. When the soul operates upon the brain, it produces what may be denominated a *moral mind*, endowed with intellectual and religious faculties, and until excited to action by this operation, the faculties of the brain remain perfectly dormant. V. When the senses operate upon the brain, they produce what may be denominated *sensual mind*, which man possesses in common with the inferior animals, but which is essentially changed and improved by the accession of the soul to the body.

THE 'ALBION' and 'NEW-YORK MIRROR.' — The 'Albion,' an old and highly respectable weekly journal of British literature, intelligence, and politics, published in this city, was recently embellished with a clever print, representing the South-east View of Buckingham Palace, the residence of QUEEN VICTORIA. The editor's practised taste in selections, with occasional pictorial illustrations, have imparted to the 'Albion' a general and favorable repute. The quarterly 'plate number' of the 'New-York Mirror,' which closed the last year, contained, among other 'entirely original' contributions, an excellent humorous story, or sort of condensed novel, from the pen of Mr. Cox, of London. We cannot commend the portrait of Miss Sedgewick, which forms the embellishment of the number; not but that it is well enough as an engraving — although our copy seems gray and dim — but because it is by no means a 'counterfeit presentment' of the original. We agree with a daily contemporary, who knows the original as intimately as ourselves, that the likeness is 'very little like the distinguished authoress whom it assumes to represent.' The 'Mirror' is, as usual, neatly executed, and we believe well sustained.

HISTORY OF THE DEVIL! — Start not, good reader, but await with patience the issue of our February number, in which will be found a most original and entertaining 'History of the Devil, Ancient and Modern, in Two Parts,' written by one of the most popular authors of the last or present century. Part First will contain a statement of the Devil's Circumstances, from his Expulsion out of Heaven, to the Creation, with Remarks on the Several Mistakes concerning his Fall. Part Two will contain his more Private Conduct, down to the present times; his Government, his Appearance, his Manner of Working, and the Tools he works with; including also a description of the Devil's Dwelling! While there will be nothing in the article to offend the tastes of the moral and religious reader, we can promise an ample fund of interest and entertainment to all who shall peruse it.

DEATH OF LIEUT. BURTS. — We announce, with sincere regret, the demise of an old and favorite contributor to the *KNICKERBOCKER*, Lieutenant ROBERT BURTS, of the United States' Navy, who died recently at Cincinnati, Ohio. He was the author of 'The Scourge of the Ocean,' a sea-novel, and other productions, which proved widely popular. We perceive, by an Ohio journal, that one or two of his tales of the sea, communicated to this Magazine, were pronounced by Captain MARRYAT to be equal to any stories, of their peculiar species, which he had ever encountered. Mr. BURTS had a vivid imagination, a fine eye for the burlesque and the ludicrous, and held the pen of a ready writer. He had a warm and generous heart, and has left behind him many who bear in fresh remembrance his excellent qualities of head and heart. May he rest in peace!

LITERARY RECORD.

NEW BOSTON BOOKS. — 'They are excellent works — purchase them,' must be our brief God-speed to two handsome volumes, which we received and read, while the sheets of the December *KNICKERBOCKER* were passing rapidly through the press. The first is a work of an hundred and eight pages, containing eighteen capital stories, by a favorite contributor to this Magazine, MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, illustrating, in a simple and pleasing manner, some of the most important lessons of early education. The second is, 'The Philosophy of Human Life; being an Investigation of the great Elements of Life; the power that acts, the will that directs the action, and the accountability that influences the formation of volitions; together with Reflections adapted to the physical, political, and moral and religious natures of Man. By AMOS DEAN, of the Albany Medical College.' It will be seen that the author has embraced, in a brief space, a consideration of the great principles that regulate the movement, and are developed in the action, of conscious human life. Both these works are from the enterprising house of Messrs. MARSH, CAPEN, LYON AND WEBB, Boston. We should not omit to mention, in terms of high commendation, a periodical work, from the same establishment, called 'The Common School Library,' and published under the sanction of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts.

'TURF REGISTER' AND 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.' — We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisements, on the cover of the present number, of the 'American Turf Register, and Sporting Magazine,' and the 'New-York Spirit of the Times.' The first named work is second to no periodical, of its class, in the value, variety, and copiousness of its contents, and in the beauty of its embellishments and typographical execution. Aside from the universally admitted excellence of its merely 'sporting' features, the 'Spirit of the Times' is too generally distinguished for good taste in its plenteous literary selections, for its dramatic criticisms and intelligence, and its general liveliness and 'spirit,' to need any praise at our hands.

THE LEGAL CHARACTER. — The public are indebted, particularly the legal portion of it, to J. R. TYSON, Esq., of Philadelphia, for a 'Discourse on the Integrity of the Legal Character,' delivered recently before the Law Academy of our sister city, and published by order of the society. While a proper place in the popular estimation of the community is assigned to the pettifogging and unworthy members of a profession, which receives recruits alike from the highest and the meanest ranks of life, the honorable lawyer, whose duties and position are well defined, is held up, as he should be, to the respect and admiration of all who honor high intellect, and firm adherence to principle. The 'Discourse' is very beautifully printed.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. — We have before alluded to this very clever periodical, conducted by the students of Yale College. There is no small amount of talent exhibited in its pages; and its external execution is especially neat and tasteful. The number before us, for December, contains a portrait of Professor SILLIMAN, which possesses the two important merits of good engraving and a correct likeness. If there be any thing to complain of in our promising contemporary, it is a lack of originality in some of its contributors. The author of 'The Winds,' for example, in the present issue, should not have subjected himself to a comparison with Mr. BRYANT, whose noble poem, with the same title, in these pages, he can scarcely be said to have improved upon, although he has evidently studied its beauties.

HORN'S MUSICAL SOUVENIR. — We have before us the first number of a new musical publication, thus entitled, which is to appear on the first of every month, under the competent supervision of Mr. C. E. HORN. It will consist of favorite and original songs, duettos, trios, and quartettes, written and selected expressly for the work, by various composers. The number for January is beautifully executed, upon fine white paper, and embellished with a tasteful vignette. It contains 'The New Year's Come,' the words by PHILLIPS, the Music by KNIGHT; 'Say, Stranger, Say,' the words by BALL, music by HULAN; 'The Dead Bird,' the words by WADE, music by C. E. HORN; and 'Puck's Call,' a trio; the words by ELFIN, music by S. C. HORN. We predict for the 'Souvenir' abundant popularity.

'THE COLLEGIAN,' a monthly publication conducted by the students of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, (Va.,) is a work kindred in character with the 'Yale Magazine.' Some of its papers, in the number for December, evince decided talent. 'The Poetical License' is lively and spirited, and its oblique yet adroit satire well bestowed. One who could write so pleasantly as the author of this article, however, should have avoided such provincial vulgarisms as the following: 'I felt an indescribable itching to shed ink, like a Tamerlane would shed human blood.' Very bad! Do n't do so any more! We wish our young friends all success with their agreeable 'Collegian.'

MOORE'S MELODIES. — We are bound to notice, with especial commendation, a very beautiful volume, from the press of Messrs. LINNEN AND FENELL, 229 Broadway, containing the Irish Melodies of THOMAS MOORE, with the original Prefatory Letter on Music, and a Supplement, containing a selection from his Poetical Works. It is the first complete American, from the *thirteenth* London edition; is handsomely printed, admirably bound, and embellished with a good portrait of the Irish bard.

'THE ANALYST.' — Several of the miscellaneous sketches in this little collection we have encountered before, and are very glad to meet them again. Bating a little too much of the sententious-didactic, and a straining after epigrammatic or antithetical points, in parts of the book, the 'Analyst' is a capital work, evincing close observation, much research, and original, correct, and manly thought. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and BENJAMIN G. TREVELL.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S 'DIARY IN AMERICA,' which excited very little sensation of any kind in this country, is severely handled in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The whole article is a keen cutting up, *secundum artem*. It closes as follows: 'We venture, in conclusion, to suggest to Captain MARRYAT the desirableness of his returning to his ancient track of original and humorous composition. There he must always amuse. But we much question, on considering the lighter parts of the present volumes, whether he could ever write a good book of ordinary travels. Let him picture to himself M. de Tocqueville engaged upon a second part of 'Peter Simple.' M. de Tocqueville's mistake in adventuring upon a sea-novel, would, in all likelihood, be as great as that of Captain MARRYAT in philosophizing upon the democracy in America. Greater, in our opinion, it cannot be.'

LIFE OF WILLIAM H. HARRISON. — We have before us, from the press of Messrs. WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY, Boston, a small volume, of some two hundred pages, entitled 'The People's Presidential Candidate, or the Life of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of Ohio.' It is a historical narration of the civil and military services of the subject, and a vindication of his character and conduct as a statesman, a citizen, and a soldier; and presents a brief and comprehensive, and it is believed a clear and correct, view of the wars and negotiations on our northwestern frontier, from the adoption of our federal constitution till the close of the last war, by which event the power of the Indian tribes in that region was so broken, as to leave them no longer a formidable enemy; a part of our history little known, although full of interest.

THE PICTORAL SHAKESPEARE. — This very beautiful work seems to increase in attraction with every number. Part Twelve, 'Taming of the Shrew,' now before us, has had no equal, in the minute finish of its numerous illustrations, which are 'illustrations,' in every sense of the word. The foregoing was in type for our last number, since which we have received Part XIV., containing 'The Merchant of Venice.' The excellence which has always characterized the literary and pictorial features of the work, continues unabated, if it be not actually enhanced. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.' — This neat little volume, 'designed to illustrate religious truth,' is well calculated to promote its object, in the judicious blending which it exhibits of entertainment with high moral and religious lessons. It is a tasteful selection of tales, essays, sketches, etc., from the pens of many of the most eminent among our American clergy and laity, embracing a good variety, as well as number, of interesting articles. It is embellished with a fine mezzo-tint engraving, by SAETAIN, of the Rev. ROBERT MORRISON, and his assistants in the translation of the Bible into Chinese.

'HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.' — A new series of the 'Heads of the People,' a work which has become extremely popular in England, and favorably known on this side of the water, has been commenced in London. The first number, now before us, contains the following portraits, which are to the very life: 'The Chaperon,' 'The D butante,' 'The Money-Lender,' and 'The Old Squire.' The literary illustrations are in keeping, being by MRS. GORE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, and WILLIAM HOWITT. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'THE LATEST FORM OF INFIDELITY.' — We noticed, recently, with deserved commendation, a pamphlet thus entitled, from the pen of Mr. ANDREWS NORTON, of Cambridge, (Mass.) We have since received from the author a second pamphlet, devoted to remarks upon another, animadverting with severity upon the first publication. We can only say, that if our author quotes his opponent correctly, he has not only the best of the argument, but altogether the advantage of his adversary in coolness and courtesy.

UNIVERSITIES OF NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA.—The Address by Mr. HUGH M'QUEEN, delivered before the Alumni and Graduating Class of the University of North Carolina, in June last, though now somewhat ancient, must not be passed over without a word of commendation, for its healthful arguments, and valuable inculcations. Yet we could wish the general style had been less elaborately florid, and tautological terms pruned with a more liberal hand. The merits we have mentioned, however, overbear these natural defects. We would commend to the reader, in this connexion, an excellent Lecture, introductory to the Course of Mathematics, of the University of Virginia, in September last, by CHARLES BONNYCASTLE. It is replete with practical lessons, such as have made the name of the writer justly famous.

MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S CATALOGUE.—We have before us the last Catalogue of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, enumerating upward of an hundred and sixty 'new, valuable, and most important books, in the fine arts, architecture, natural history, philology, and belles-lettres, now offered at very reduced prices.' The books are all quite new, and in all respects as good as when they were sold at the full prices. A glance through the Catalogue has convinced us, that for value and cheapness, the collection is altogether a remarkable one.

NEW BOSTON PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from the long-established press of Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston, and shall take another occasion to notice, as they deserve, the following publications: BUCKMINSTER's Works, in two volumes; 'Miriam,' by Miss PARK; 'Last Days of the SAVIOUR,' 'Arthur Lee,' 'Home,' by Miss SEDGWICK; 'Sketches of a New-England Village,' and 'Popular German Stories.' These works are all distinguished by the customary neatness of the Boston press.

COLLEGIATE.—We are indebted to the Literary Adelphi Society of the 'Academical and Theological Institution' of New-Hampton, (N. H.,) for a catalogue of the officers and students of that seminary; from which we derive two gratifying items of intelligence; namely, that it is in a highly flourishing condition, both in the male and female departments, and that its courses of instruction are ample, and in the hands of capable officers. The institution has our warmest wishes for that success which it seems abundantly to deserve.

AIDS TO REFLECTION.—Messrs. SWORDS, STANFORD AND COMPANY have published a corrected edition of 'Aids to Reflection,' by COLERIDGE, with the author's last corrections. The work is edited by HORATIO NELSON COLERIDGE, and has already been noticed in this Magazine. To the American edition is prefixed a preliminary essay upon the character of the volume and its author, by JOHN M. VICKAR, D. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Columbia College.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL JOURNAL, for November, is a very rich and copious number. Among its articles is one by PLINY EARLE, M. D., giving a full report of a visit made by him to thirteen Asylums for the Insane, in Europe, with Statistics. This is an elaborate and interesting paper, to which we shall take occasion to refer, in detail, in a subsequent number of the KNICKERBOCKER.

COLONIZATION.—We would commend to general attention, an 'Address delivered at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society,' in November last, by R. R. GURLEY. It is a well reasoned and eloquent appeal in behalf of the benevolent aims of a society to whose interests the indefatigable author has long and effectively devoted his time and talents.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It has been a just ground of complaint, heretofore, on the part of our distant country readers, as well as those more near — (who, notwithstanding, we are happy to say, are increasing beyond all former precedent,) — that their numbers have reached them at a late period of the month, and often after they had perused some of the best articles in the journals of the day. Hereafter, this cause of complaint will be entirely removed. The February KNICKERBOCKER will be promptly issued; and thereafter, every copy of each successive number of the work, which goes to subscribers out of town, will be mailed, (and the most distant the first,) before the first day of the month, at which time our city readers will be promptly served. Thus, as near as possible, the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER will be SIMULTANEOUS throughout the country. Meanwhile, we beg our friends to believe, that never, since the literary responsibilities of the work were in their present hands, have THE SUPPLIES, including almost every variety of composition, been so rich and copious, as at the present moment. And here let us extend the right hand of fellowship to several new and valuable contributors. The author of '*Childhood*,' in our last number, will always be welcome. He has an admirable style; and by his close observation of nature, his easy humor, and touching pathos, cannot fail to win all suffrages. Thanks to the translator of '*Peregrin, the Belton-mender*.' We will leave the reader to pronounce, whether a tale of more sustained and intense interest has ever graced these pages. 'FLACCUS' is cordially greeted. None who have perused this writer's admirable poetical contributions to the '*New-York American*,' or who may read his initial poem in the present number, but will share the pleasure with which we welcome him as a permanent correspondent of this Magazine. Nor should we omit to render our tribute of gratitude to the writer who occupies, for the first time, the first place in the present issue. The author of '*Chivalry and the Crusades*' needs no blazon of ours. His literary *avant courier* will insure a greedy perusal of any subsequent paper from his pen. '*Olepediana*,' and 'HARRY FRANCO's '*Haunted Merchant*,' number two, were too late for the present number. The '*Letters from London*,' by the sparkling SANDERSON, and the welcome favors of the author of the '*Psalms of Life*,' will be renewed in their company. The author of an amusing paper, re-christened '*Phrenology and Animal Magnetism, how they served an Individual*,' will receive our acknowledgments. His article is filed for immediate insertion. '*The Progress of Society*,' with a various, entertaining, and instructive essay upon '*The English Language*,' and a capital '*Leaf*' from the '*Georgia Lawyer's Port-folio*,' are among the earliest candidates for the favor of our readers. '*Limnings in the Thoroughfares*' will add to the attractions of the February issue, as also the '*New-Year Verses by a Bachelor*.' The lines from an old and favorite contributor, entitled '*Parting from a Household*,' together with a vivid and picturesque description of '*A Visit to the Mines of the Lackawanna*,' will also appear in our next number. Nor must we forget to mention, that Mrs. MARY CLAVERA, whose '*New Home, Who'll Follow?*' has won such golden opinions in all quarters of the country, may likewise be enrolled among our immediate contributors. Several excellent papers, which are accepted, but which we lack space to note, together with numerous contributions from older favorites, will appear in their season. In addition to these attractions, we are enabled, through the kindness of Mr. PUTNAM, of the publishing and book-selling house of WILEY AND PUTNAM, in London and New-York, to furnish our readers with a rich and most various entertainment, from a large collection of the very oldest and choicest books, pamphlets, etc., which could be found in London, many of them treating of the remotest history of this country, with records of travel, and adventures 'long ago betid,' on this continent, together with many works, rare even in England, and replete with interest. We shall begin, in our next, with a comprehensive synopsis of, and entertaining extracts from, a work by DANIEL DEFOE, author of '*Robinson Crusoe*,' which abounds with the peculiar characteristics of that delightful writer. With the liberal aid of our contributors, therefore, old and new, the above-mentioned sources of interesting matériel, and the earliest current literature, periodical and otherwise, of our neighbors across the water, we can promise more and better literary entertainment, than we have ever yet been enabled to present.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 2.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'*Ah who can hope his line should long
Live in a daily-changing tongue ?
We write in sand ; our language grows,
And, as the tide, our work o'erflows.*

It is proposed, in the present paper, to direct the reader's attention to a brief history of the English language ; to its excellencies and defects ; the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with it ; the dangers of corruption to which, in this age of literary hobbies and imitations, it is exposed ; and its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension. Lest the writer should be thought, by some, to wander from his subject, in his occasional allusions to English literature, it may be proper to remark, that the intimate connection between the themes, renders such reference unavoidable.

Language forms a distinguishing characteristic of man. Brutes have inarticulate cries, which express their emotions, and the import of which they seem in a measure to understand ; but they have nothing which can be dignified with the name of language. This is the vehicle of thought ; it is the instrument by which mind acts upon mind ; by which the people of one nation and age converse with the people of other nations and of remote ages ; and it is the means by which the social nature of man arrives at its highest gratification.

It is the testimony of the Scriptures, that originally the inhabitants of the world were of one speech and of one language, and that the foundation for a variety of languages was laid in the confusion of tongues, at the building of Babel. From the nature of the case, also, it might be inferred that but one language would originally exist ; and so convenient would it be for human intercourse, that all the inhabitants of the earth should continue to speak the same language, that we cannot well account for the existence of so many languages, so widely differing from each other, without supposing a miraculous interference, like that which the confusion of tongues at Babel is described to have been. The departures from the original language, however, though sufficient to prevent the different tribes from understanding each other, appears not to have been so entire as to destroy all resemblance between the different dialects. Hence, learned men have been able to trace some remote resemblances between all the various languages that exist.

Languages, like individuals, grow up from infancy to maturity; and like nations, they advance from barbarism to refinement. The English is the youngest child in the family of languages; but, as it frequently happens to the youngest child, it has been nursed with peculiar care, and enjoyed peculiar advantages; and it exhibits a vigorous constitution, and has acquired a manly growth. From poverty it has advanced to riches, and from barbarism to great refinement. It is an interesting employment to trace its history, and to mark its progress. It has originated, not from one source, but from many sources. It has amassed its wealth not only by carefully husbanding its own resources, but by the lawful plunder of numerous other languages.

The history of the English language is intimately connected with the history of the English nation. The island of Great Britain has been the scene of its infancy, the theatre of its childhood, and the spot on which, in its maturity, it has flourished in peculiar glory. The earliest inhabitants of Britain, and indeed of all northern and western Europe, were the Celts, a people who, probably many centuries before the Christian era, wandered away from the parent tribes in Asia. They were rude and uncultivated, with the exception of the Druids, their priests, who had a humble claim to the title of philosophers. Such was the people whom Julius Cæsar found in Britain, when he raised the Roman eagle on its shores; and who, after a severe struggle, were subdued to the Roman dominion. The languages of the Welsh, of the native Irish, denominated the Erse, and of the highlands of Scotland, called the Gaelic, which differ only in dialect, are the remains of the Celtic, the original language of northern and western Europe.

After the internal troubles of the Roman Empire obliged the Romans to withdraw from Britain, the inhabitants of the southern portion of the island were exposed to the inroads of the Picts and Scots from the north, whom the Roman arms, during the Roman dominion, had kept in check. In vain did the Britons call on the Romans for aid; instead of defending others, they were scarcely able to defend themselves. In their extremity, the Britons invited the Saxons to undertake their defence. The Saxons inhabited northern and western Germany, and the adjacent territory, a branch of whom was denominated the Angles, from whom the English derive their name. They were a part of the extensive Gothic nation which spread itself over central and northern Europe; a people that left the eastern tribes at a later period than the Celts, and who were considerably in advance of them in civilization and mental improvement. The Saxons, after having driven back the Picts and Scots, conquered the Britons whom they came to defend; and so complete was the subjugation, that the Saxon or Gothic entirely superseded the Celtic, or ancient language of the country, and the Saxon is to be considered as the parent of the English language. Doubtless, from an intercourse with the original inhabitants, some Celtic words were intermingled with the Saxon, but they were not so numerous as materially to alter its form. The Saxon language, from the remains of it which have come down to modern times, appears to have been capable of expressing with copiousness

and energy the sentiments of a people not destitute of mental cultivation.

From the subjection of the Britons to the Saxons, the Saxon language underwent no material alteration, during a period of six hundred years. The Danes, indeed, during this time, overran the country, and for a season held it in subjection, and doubtless some Danish words were introduced into the Saxon. These seem not to have been very numerous, and made no material change in the form of the language, which may be accounted for from the fact, that the Danish and Saxon were but different dialects of the same parent, Gothic.

A much greater change in the language was effected by William the Conqueror, who, in 1066, subdued the English. He, with his followers, spoke the Norman French, a language formed by a mixture of the Celtic, Latin, and Gothic languages. William attempted, what few conquerors have done, to give law to the language of his subjects, and to introduce the Norman French in the place of the Saxon, by causing the intercourse of the court, and the proceedings of the courts of justice, to be held in the Norman French. But this conqueror found it more easy to subdue the English nation, than to conquer the Saxon language. Although the Norman French was, for a time, spoken by the higher ranks of society in England, and some of its words found their way into the native Saxon from this circumstance, yet the Saxon language maintained its ground in Britain, essentially unchanged. By the intercourse which took place between England and France, for several centuries afterward, many more French words were introduced into the English. These were adopted, with very little change from their original form; and hence has arisen the similarity between many words in the two languages, which is now so clearly visible.

In later times, the words of the English language have been exceedingly augmented by the introduction of many derived from the Latin and the Greek, and occasionally from the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and the German. The Latin, in latter times, has been the primary source whence the English has been enriched and adorned. This has arisen, not only from the fact that the Latin was the language of a people highly cultivated and refined, and embodied a great variety of valuable literature, but also from the circumstance that for many ages it was the common medium of communication between the learned of the nations of modern Europe, and was therefore well understood by every English scholar.

Still, however, after all its changes and augmentations, the Saxon remains the basis of the English language. Almost all the words in common and familiar use, and those which relate to agriculture and the mechanic arts, are of Saxon origin. He who speaks Saxon English, speaks plain English, which every person understands. If we were to speak of the circumambient air, which is Latin English, some persons might be found who would not fully understand us. If we say the surrounding air, which is Saxon English, we shall be distinctly and universally understood.

Of all the distinguished English writers, none is more remarkable for a general use of Saxon English, than Addison. It gives a peculiar

simplicity to his style, and perhaps was one means of securing to the Spectator, to which he largely contributed, the unbounded popularity which it enjoyed with the mass of readers, at the time of its first publication. Dr. Johnson, equally celebrated, is especially distinguished for the use of Latin English. His Rambler, which was issued as a periodical, like the Spectator, though it contains more depth of sentiment, and greater splendor of imagery, which have ever rendered it a favorite with scholars, was by no means as popular with the mass of readers, when it was first issued, as was the Spectator.

The terms in the English language which relate to music, sculpture, and painting, have been derived from the Italian, as it is from Italy, especially, that the improvements in these fine arts have been derived. The words which relate to navigation, have been derived from Holland and Flanders, countries which were early distinguished among the nations of western Europe for the cultivation of this art. The French have ever been celebrated in the art of war, and from them have been derived the terms which relate to military affairs. The mathematics and philosophy, which owe their advancement chiefly to scholars, have derived their terms from the Latin and the Greek.

It has generally been the case, that the refinements of a language have kept an equal pace with a nation's advancement in civilization; and the state of a language, therefore, forms a good criterion of the state of general improvement among a people. This has been emphatically true of the English language. Under the reign of Elizabeth, in the sixteenth century, the national manners advanced in refinement, and the language made equal and signal advances in its character. Spenser and Shakspeare, among the poets, and Hooker among the divines, of that period, gave illustrious proofs of genius, and contributed essentially to improve the language of which they were ornaments. Of Hooker, Pope Clement VIII., who would not be likely to entertain an undue partiality for a Protestant, said: 'This man indeed deserves the name of an author. His books will get reverence by age; for there are in them such seeds of eternity, that they shall continue till the last fire shall devour all learning.' The works of Shakspeare, the prince of dramatic writers, whom no man in this department has ever rivalled, or probably may ever hope to rival, are well calculated to give a very favorable idea of the respectable advances which the language had made, at the time in which he flourished. The conceptions of his transcendent genius appear to have been not at all cramped by the language in which he wrote; and what author ever wrote, who showed more versatility of talent, or who required a more flexible, strong, and copious language to give life and animation to his varied and extraordinary conceptions?

The writers of the seventeenth century nobly carried on the work of improving the English language, which their predecessors had so honorably begun. The present authorized version of the Scriptures, which was first published in 1613, under the reign of James I., considered merely in a literary point of view, is a most remarkable production, honorable to the translators, and to the character of the language, at the time when it was written. The subjects of this

volume are vast and sublime; its variety is well nigh boundless; and although it is designed to be, as it is, a literal translation of the original Hebrew and Greek, it must have been no common language which could have preserved that precision, force, and beauty of the originals, which it so signally exhibits. With the exception of a few obsolete words and phrases, the common version of the Scriptures is regarded by literary men, at the present day, as an English classic; and many an orator has kindled the fire of his eloquence at this great fountain of light and of warmth, and many a poet has adorned his imagination by a careful attention to the imagery of the prophets. Pope, in his 'Messiah,' one of his most elegant and sublime productions, in admiration no doubt of the splendor of the prophet, invokes the aid of Him,

'Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!'

It is scarcely possible to calculate how great has been the effect of a book of such a character, so widely circulated, and so generally read, upon the public taste; and how extensive has been its influence in promoting a general acquaintance with the beauty and force of the English language. If the Scriptures had not trained up a nation of intelligent readers, distinguished authors would not have addressed a public so well prepared to admire their beauties, and to estimate their worth. In the seventeenth century, distinguished writers arose, in almost every department of literature and science, to instruct the world by their wisdom, and to cultivate and adorn the English language. In this rapid sketch, but a few of them can be noticed.

Milton, an epic poet, to whom no age or nation has produced a superior, who is more sublime than Homer, and more diversified, and not less elegant, than Virgil, contributed not a little to the cultivation of the language in which he wrote, and signally displayed its compass and its power. Waller, Dryden, and others, in the department of poetry, contributed largely to the improvement of their native tongue. Locke and Newton, in philosophy, who flourished in the latter part of this century, contributed to the precision and perspicuity of the language, and evinced that it is as well adapted to the purposes of the philosopher, as it is to those of the poet.

The divines of the seventeenth century were particularly distinguished for the copiousness and force of their language, as well as for the depth and compass of their thoughts; and in proportion as theological learning advances, these divines are held in increasingly high estimation. Barrow, in the fulness and exuberance of his periods, has an eloquence like that of Cicero. Dr. Jeremy Taylor, from his spirited descriptions of human character and human life, has been significantly called the theological Shakspeare. The silver-tongued Bates, the eloquent and devout chaplain of that profligate monarch, Charles the Second, added elegance to correctness, and is alike distinguished for the beauty and the force of his language. Charnock was a writer of great depth of thought, and great copiousness and force of expression. A distinguished recent English critic, in speaking of the writings of this author, says, 'If any student in theology be destitute of the writings of Charnock, let him sell his coat and buy them.' Baxter and Tillotson, and others little less distinguished,

contributed largely to the improvement of their native tongue, as well as to the instruction of their own age, and of succeeding generations.

But while the English language, during the seventeenth century, was distinguished for its copiousness and strength, with a good degree of elegance, it was reserved for the writers of the eighteenth century to give it the finishing touch of beauty and of grace. The old prose writers made not the ornaments of language a primary object of attention. Their periods are generally long, and somewhat heavy, and are frequently encumbered with extensive parentheses, which later writers have very properly rejected. Whether in the acquisition of elegance, the language has not lost something of its strength, is not quite beyond question; and he who would perfect his style, should labor to add the grace of the writers of the eighteenth, to the strength of those of the seventeenth century.

In the latter part of the seventeenth, and early in the eighteenth century, a galaxy of authors appeared, who have left a track of light across the literary hemisphere. The reign of Queen Anne has been denominated, and not without reason, the Augustan age of English literature. Then flourished Addison, who brought philosophy from the schools to dwell among the common people; whose writings are distinguished for a simplicity and elegance of style, which have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed; and which has caused him to be regarded as a model of fine writing. It is the language of the great Johnson, that, 'whoever wishes to acquire a style, which is familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' Young, to great diversity of thought, added an affluent magnificence of language. Pope scattered over the fields of literature flowers of the most delightful fragrance, and of every hue. Thomson displayed the beauties of the English language in the most enchanting descriptions of the prospects of nature, and the scenes of life. Neatness and perspicuity of style were finely illustrated in the history of Hume. Bolingbroke, corrupt as he was in moral principle, produced, as a political writer, some of the most beautiful specimens of elegant writing. Among theologians, Watts and Doddridge, Butler and Berkley, Sherlock and Lardner, Warburton and Lowth, furnished examples of writing different from each other, but all excellent of their kind. But space would fail us, were we to attempt an allusion to all the poets and philosophers, historians and moralists, who shed a glory over the earlier half and the middle of the eighteenth century.

The orthography of the preceding century had been unsettled, and encumbered with many needless letters; and the same writer was often found spelling the same word in a different manner, in different parts of his works. In the eighteenth century, the orthography of the language became nearly settled, the meaning of words had become definite and precise, and usage had in a great measure given law to language. It only remained that a commanding lexicographer should arise, to collect from the scattered works of distinguished authors a complete vocabulary, to fix, by the authority of good writers, accurately the meaning of words, and to embody the whole in a standard dictionary.

This work, it was the high honor of Dr. Samuel Johnson to perform; and by doing it so ably and so satisfactorily, he became one of the greatest benefactors to the English language, and literature, that has ever lived. When we consider what a vast compass of reading it required to collect the unnumbered quotations from distinguished authors, by which the meaning which he has attached to words was illustrated and supported; the discrimination which was necessary to fix accurately the import of terms, and to assign to his authorities their proper place; and the patience and labor which a work so complicated and extensive required for its completion, we cannot fail to regard this as one of the most astonishing efforts of literary industry and skill. Happy it was, perhaps, for the world, that Johnson was comparatively a poor man. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the parent of industry. Johnson had eaten up the avails of his Dictionary by the time he had completed it; and while he was toiling for the benefit of his own age, and of generations unborn, without being stimulated by the certainty that they would duly appreciate his labors, he had the ever-present stimulus of a desire to procure his daily bread. His '*Rasselas*,' also, one of his most elegant productions, was the fruit of a week's labor, to procure the means of defraying the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Johnson's Dictionary, immediately on its publication, and in every period since, has been resorted to as a standard of the language; and from his authority there have been few appeals. Johnson understood, and confined himself to, the true province of a lexicographer, which is, not to give law to language, but merely to ascertain and to promulgate it. His is an original work, totally unlike every thing which had gone before it; and later lexicographers have mostly lived upon his labors.

Since the time of Johnson, the English language has been adorned by many distinguished writers, and the advancement of the arts and sciences has required the adoption of many new terms. These have, by different editors, been incorporated with the work of Johnson. Some words have also been gleaned up, which Johnson, in the extent of his range, had overlooked; and so complete has the catalogue of authorized words become, and so definite have been the meanings which have been attached to them, that the English must be regarded as a settled language. The '*daily-changing tongue*,' of which our motto complains, will not be ours, unless foreign corruptions are permitted to creep in, and pervert it.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was particularly fruitful in distinguished authors, whose works have received the highest finish of style. Johnson, not only by the publication of his Dictionary, but by his miscellaneous writings, has done much to improve his native tongue. While his constant use of words of Latin derivation gives a degree of stiffness, and sometimes of pedantry, to his style, it has yet the highest redeeming qualities. The nice discrimination with which he applies his epithets, the splendor of his imagery, and the majestic flow of his periods, have received, as they have deserved, universal admiration. The poetry of Cowper has excellencies of its kind, not inferior to those of his distinguished predecessors. In history, Robertson has given the finest specimens of a dignified elegance,

and Gibbon of a lofty splendor of style. Goldsmith has written with a simplicity, correctness, and elegance, which have never been exceeded. Melmoth has all the ease and grace of Addison, without his negligence and slight incorrectness.

Among the favorable circumstances respecting the English language, which have latterly taken place, the new turn which has been given to fictitious writing, deserves to be mentioned. The character of works of this kind, some forty or fifty years since, was miserable in the extreme. Many of them were written by half-learned men, or pedantic women; and they were generally most extravagant in their incidents, and clothed in a style which set all good taste at defiance. It is well that the reading public have agreed to make a bonfire of these works, and that the shelves of circulating libraries no longer groan beneath them. To this change, the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott have essentially contributed. He, in conjunction with some others, has been the means of bringing the authors of fictitious writings in some measure back to nature; and has caused the public taste on this subject to flow in a new channel.

The English language has excellencies which place it, at least, on a level with any language that was ever written or spoken; and perhaps such various excellence was never before combined in any tongue. The great versatility of this language is among its distinguishing features. It is alike adapted to history, to philosophy, to poetry, to oratory, and to the less elevated kinds of composition. In the hands of a skilful writer, it is sometimes smooth as the stream which scarcely ripples as it runs, and sometimes it is impetuous as the mountain torrent, which dashes from precipice to precipice, in fury and in foam: sometimes it is beautiful as the gentle cascade; and sometimes it thunders like the Falls of Niagara.

If the English language is less sonorous than the Greek, it is more copious; if it is less majestic, in the ordinary flow of its periods, than the Latin, it is more precise and more various in its import. If it wants something of the familiarity and ease of the French, it is much better adapted to the higher kinds of writing. For the purposes of poetry, it has a vast advantage over the French. The accented and unaccented syllables of the English enable it to approach very near to the poetic feet of the Latin and the Greek. This adapts it alike to rhyme and to blank verse. The French poetry cannot be sustained without rhyme, which must be regarded, in a greater or less degree, as a clog upon genius; and as a substitute for blank verse, their only resort is to poetic prose, a good example of which is to be found in the *Telemaque* of Fenelon. How poor a species of poetry this is, contrasted with English blank verse, must be evident to all who have compared them. The English, unlike most other languages, has a dialect that is appropriately poetic; and by the natural division of genders, it has a preparation, by the application of the masculine or feminine gender to an inanimate object, to convert the simplest form of speech into a bold personification.

The diversified character of English poetry displays, in a striking light, the richness of the language. Milton bears no resemblance to Young; nor Young to Dryden; nor Dryden to Thomson; nor Thomson to Pope; nor Pope to Cowper; and yet each has dis

tinguished excellencies of his kind. The same diversity will be found in the historical writers of the language. Their sentences are never cast in the same mould. The simple neatness of Hume is quite unlike the dignified eloquence of Robertson; the dignity and elegance of Robertson are unlike the loftiness and splendor of Gibbon; and the chaste beauty of Goldsmith is unlike them all. The same remark holds true in every other department of literature. Addison is widely different from Johnson in his style, and Melmoth is different from both. There is a variety in the character of English literature, which would probably be sought for in vain in any other language.

• The grammar of this language is more simple than that of any other tongue, if we except the Hebrew, without the points; and the facility with which its grammatical construction may be acquired, is one of its advantages. The article has no variation. The adjective is only varied to express the degrees of comparison. The verbs have but one conjugation, and the original verb remains mostly unchanged in all the moods and tenses, which are chiefly expressed by auxiliaries. He who, with great labor, has mastered the various inflections of the Latin, Greek, or French verbs, will know how to estimate this advantage. The order of the words in the construction of sentences in the English is the order of nature; nor does the idiom of the language allow extensively of inversion, except it be in poetry. This gives to it a philosophical character.

But if the English language has distinguished excellencies, it has also its defects, which it would evince a want of perspicacity or of candor to deny. The short words with which the language abounds, which extensively terminate with consonants, detract much from the harmony of its pronunciation. The similarity in the form of the verb, in different tenses and different persons, often creates an ambiguity in regard to its import, which can only be removed by a careful attention to that which precedes, and that which follows it in the sentence. The division of accented and unaccented syllables in English, though it fits the language for poetry without rhyme, is by no means as well defined, and as extensively productive of harmony of versification, as were the long and the short syllables in the Latin and the Greek. By the transposition of words, also, they could secure a variety of cadence, and a harmony of pronunciation, to which the English language can never attain.

Another and concluding number will be devoted to a consideration of the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with the English language; the danger of corruption to which it is exposed from innovation; with some allusion to British criticism upon the manner in which the English language is written and spoken in America; and an examination of its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension.

ALARMISTS.

THESE are, that when they wet their pen, must still turn prophesiers,
While fact and date, both obstinate, turn up to prove them liars.
For our own land this croaking band much evil have been brewing;
But she is sure to thrive the more, when such predict her ruin.

K E A T S .

I.

BAKER was his stay ; a few short years
 Had passed above his head in life,
 When he, mourn'd by a nation's tears,
 Sunk sick and weary from the strife.

II.

All saw his genius, and all felt
 The homage that was due his worth,
 That like a fire within him dwelt,
 Whose brightness time was bringing forth :

III.

But a cold few, whose jealous hearts
 Throbb'd but to cast envenom'd breath,
 Planted a wound with poison'd darts,
 A wound whose only balm was death.

IV.

And they who check'd his eagle flight,
 Live in all hearts, but live in shame ;
 While he, a star, glows clear and bright,
 Which time can never quench nor tame !

W. W. C.

PHRENOLOGY AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

HOW THEY SERVED AN INDIVIDUAL.

'Trifles light as air,
 Are to the jealous, confirmation strong,
 As proofs of Holy Writ.'

THE text may be found in the tragedy of Othello, third act, third scene. I state this remarkable fact, to show that the above is an 'original quotation,' taken directly from the author, and not merely quoted from a previous quoter. I hold that there may be as much piracy in quotation, as in stealing an original idea ; and I am ready to wager that half the scribblers in the world quote from *quoters*, without ever reading the originals. But to the illustration of my quotation.

A few years ago, I left my native state, on an invitation from my kind uncle Scrapings, of Havana, to join him in partnership there, under the firm of Scrapings, Scrapps, and Company ; but before I went, I had incontinently fallen in love with a beauty of my native city, of eighteen years, and a little money. She was a most voluptuous-looking little creature, with eyes as black as a pair of suspender buttons, and two little fairy hands, as white — oh, *how* white ! And the dear creature loved me, too ; and so it came to pass, that we were 'engaged.' It was arranged that I should go to Havana, get well established in business, then return to claim Clara Smith, (an own sister of John,) for my bride. In due time, I *was* established, and business prospered famously. Every thing we touched was converted into gold, and almost without an effort.

I kept up a correspondence with Clara, in which there was a due proportion of vows, rhapsodies, and apostrophes ; but occasionally

interspersed, on her side and on mine, with little trifling jealousies, which tended to give a lively dash of bitters to the otherwise too sickening draughts of sweets. There was nothing very serious in these lovers' quarrels, however, and after a short time, we always returned again to the old worn-out track of unadulterated love.

Two years passed away, and I was making ready to return for my beloved. I was always fond of exciting surprise, and determined, on this occasion, to make a sort of trap-door entrée into the presence of my little idol. So, having deceived her as to the time when she might begin to expect me, I found myself, in the month of September, in New-York, on my way home; and the next evening found me at Clara's gate — that gate over which I had taken and given many a parting kiss! The evening was warm; the parlor windows were open; and I heard within voices and laughter. Softly I approached, and slyly I looked in. With a thrill of horror, I beheld Clara seated in a rocking-chair, while a fellow, a young fellow, a handsome fellow, seemed with one hand to be playfully covering her eyes, and with the other 'padding in her neck with his damned fingers;' while her mother and sister sat on a sofa, quietly grinning at the fellow's impudence! I felt my blood hissing in my veins, yet I stood still. I saw him play with her ear; 'I grinned horribly a ghastly smile.' He spanned her face with his fingers; I twisted off two buttons of my coat. He encircled her head with his arm; I tore out a handful of hair. Finally, the dumb ass opened his mouth and spake; and I felt my blood reddening the very tip of my nose; but I restrained my indignation, to listen.

'I think,' said he, 'you are fond of men in general; and I think you would find little difficulty in transferring your affections from one to another, after the decease or treachery of the first. Now suppose your lover prove treacherous — don't you think so?'

I paused no longer. Job himself, when incrustured with 'sore boils,' would not have waited so long as I did. I rushed into the room, and catching the dog by the throat, laid him prostrate. 'Villain!' cried I, 'and is it thus you attempt to inveigle away the affections of my betrothed? Know, Sir, that I will suffer death, rather than dishonor!'

The mother and sister ran screaming from the room; but Clara, recognizing me at once, fell upon my neck, cried out, 'O Judgment, (Reader, my euphonious name is Judgment Scrapps,) dear, dearest Judgment! spare him, and I will explain all to your satisfaction!'

Half doubting, I quitted my hold, and half doubtingly I returned her embrace. 'Say on then, my Clara; I shall be but too happy to believe any thing you can say in explanation.'

'That gentleman whom you have so wronged, is Dr. Feeler, the Phrenologist.'

'Phrenologist! — and pray what may *that* be?'

'Why, dearest, it is one who uses the same means to discover another's intellect and disposition, that a monkey does to discover a certain species of the animal creation.'

'Ah, I understand; such as we used to call craniologists. Humph! I never had the pleasure of seeing one. But is that indeed all? What a fool I have been! My dear Clara, and you my dear Dr. Feeler, is it possible you can pardon my atrocious violence? Sir,' continued

I, hesitatingly, for he looked rather needy, as I thought, 'Sir, if money ——'

'Say no more, Sir,' replied he; 'I perceive that your animal organs, and that of ideality, vastly preponderate over the reflective; and this unfortunate combination has led to these unhappy consequences: but if you will allow me a thorough examination of your ——'

'Sir, you are very kind — very; but having just returned from a foreign land, Sir, and wishing, Sir, to say something to this lady, Sir, will you be so good as to call again, Sir; any other time, Sir; but don't let me detain you *now*, Sir; good evening, Sir; and I politely bowed him out of the room.

'And now, my dear girl, let us forget this laughable mistake; and, dear, we must be getting ready to be married. We will be married in one month from this very day!'

'A month! — dear me! So *very* soon! So unexpected!

'Soon! Not a bit *too* soon, dearest! So just shut that little ripe mouth, and let me hear no arguments, no objections. I must be back to Havána in all November.'

At this juncture, the mother and sister reëntered; and after explanations, recitals of adventure, statements of future arrangements, and obtaining the old lady's consent, they considerably left us to ourselves, and we poured out our souls together, in all the rapture of passionate attachment. Next day I left for New-York, there to purchase my wedding garments, and to transact certain other necessary business.

At the expiration of a week, I again drew near the temple of my idol, secretly hoping that the accursed phrenologist had been extending his examinations in other regions, if any where, during my absence, and feeling beside a great curiosity to find how Clara employed her leisure. So I crept up softly to the house, and again peeped in at the fatal window. The phrenologist was *not* there — would to Heaven he had been! — but a person somewhat older, and a great deal larger, with spectacles on nose, and a most diabolical smirk of total depravity. *She* was seated in the old-fashioned easy-chair, leaning back, while her eyes were closed, as if in conscious shame at her degraded situation; and *he* was standing over her, making motions that almost stifled me with mortification and rage. He seemed to be rubbing his dirty digits up and down over her soft velvet cheeks; those cheeks I had so often kissed; cheeks that now blushed with guilty passion! Anon, the rascal passed his hands over her full, heaving bosom. Yet I had resolution enough to await the result. The scoundrel kneeled — ay, *kneeled* to her! — and passed his hands up and down each side, even to her very feet! How my blood tingled! 'Yet,' thought I, 'I will wait! It *may* be, after all, some other new-fangled notion, started during my absence. I must not again make a fool of myself too suddenly. She may be asleep, and the fellow takes this opportunity to insult her and me. But no; her sister is there, and smiles complacently, as if in mockery of my disgrace!'

Soon the fellow rose, and whispered in Clara's ear. She replied aloud: 'O how rejoiced I am at your return, dearest! My heart is all your own!'

A single moment's reflection would have convinced me that she supposed herself addressing me; but, blinded by what I had seen, and the agony I had felt, I could appreciate nothing save my own dishonor; and jumping in at the window, I rushed upon the villain, and dealt him a thwack that sent him reeling to the wall. He recovered, however, immediately, and returned the compliment with great vigor. Finding we both might expect some severe sparring, before we had finished, we placed ourselves in the attitude of experienced pugilists, while our eyes glared like the eyes of hungry wolves.

Clara and her sister advanced to the rescue, and caught my arms, crying out, the while, at the top of their voices: 'Animal Magnetism! Animal Magnetism! It was nothing but Animal Magnetism!'

'Ay, ay,' I replied, 'I saw it was!' at the same time shaking them off, and redoubling my efforts; 'there was quite too much of animal attraction to suit me; but wait till I spoil your magnet, and then you, madam, may go to —'

'Here,' as Yellowplush says, 'I recollect I was obliged to stop;' for at this moment I received a blow under the left lug, which laid me prostrate and senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself upon the sofa, and Clara's sister bathing my temples.

'How! — what!' I exclaimed: 'Ah! I remember! Where is Clara?'

'She left the room but now, declaring she had done with you for ever.'

'Glad of it! Have the kindness to call her in to receive my farewell.'

Presently she entered, when I commenced a tirade upon her fickleness and faithlessness, etc., which only ended when I was out of breath. She listened calmly till I had done, when she replied with freezing coldness and hauteur:

'Mr. Scrapps! you have spared me the pain I might have felt in bidding you farewell for ever. This is not the first time your absurd jealousy has brought you into a situation the most ridiculous. You will doubtless ere long learn, Sir, that the science of Animal Magnetism is an exalted and innocent one; quite as much so, Sir, as that of Phrenology; and that a woman may submit to the process from pure love of knowledge, without compromising her dignity, her modesty, or her honor!' And so saying, she turned her back upon me, and was stalking out of the room with great dignity.

Bitter remorse overwhelmed me. 'Stay! stay!' I cried; 'I entreat, I implore! Pardon, pardon my ignorance!'

'No, Sir; I am well satisfied, from the frequent manifestations of your jealousy and violent disposition, that we never could be happy together. I should be as jealous as yourself; and our life would be one scene of discord and rude commotion. And, Sir — however reluctantly — I must now bid you an unequivocal and eternal farewell!'

I lost that girl, merely because I was ignorant of the extent to which modern science had been carried; because I had not then learned, that undue familiarity with the female sex might be extenuated, by the forced 'march of the age.'

A WINTER HYMN.

No blossoms, wild and fair,
 From the cold sods are peeping,
 Violets, with blue-veined eyelids,
 'Neath the brown turf are sleeping;
 No briar-roses shower
 Their wealth in vale or glen;
 No cowslips, Spring's gay heralds, /
 Peer forth from mossy fen.

Silence is in the forest,
 And silence in the vale,
 Save when my rustling footsteps
 Startles the timid quail;
 Save when the air reëchoes
 The crow's discordant jar;
 Or, through the mountain passes,
 Rolls on the rumbling car:

Or a brook its fetters sunders,
 And madly goes its way,
 Dashing, in tameless frolic,
 Its curling wreaths of spray;
 My languid spirit awakens,
 I seek his sheltering arms,
 Who gives each varying season
 Its own peculiar charms.

The merry darting squirrel
 Leaps on the leafless tree;
 His bright round eye is watching
 My movements anxiously;
 Like some coquettish maiden,
 He flies from spray to spray,
 Then turns to note his triumph,
 With cool yet shy delay.

The ice-clad boughs are glistening
 On the margin of the stream,
 As, in torch-lighted caverns,
 The sparry crystals gleam;
 Garlands of partridge berries
 Are on the brown sods lying,
 And fairy trees, of snow white moss,
 With sea-born coral vying.

Fair in their sculptured outline,
 Stand the shorn forest-kings,
 While at their foot the lichen,
 With crimson beaker, springs;
 Deep gladness thrills my spirit,
 Forth swells the impassioned prayer,
 To Him who makes each season
 His own peculiar care.

A VISIT TO THE LACKAWANA MINES.

'Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we marched on!'

SHAKESPEARE.

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the vast quantities of anthracite coal which are used in our cities, there should be so little curiosity manifested to know its origin. While many of its consumers sit in their parlors, enjoying the cheerful grate, how few of them ever think, with any thing like interest, of the manner in which its fuel is obtained; how few imagine the mighty obstacles which human ingenuity has overcome to procure it! Doubtless it would require an effort of credulity, in many of our worthy citizens, who perhaps every year burn tons of American coal, to believe that it once constituted the herbage of summers long gone by; that Time, for untold ages, has changed the fern, the reed, and the wild flowers of primeval seasons, to a substance hard as the rock, and secreted it far beneath the surface of the earth; and yet this is but one of the curious geological facts connected with these mammoth curiosities. To the naturalist, who loves to search into the by-ways and hidden places of Nature, an opportunity is here offered to penetrate into the very 'bowels of the land,' and to explore the recesses that for centuries have never been visited by the light of heaven. As the importance of the Lackawana mines is yearly increasing — at least to us who, in time, must depend almost entirely on them for our supply of fuel — the writer

has thought that a brief sketch of them might not be uninteresting to the public.

The coal mines of the Lackawana, equal in extent and importance to any other in Pennsylvania, are situated in the village of Carbondale, in the north-eastern corner of the state. The coal-beds, however, are found to extend beyond the valley of Wyoming, and through the country for many miles around, increasing in depth as they approach the Susquehannah, until at Wilkesbarre the veins are opened from twenty to thirty feet in thickness. The Lackawana, an unimportant stream, flows through the village of Carbondale, and gives its name to the coal found near its banks. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, this place was a cold and uninviting wilderness : the discovery of the coal-beds in the vicinity was the first cause of its settlement ; and it owes its present prosperity wholly to its mines. Soon after their fortunate discovery, the 'Delaware and Hudson Canal Company' was formed ; and a large district of coal land having been purchased, a canal was constructed, connecting the waters of the Hudson and Lackawaxen, a distance of about one hundred miles. The rest of the country being too mountainous to continue the canal, a rail-road, sixteen miles in length, was opened between Carbondale and Honesdale, the commencement of the canal.

Since that time, the works have been every year increased and improved, under the care of a skilful engineer ; and the mines have been enlarged with the demand for their produce, until their extent, considering the time they have been in operation, is utterly astonishing to a stranger.

While sojourning in the village of Carbondale, in the course of the last summer, the writer was one day invited to join a company of ladies and gentlemen, about to visit the mines. The superintendent had courteously proffered his services as cicerone, and, attended by him, we proceeded on our way. Stopping at the Company's office, each of the party was equipped with a lamp ; thence a short walk brought us to the spot ; where, at the foot of an inclined plane, the commencement of the rail-road, was an irregularly-shaped hollow, several hundred feet in extent. It was partly natural, yet had been much excavated, to allow the mines to enter the earth in a lateral or slanting, instead of a perpendicular, direction.

On two or three sides of this hollow, there was a side-hill, of considerable height, into which several openings had been cut, between ten and fifteen feet square. These were the mines. They frowned black and dismal, and we almost shrank at the thought of entering. Where the rock was not sufficiently strong to support the immense weight imposed on it, it had been propped up with large posts of timber. Into each mine there ran a small rail-road, some two feet wide ; and on these there would emerge, every few moments, a mule, drawing a train of cars, of proportionate size, laden with coal, and driven by a boy. These were immediately weighed, emptied of their contents, and sent back into the mines ; while the large cars, which received the coal from them, were drawn up the plane, and despatched on their way to the market.

It was a busy day, and the scene was one of the greatest animation. Several hundred men were busily engaged at their various kinds of

work. Some 'dumped' the small cars into the others; some labored at the turning platform; and some were sawing trees into props, to support the excavated chambers; while the whole air resounded with the loud and unceasing cries of the Welsh boys, who drove the mules, and who are thus accustomed to direct them. These imps, smutted with dirt and grease, dressed in rags which were so saturated by the oil from their lamps, that they were in constant danger of catching fire and burning up alive, presented an appearance almost revolting. They seemed, however, to enjoy their life, and yelled, and capered around, in high glee, every time they emerged from the mines.

By the direction of the superintendent, the box of a car was removed, and its place supplied by some clean boards, on which several comfortable seats were fastened. To this a mule was attached; and all being seated, the driver, by dint of yells and blows, forced the animal into a gallop, and we commenced our journey into the earth.

The entrance of the mine was frightfully low, and had an overhanging aspect, that seemed momentarily threatening to fall; and although it was so securely propped that there was little danger, yet it was not without a tremor, to say the least, that we passed under it. The roof, which was so low at the entrance that we could almost touch it with our hands, gradually rose, until it reached a height of eight or ten feet, which is its average throughout; dependent, however, on the course of the vein which had been followed; and this being very undulating, while the rail-road was nearly level, it was at times extremely low, and at others so high that we seemed in some vast cavern.

The air was of a mild temperature, and by no means so difficult or disagreeable to breathe, as we had anticipated; and although, at some places, there was a continual dripping of water from the roof, it seemed not too moist to be healthful. It always preserves an equal temperature; and this is probably the cause of the health enjoyed by those who labor in the mines. We crossed one or two little rivulets of water, during our passage; but this being the driest of the mines, the quantity was but small. In the others, however, particularly one or two which have been extended under the bed of the Lackawana, the springs which have been laid open are so fruitful, that pumps, moved by the above-mentioned stream, are kept working night and day, to free the mines.

On each side, wherever the top had threatened to fall in, huge props, each the size of a tree, had been placed to support it; and wherever these were old and decayed, there grew on them a kind of fungus, remarkably beautiful in appearance. It was of the purest and most delicate white, and hung in large drops from the decaying posts; and, contrasted with the extreme darkness that enveloped every thing around, shone like lustrous gems, as we passed swiftly along. It has often been gathered as a curiosity; but experiment has proved that it cannot be preserved. It is nourished by the darkness and damps of the gloomy mine, and shrinks away, and dies, when exposed to the light of day. Our guide pointed out to us, as we passed on, the 'old chambers,' as they are called; these are spaces of considerable extent, on either side of the road, whence all the

coal has been removed. They have been successively left, as soon as excavated, to cave in, or be filled with 'culm,' as the refuse coal is termed. While working in the chambers, the miners leave large pillars of coal to support the roof; but when they have exhausted that part of the vein, they dig away the pillars, and let it sink in.

After travelling in this manner for about three quarters of a mile, as our guide informed us, the signs of recent work began to appear; and in a few moments we saw the distant glimmering of lights. We soon arrived at the spot. Here the rail-road separated into different branches, which either led to the other chambers, or communicated with some other mine. We descended from the car, and having trimmed our lights, prepared to follow our conductor on foot. As the part of the mine we were about to visit was considerably higher than the main road, an inclined plane, some two or three hundred feet in length, had been made between them. On this the empty cars are drawn up by the loaded train, their motion being regulated by a machine, which retarded the swiftness of the latter.

Following up this plane, we picked our dismal way along, stumbling, ever and anon, over heaps of slate and culm, and at length arrived at the end. Here was the chamber. It was a large irregular apartment; the space once occupied by the coal being dimly lighted by the miners' lamps. Every few feet, there were large props, to sustain the roof; and at greater distances from each other, were columns of coal, several feet square. Some twenty or thirty men were engaged in the different parts, either mining or loading the cars, each one provided with a little tin lamp, which he either hooked in his cap, or placed by his side.

The miners are chiefly Welsh. They are large, iron-framed men, and have been accustomed to the mines from earliest childhood. The boys drive the mules, until large enough to work with their fathers, and then commence their dismal trade. Though they are said to be very healthful, they seldom live to old age, but generally die in their prime. Their life is one of constant danger; and without great care, they are liable to be blown up by the powder which they use in blasting, or to be crushed by the masses of coal which they undermine. Notwithstanding this, however, and although such accidents do frequently occur, they are much attached to their occupation, and refuse to work at any other trade.

The vein which they were then working, was between four and five feet in thickness, and formed one of the sides of the chamber. About a foot from the bottom of every vein, there is a layer of earth, or soft slate, a few inches in thickness. This divides it into 'foot-coal' and 'upper coal.' The upper coal is, I believe, removed first, leaving the other as a floor. The miner drills a hole for blasting, in the top of the vein; this being done, he lays himself on his right side, and commences undermining. With a sharp pick, he digs away this layer of earth, for several feet under, propping up with blocks of wood the mass of coal that overhangs him. Having undermined it sufficiently, the blast is put in and fired. Several tons are thus often blown down at once.

We stood for some time, and watched the progress of a miner, from the time he 'set his drill,' until the blast was fired, and the large

fragments were blown from the top, and rolled down into the midst of the chamber. Our feelings, howbeit, were by no means those of ease. For the first time in life, we were far in the interior of the earth, with tons of rock piled above us : and although the hardy miner laughed at our fears, yet the awful gloom of the place, that made every step uncertain ; the flickering of our lights, which made the darkness seem still more intense ; the clicking of the pick, and the noise of the blast, all conspired to chill us with an undefined terror. Imagination could easily have changed the place into a haunt of demons, or of one of those fearful conceptions of old Superstition. What marvel that, in the days when the fire, the water, and the clouds, and every element, had its respective kings, there should have been conjured up a ' Monarch of the Mine ?'

Not sprang art thou from mortal blood,
Nor of old Glengyle's lofty line ;
Thy dame the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the ' Monarch of the Mine !'

We were filled, too, with awe, as well as fear, at standing in places which had been entombed in darkness for centuries, yet were now open to the rapacity of man, from which even the depths of the earth cannot escape.

On the roof, where the coal had separated from the slate which surrounded it, we saw impressions of the plants that once flourished on the surface of the earth, and which, yielding to those mysterious laws that still govern our planet, have been gradually changing, through the course of countless years. Stamped deeply in the rock, were the forms of reeds, as large as saplings, and the leaves of mammoth ferns. Perhaps they grew in the waters that nourished the Saurian monsters, or in the fens where basked the huge *Iguanodon* ! We endeavored to detach some of them from the rock, but they broke as we forced them off. In the Company's office, however, we saw some fine specimens, which had been preserved un mutilated. In these, every fibre and every leaf are as distinctly defined, as though the impression had been taken in wax ; and at one glance, the naturalist may tell the species to which the plant belonged.

At length, having seen all the wonders of the mines, and satisfied the curiosity which had brought us so far into the interior of the earth, we prepared to return. We retraced our way down the plane, and again took our seats on the little car which had brought us in. The Welsh boy renewed his shouts and blows ; the mule trotted off briskly ; and after riding for a considerable time, a sudden bend in the road brought us to the mouth of the mine. Our eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness we had just left, that at first the light was painful, and they were dazzled by the brightness of the day. But it was only for a moment ; and we then proceeded to the Company's office, where we left our lamps, and arranged our dresses. Then, after many thanks to our urbane guide, we turned our faces homeward.

J. W. S.

EPIGRAM.

ALL flesh is grass, they say ; all grass is green ;
But thou 'rt the greenest blade I've ever seen !

NEW-YEAR VERSES BY A BACHELOR.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND.

'I CAN no longer stifle
How much I long to rife
That little part
'They call the heart!'

MOORE.

How sad and lonely is the lot
Of him who wends his weary way,
At midnight, to his cheerless cot,
And meets no welcome voice, to say :
'Come, rest thee in thy wonted chair,
And tell me all thy sorrows there!'

But maiden vows are such strange gear,
So apt to change, so prone to fly,
And prized so much, my friend, I fear
The chain that binds the silken tie
Has not sufficient strength to hold
Two human hearts — if one grow cold!

That dark haired fairy! *she* you thought
Would make of earth a glimpse of heaven,
And when you almost deemed her caught,
(How can she ever be forgiven?)
To think that she could stoop to hear
The man who vended that small beer!

I never sighed or knelt but once,
And she to whom the tale was told,
Would often chide me for a dunce,
When I was five brief summers old;
She kept the village school; her eyes
I thought were dipped in April skies!

She's married now; her youngest son
Has grown to be a dandy-boy,
And thinks as much of 'number one,'
As any mother's baby-toy;
I meet *her* often in the street —
She's not the nymph I used to greet!

Alas! when I run over all
The girls we loved in youth together,
The blithe and fair, the short and tall,
With whom we strolled in moonlight weather,
And when I look the papers through,
Ah! then I weep, sometimes — don't you?

I never urge a needle on,
Between the first and second bells,
But every twinge, before 'tis gone,
In thrilling tones of misery tells
How many a load of stinging pain
Had all been spared, if cut in twain!

And yet, and yet, 'tis not too late!
We'll both repent, and banish gloom,
And you shall marry laughing Kate,
And I'll be gay — alas! with whom?
Oh, leave me not alone my friend,
For hanging is a dreadful end!

Boston, Jan., 1840.

F.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR : In the course of a tour which I made in Sicily, in the days of my juvenility, I passed some little time at the ancient city of Catania, at the foot of Mount *Ætna*. Here I became acquainted with the Chevalier L——, an old Knight of Malta. It was not many years after the time that Napoleon had dislodged the knights from their island, and he still wore the insignia of his order. He was not, however, one of those reliques of that once chivalrous body, who have been described as 'a few worn-out old men, creeping about certain parts of Europe, with the Maltese cross on their breasts;' on the contrary, though advanced in life, his form was still light and vigorous: he had a pale, thin, intellectual visage, with a high forehead, and a bright, visionary eye. He seemed to take a fancy to me, as I certainly did to him, and we soon became intimate. I visited him occasionally, at his apartments, in the wing of an old palace, looking toward Mount *Ætna*. He was an antiquary, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His rooms were decorated with mutilated statues, dug up from Grecian and Roman ruins; old vases, lachrymals, and sepulchral lamps. He had astronomical and chemical instruments, and black-letter books, in various languages. I found that he had dipped a little in chimerical studies, and had a hankering after astrology and alchymy. He effected to believe in dreams and visions, and delighted in the fanciful Rosicrucian doctrines. I cannot persuade myself, however, that he really believed in all these: I rather think he loved to let his imagination carry him away into the boundless fairy land which they unfolded.

In company with the chevalier, I took several excursions on horseback about the environs of Catania, and the picturesque skirts of Mount *Ætna*. One of these led through a village, which had sprung up on the very tract of an ancient eruption, the houses being built of lava. At one time we passed, for some distance, along a narrow lane, between two high dead convent walls. It was a cut-throat looking place, in a country where assassinations are frequent; and just about midway through it, we observed blood upon the pavement and the walls, as if a murder had actually been committed there.

The chevalier spurred on his horse, until he had extricated himself completely from this suspicious neighborhood. He then observed, that it reminded him of a similar blind alley in Malta, infamous on account of the many assassinations that had taken place there; concerning one of which, he related a long and tragical story, that lasted until we reached Catania. It involved various circumstances of a wild and supernatural character, but which he assured me were handed down in tradition, and generally credited by the old inhabitants of Malta.

As I like to pick up strange stories, and as I was particularly struck with several parts of this, I made a minute of it, on my return to my lodgings. The memorandum was lost, with several others of my travelling papers, and the story had faded from my mind, when

recently, in perusing a French memoir, I came suddenly upon it, dressed up, it is true, in a very different manner, but agreeing in the leading facts, and given upon the word of that famous adventurer, the Count Cagliostro.

I have amused myself, during a snowy day in the country, by rendering it roughly into English, for the entertainment of a youthful circle round the Christmas fire. It was well received by my auditors, who, however, are rather easily pleased. One proof of its merits is, that it sent some of the youngest of them quaking to their beds, and gave them very fearful dreams. Hoping that it may have the same effect upon your ghost-hunting readers, I offer it, Mr. Editor, for insertion in your Magazine. I would observe, that wherever I have modified the French version of the story, it has been in conformity to some recollection of the narrative of my friend, the Knight of Malta.

Your obt. servt.,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

THE GRAND PRIOR OF MINORCA.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

'KEEP my wits, heaven! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open!'

ABOUT the middle of the last century, while the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem still maintained something of their ancient state and sway in the Island of Malta, a tragical event took place there, which is the ground work of the following narrative.

It may be as well to premise, that at the time we are treating of, the order of Saint John of Jerusalem, grown excessively wealthy, had degenerated from its originally devout and warlike character. Instead of being a hardy body of 'monk-knights,' sworn soldiers of the cross, fighting the Paynim in the Holy Land, or scouring the Mediterranean, and scourging the Barbary coasts with their galleys, or feeding the poor, and attending upon the sick at their hospitals, they led a life of luxury and libertinism, and were to be found in the most voluptuous courts of Europe. The order, in fact, had become a mode of providing for the needy branches of the Catholic aristocracy of Europe. 'A commandery,' we are told, was a splendid provision for a younger brother; and men of rank, however dissolute, provided they belonged to the highest aristocracy, became Knights of Malta, just as they did bishops, or colonels of regiments, or court chamberlains. After a brief residence at Malta, the knights passed the rest of their time in their own countries, or only made a visit now and then to the island. While there, having but little military duty to perform, they beguiled their idleness by paying attentions to the fair.

There was one circle of society, however, into which they could not obtain currency. This was composed of a few families of the old Maltese nobility, natives of the island. These families, not being permitted to enrol any of their members in the order, affected to hold no intercourse with its chevaliers; admitting none into their exclusive coteries, but the Grand Master, whom they acknowledged as their

sovereign, and the members of the chapter which composed his council.

To indemnify themselves for this exclusion, the chevaliers carried their gallantries into the next class of society, composed of those who held civil, administrative, and judicial situations. The ladies of this class were called *honorata*, or honorables, to distinguish them from the inferior orders; and among them were many of superior grace, beauty, and fascination.

Even in this more hospitable class, the chevaliers were not all equally famed. Those of Germany had the decided preference, owing to their fair and fresh complexions, and the kindness of their manners: next to these, came the Spanish cavaliers, on account of their profound and courteous devotion, and most discreet secrecy. Singular as it may seem, the chevaliers of France fared the worst. The Maltese ladies dreaded their volatility, and their proneness to boast of their amours, and shunned all entanglement with them. They were forced, therefore, to content themselves with conquests among females of the lower orders. They revenged themselves, after the gay French manner, by making the 'honorata' the objects of all kinds of jests and mystifications; by prying into their tender affairs with the more favored chevaliers, and making them the theme of song and epigram.

About this time, a French vessel arrived at Malta, bringing out a distinguished personage of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem, the Commander de Foulquerre, who came to solicit the post of commander in chief of the galleys. He was descended from an old and warrior line of French nobility, his ancestors having long been seneschals of Poitou, and claiming descent from the first counts of Angoulême.

The arrival of the commander caused a little uneasiness among the peaceably inclined, for he bore the character, in the island, of being fiery, arrogant, and quarrelsome. He had already been three times at Malta, and on each visit had signalized himself by some rash and deadly affray. As he was now thirty-five years of age, however, it was hoped that time might have taken off the fiery edge of his spirit, and that he might prove more quiet and sedate than formerly. The commander set up an establishment befitting his rank and pretensions; for he arrogated to himself an importance greater even than that of the Grand Master. His house immediately became the rallying place of all the young French chevaliers. They informed him of all the fights they had experienced or imagined, and indulged their petulant and satirical vein at the expense of the *honorata* and their admirers. The chevaliers of other nations soon found the topics and tone of conversation at the commander's irksome and offensive, and gradually ceased to visit there. The commander remained the head of a national *clique*, who looked up to him as their model. If he was not as boisterous and quarrelsome as formerly, he had become haughty and overbearing. He was fond of talking over his past affairs of punctilio and bloody duel. When walking the streets, he was generally attended by a ruffling train of young French cavaliers, who caught his own air of assumption and bravado. These he would conduct to the scenes of his deadly encounters, point out the very

spot where each fatal lunge had been given, and dwell vaingloriously on every particular.

Under his tuition, the young French chevaliers began to add bluster and arrogance to their former petulance and levity; they fired up on the most trivial occasions, particularly with those who had been most successful with the fair; and would put on the most intolerable drawcansir airs. The other chevaliers conducted themselves with all possible forbearance and reserve; but they saw it would be impossible to keep on long, in this manner, without coming to an open rupture.

Among the Spanish cavaliers, was one named Don Luis de Liona Vascovullos. He was distantly related to the Grand Master; and had been enrolled at an early age among his pages, but had been rapidly promoted by him, until, at the age of twenty-six, he had been given the richest Spanish commandery in the order. He had, moreover, been fortunate with the fair, with one of whom, the most beautiful honorata of Malta, he had long maintained the most tender correspondence.

The character, rank, and connexions of Don Luis put him on a par with the imperious Commander de Foulquerre, and pointed him out as a leader and champion to his countrymen. The Spanish chevaliers repaired to him, therefore, in a body; represented all the grievances they had sustained, and the evils they apprehended, and urged him to use his influence with the commander and his adherents to put a stop to the growing abuses.

Don Luis was gratified by this mark of confidence and esteem, on the part of his countrymen, and promised to have an interview with the Commander de Foulquerre on the subject. He resolved to conduct himself with the utmost caution and delicacy on the occasion; to represent to the commander the evil consequences which might result from the inconsiderate conduct of the young French chevaliers, and to entreat him to exert the great influence he so deservedly possessed over them, to restrain their excesses. Don Luis was aware, however, of the peril that attended any interview of the kind with this imperious and fractious man, and apprehended, however it might commence, that it would terminate in a duel. Still, it was an affair of honor, in which Castilian dignity was concerned; beside, he had a lurking disgust at the overbearing manners of De Foulquerre, and perhaps had been somewhat offended by certain intrusive attentions which he had presumed to pay to the beautiful honorata.

It was now Holy Week; a time too sacred for worldly feuds and passions, especially in a community under the dominion of a religious order: it was agreed, therefore, that the dangerous interview in question should not take place until after the Easter holidays. It is probable, from subsequent circumstances, that the Commander de Foulquerre had some information of this arrangement among the Spanish chevaliers, and was determined to be beforehand, and to mortify the pride of their champion, who was thus preparing to read him a lecture. He chose Good Friday for his purpose. On this sacred day, it is customary in Catholic countries to make a tour of all the churches, offering up prayers in each. In every Catholic church, as is well known, there is a vessel of holy water near the

door. In this, every one, on entering, dips his fingers, and makes there-with the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast. An office of gallantry, among the young Spaniards, is to stand near the door, dip their hands in the holy vessel, and extend them courteously and respectfully to any lady of their acquaintance who may enter; who thus receives the sacred water at second hand, on the tips of her fingers, and proceeds to cross herself, with all due decorum. The Spaniards, who are the most jealous of lovers, are impatient when this piece of devotional gallantry is proffered to the object of their affections by any other hand: on Good Friday, therefore, when a lady makes a tour of the churches, it is the usage among them for the innamorato to follow her from church to church, so as to present her the holy water at the door of each; thus testifying his own devotion, and at the same time preventing the officious services of a rival.

On the day in question, Don Luis followed the beautiful honorata, to whom, as has already been observed, he had long been devoted. At the very first church she visited, the Commander de Foulquerre was stationed at the portal, with several of the young French chevaliers about him. Before Don Luis could offer her the holy water, he was anticipated by the commander, who thrust himself between them, and, while he performed the gallant office to the lady, rudely turned his back upon her admirer, and trod upon his feet. The insult was enjoyed by the young Frenchmen who were present: it was too deep and grave to be forgiven by Spanish pride; and at once put an end to all Don Luis' plans of caution and forbearance. He repressed his passion for the moment, however, and waited until all the parties left the church: then, accosting the commander with an air of coolness and unconcern, he inquired after his health, and asked to what church he proposed making his second visit. 'To the Magisterial Church of Saint John.' Don Luis offered to conduct him thither, by the shortest route. His offer was accepted, apparently without suspicion, and they proceeded together. After walking some distance, they entered a long, narrow lane, without door or window opening upon it, and which is called the '*Strada Stretta*,' or narrow street. It was a street in which duels were tacitly permitted, or connived at, in Malta, and were suffered to pass as accidental encounters. Every where else, they were prohibited. This restriction had been instituted to diminish the number of duels, formerly so frequent in Malta. As a farther precaution to render these encounters less fatal, it was an offence, punishable with death, for any one to enter this street armed with either poniard or pistol. It was a lonely, dismal street, just wide enough for two men to stand upon their guard, and cross their swords; few persons ever traversed it, unless with some sinister design; and on any preconcerted duello, the seconds posted themselves at each end, to stop all passengers, and prevent interruption.

In the present instance, the parties had scarce entered the street, when Don Luis drew his sword, and called upon the commander to defend himself.

De Foulquerre was evidently taken by surprise: he drew back, and attempted to expostulate; but Don Luis persisted in defying him to the combat.

After a second or two, he likewise drew his sword, but immediately lowered the point.

'Good Friday!' ejaculated he, shaking his head: 'one word with you; it is full six years since I have been in a confessional: I am shocked at the state of my conscience; but within three days — that is to say, on Monday next —'

Don Luis would listen to nothing. Though naturally of a peaceable disposition, he had been stung to fury, and people of that character when once incensed, are deaf to reason. He compelled the commander to put himself on his guard. The latter, though a man accustomed to brawl and battle, was singularly dismayed. Terror was visible in all his features. He placed himself with his back to the wall, and the weapons were crossed. The contest was brief and fatal. At the very first thrust, the sword of Don Luis passed through the body of his antagonist. The commander staggered to the wall, and leaned against it.

'On Good Friday!' ejaculated he again, with a failing voice, and despairing accents. 'Heaven pardon you!' added he; 'take my sword to Tétéfoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!' With these words he expired.

The fury of Don Luis was at an end. He stood aghast, gazing at the bleeding body of the commander. He called to mind the prayer of the deceased for three days' respite, to make his peace with heaven; he had refused it; had sent him to the grave, with all his sins upon his head! His conscience smote him to the core; he gathered up the sword of the commander, which he had been enjoined to take to Tétéfoulques, and hurried from the fatal Strada Stretta.

The duel of course made a great noise in Malta, but had no injurious effect on the worldly fortunes of Don Luis. He made a full declaration of the whole matter, before the proper authorities; the Chapter of the Order considered it one of those casual encounters of the Strada Stretta, which were mourned over, but tolerated; the public, by whom the late commander had been generally detested, declared that he had deserved his fate. It was but three days after the event, that Don Luis was advanced to one of the highest dignities of the Order, being invested by the Grand Master with the priorship of the kingdom of Minorca.

From that time forward, however, the whole character and conduct of Don Luis underwent a change. He became a prey to a dark melancholy, which nothing could assuage. The most austere piety, the severest penances, had no effect in allaying the horror which preyed upon his mind. He was absent for a long time from Malta; having gone, it was said, on remote pilgrimages: when he returned, he was more haggard than ever. There seemed something mysterious and inexplicable in this disorder of his mind. The following is the revelation made by himself, of the horrible visions or chimeras by which he was haunted:

'When I had made my declaration before the Chapter,' said he, 'and my provocations were publicly known, I had made my peace with man; but it was not so with God, nor with my confessor, nor with my own conscience. My act was doubly criminal, from the day on which

it was committed, and from my refusal to a delay of three days, for the victim of my resentment to receive the sacraments. His despairing ejaculation, 'Good Friday! Good Friday!' continually rang in my ears. Why did I not grant the respite!' cried I to myself; 'was it not enough to kill the body, but must I seek to kill the soul!'

'On the night of the following Friday, I started suddenly from my sleep. An unaccountable horror was upon me. I looked wildly around. It seemed as if I were not in my apartment, nor in my bed, but in the fatal Strada Stretta, lying on the pavement. I again saw the commander leaning against the wall; I again heard his dying words: 'Take my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!'

'On the following night, I caused one of my servants to sleep in the same room with me. I saw and heard nothing, either on that night, or any of the nights following, until the next Friday; when I had again the same vision, with this difference, that my valet seemed to be lying at some distance from me on the pavement of the Strada Stretta. The vision continued to be repeated on every Friday night, the commander always appearing in the same manner, and uttering the same words: 'Take my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!'

'On questioning my servant on the subject, he stated, that on these occasions he dreamed that he was lying in a very narrow street, but he neither saw nor heard any thing of the commander.

'I knew nothing of this Têtefoulques, whither the defunct was so urgent I should carry his sword. I made inquiries, therefore, concerning it, among the French chevaliers. They informed me that it was an old castle, situated about four leagues from Poitiers, in the midst of a forest. It had been built in old times, several centuries since, by Foulques Taillefer, (or Fulke Hackiron,) a redoubtable hard-fighting Count of Angouleme, who gave it to an illegitimate son, afterward created Grand Seneschal of Poitou, which son became the progenitor of the Foulquerres of Têtefoulques, hereditary Seneschals of Poitou. They farther informed me, that strange stories were told of this old castle, in the surrounding country, and that it contained many curious reliques. Among these, were the arms of Foulques Taillefer, together with all those of the warriors he had slain; and that it was an immemorial usage with the Foulquerres to have the weapons deposited there which they had wielded either in war or in single combat.' This, then, was the reason of the dying injunction of the commander respecting his sword. I carried this weapon with me, wherever I went, but still I neglected to comply with his request.

'The visions still continued to harass me with undiminished horror. I repaired to Rome, where I confessed myself to the Grand Cardinal penitentiary, and informed him of the terrors with which I was haunted. He promised me absolution, after I should have performed certain acts of penance, the principal of which was, to execute the dying request of the commander, by carrying his sword to Têtefoulques, and having the hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle for the repose of his soul.

I set out for France as speedily as possible, and made no delay in my journey. On arriving at Poitiers, I found that the tidings of the death of the commander had reached there, but had caused no more affliction than among the people of Malta. Leaving my equipage in the town, I put on the garb of a pilgrim, and taking a guide, set out on foot for Têtefoulques. Indeed the roads in this part of the country were impracticable for carriages.

I found the castle of Têtefoulques a grand but gloomy and dilapidated pile. All the gates were closed, and there reigned over the whole place an air of almost savage loneliness and desertion. I had understood that its only inhabitants were the concierge, or warder, and a kind of hermit who had charge of the chapel. After ringing for some time at the gate, I at length succeeded in bringing forth the warder, who bowed with reverence to my pilgrim's garb. I begged him to conduct me to the chapel, that being the end of my pilgrimage. We found the hermit there, chanting the funeral service; a dismal sound to one who came to perform a penance for the death of a member of the family. When he had ceased to chant, I informed him that I came to accomplish an obligation of conscience, and that I wished him to perform a hundred masses for the repose of the soul of the commander. He replied that, not being in orders, he was not authorized to perform mass, but that he would willingly undertake to see that my debt of conscience was discharged. I laid my offering on the altar, and would have placed the sword of the commander there, likewise. 'Hold!' said the hermit, with a melancholy shake of the head, 'this is no place for so deadly a weapon, that has so often been bathed in Christian blood. Take it to the armory; you will find there trophies enough of like character. It is a place into which I never enter.'

'The warder here took up the theme abandoned by the peaceful man of God. He assured me that I would see in the armory the swords of all the warrior race of Foulquerres, together with those of the enemies over whom they had triumphed. This, he observed, had been a usage kept up since the time of Mellusine, and of her husband, Geoffrey à la Grand-dent, or Geoffrey with the Great-tooth.

'I followed the gossiping warder to the armory. It was a great dusty hall, hung round with Gothic-looking portraits, of a stark line of warriors, each with his weapon, and the weapons of those he had slain in battle, hung beside his picture. The most conspicuous portrait was that of Foulques Taillefer, (Fulke Hackiron,) Count of Angouleme, and founder of the castle. He was represented at full length, armed cap-à-pie, and grasping a huge buckler, on which were emblazoned three lions passant. The figure was so striking, that it seemed ready to start from the canvass: and I observed beneath this picture, a trophy composed of many weapons, proofs of the numerous triumphs of this hard-fighting old cavalier. Beside the weapons connected with the portraits, there were swords of all shapes, sizes, and centuries, hung round the hall; with piles of armor, placed as it were in effigy.

'On each side of an immense chimney, were suspended the portraits of the first seneschal of Poitou (the illegitimate son of Foulques

Taillefer) and his wife Isabella de Lusignan; the progenitors of the grim race of Foulquerres that frowned around. They had the look of being perfect likenesses; and as I gazed on them, I fancied I could trace in their antiquated features some family resemblance to their unfortunate descendant, whom I had slain! This was a dismal neighborhood, yet the armory was the only part of the castle that had a habitable air; so I asked the warder whether he could not make a fire, and give me something for supper there, and prepare me a bed in one corner.

‘A fire and a supper you shall have, and that cheerfully, most worthy pilgrim,’ said he; ‘but as to a bed, I advise you to come and sleep in my chamber.’

‘Why so?’ inquired I; ‘why shall I not sleep in this hall?’

‘I have my reasons; I will make a bed for you close to mine.’

I made no objections, for I recollected that it was Friday, and I dreaded the return of my vision. He brought in billets of wood, kindled a fire in the great overhanging chimney, and then went forth to prepare my supper. I drew a heavy chair before the fire, and seating myself in it, gazed musingly round upon the portraits of the Foulquerres, and the antiquated armor and weapons, the mementos of many a bloody deed. As the day declined, the smoky draperies of the hall gradually became confounded with the dark ground of the paintings, and the lurid gleams from the chimney only enabled me to see visages staring at me from the gathering darkness. All this was dismal in the extreme, and somewhat appalling; perhaps it was the state of my conscience that rendered me peculiarly sensitive, and prone to fearful imaginings.

At length the warder brought in my supper. It consisted of a dish of trout, and some craw-fish taken in the fosse of the castle. He procured also a bottle of wine, which he informed me was wine of Poitou. I requested him to invite the hermit to join me in my repast; but the holy man sent back word that he allowed himself nothing but roots and herbs, cooked with water. I took my meal, therefore, alone, but prolonged it as much as possible, and sought to cheer my drooping spirits by the wine of Poitou, which I found very tolerable.

When supper was over, I prepared for my evening devotions. I have always been very punctual in reciting my breviary; it is the prescribed and bounden duty of all chevaliers of the religious orders; and I can answer for it, is faithfully performed by those of Spain. I accordingly drew forth from my pocket a small missal and a rosary, and told the warder he need only designate to me the way to his chamber, where I could come and rejoin him, when I had finished my prayers.

He accordingly pointed out a winding stair-case, opening from the hall. ‘You will descend this stair-case,’ said he, ‘until you come to the fourth landing place, where you enter a vaulted passage, terminated by an arcade, with a statue of the blessed Jeanne of France: you cannot help finding my room, the door of which I will leave open; it is the sixth door from the landing place. I advise you not to remain in this hall after midnight. Before that hour, you will hear the hermit ring the bell, in going the rounds of the corridors. Do not linger here after that signal.’

'The warder retired, and I commenced my devotions. I continued at them earnestly; pausing from time to time to put wood upon the fire. I did not dare to look much around me, for I felt myself becoming a prey to fearful fancies. The pictures appeared to become animated. If I regarded one attentively, for any length of time, it seemed to move the eyes and lips. Above all, the portraits of the Grand Seneschal and his lady, which hung on each side of the great chimney, the progenitors of the Foulquerres of Têtefoulque, regarded me, I thought, with angry and baleful eyes: I even fancied they exchanged significant glances with each other. Just then a terrible blast of wind shook all the casements, and, rushing through the hall, made a fearful rattling and clashing among the armor. To my startled fancy, it seemed something supernatural.

'At length I heard the bell of the hermit, and hastened to quit the hall. Taking a solitary light, which stood on the supper table, I descended the winding stair-case; but before I had reached the vaulted passage, leading to the statue of the blessed Jeanne of France, a blast of wind extinguished my taper. I hastily remounted the stairs, to light it again at the chimney; but judge of my feelings, when, on arriving at the entrance to the armory, I beheld the Seneschal and his lady, who had descended from their frames, and seated themselves on each side of the fire-place!

'Madam, my love,' said the Seneschal, with great formality, and in antiquated phrase, 'what think you of the presumption of this Castilian, who comes to harbor himself and make wassail in this our castle, after having slain our descendant, the commander, and that without granting him time for confession?'

'Truly, my lord,' answered the female spectre, with no less stateliness of manner, and with great asperity of tone; 'truly, my lord, I opine that this Castilian did a grievous wrong in this encounter; and he should never be suffered to depart hence, without your throwing him the gauntlet.' I paused to hear no more, but rushed again down stairs, to seek the chamber of the warder. It was impossible to find it in the darkness, and in the perturbation of my mind. After an hour and a half of fruitless search, and mortal horror and anxieties, I endeavored to persuade myself that the day was about to break, and listened impatiently for the crowing of the cock; for I thought if I could hear his cheerful note, I should be reassured; catching, in the disordered state of my nerves, at the popular notion that ghosts never appear after the first crowing of the cock.

At length I rallied myself, and endeavored to shake off the vague terrors which haunted me. I tried to persuade myself that the two figures which I had seemed to see and hear, had existed only in my troubled imagination. I still had the end of a candle in my hand, and determined to make another effort to re-light it, and find my way to bed; for I was ready to sink with fatigue. I accordingly sprang up the stair-case, three steps at a time, stopped at the door of the armory, and peeped cautiously in. The two Gothic figures were no longer in the chimney corners, but I neglected to notice whether they had reascended to their frames. I entered, and made desperately for the fire-place, but scarce had I advanced three strides, when Messire Foulques Taillefer stood before me, in the centre of the hall, armed

cap-à-pie, and standing in guard, with the point of his sword silently presented to me. I would have retreated to the stair-case, but the door of it was occupied by the phantom figure of an esquire, who rudely flung a gauntlet in my face. Driven to fury, I snatched down a sword from the wall : by chance, it was that of the comrander which I had placed there. I rushed upon my fantastic adversary, and seemed to pierce him through and through ; but at the same time I felt as if something pierced my heart, burning like a red-hot iron. My blood inundated the hall, and I fell senseless.

‘WHEN I recovered consciousness, it was broad day, and I found myself in a small chamber, attended by the warder and the hermit. The former told me that on the previous night, he had awakened long after the midnight hour, and perceiving that I had not come to his chamber, he had furnished himself with a vase of holy water, and set out to seek me. He found me stretched senseless on the pavement of the armory, and bore me to his room. I spoke of my wound ; and of the quantity of blood that I had lost. He shook his head, and knew nothing about it ; and to my surprise, on examination, I found myself perfectly sound and unharmed. The wound and blood, therefore, had been all delusion. Neither the warder nor the hermit put any questions to me, but advised me to leave the castle as soon as possible. I lost no time in complying with their counsel, and felt my heart relieved from an oppressive weight, as I left the gloomy and fate-bound battlements of Têtefoulques behind me.’

I arrived at Bayonne, on my way to Spain, on the following Friday. At midnight I was startled from my sleep, as I had formerly been ; but it was no longer by the vision of the dying commander. It was old Foulques Taillefer who stood before me, armed cap-à-pie, and presenting the point of his sword. I made the sign of the cross, and the spectre vanished, but I received the same red-hot thrust in the heart which I had felt in the armory, and I seemed to be bathed in blood. I would have called out, or have arisen from my bed and gone in quest of succor, but I could neither speak nor stir. This agony endured until the crowing of the cock, when I fell asleep again ; but the next day I was ill, and in a most pitiable state. I have continued to be harrassed by the same vision every Friday night ; no acts of penitence and devotion have been able to relieve me from it ; and it is only a lingering hope in divine mercy, that sustains me, and enables me to support so lamentable a visitation.

THE Grand Prior of Minorca wasted gradually away under this constant remorse of conscience, and this horrible incubus. He died some time after having revealed the preceding particulars of his case, evidently the victim of a diseased imagination.

The above relation has been rendered, in many parts literally, from the French memoir, in which it is given as a true story : if so, it is one of those instances in which truth is more romantic than fiction.

G. C.

P A S S A I C :

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Ow could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example as it is my theme;
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.

T A L E F I R S T .

T H E G R E A T D E S C E N D E R .

'Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.'

BYRON.

C A N T O I I .

T H E R E are — to tempt our mortal search and aim
 Two rival peaks that crown the hill of fame :
 One sought by those in love with temporal power,
 Who court the certain glory of the hour :
 Who posthumous honors deem not worth the strife,
 And plant no crops they may not reap in life.
 Such are the rich — the placeman of the day —
 Professor, judge, all worthy in their way,
 But who more love live plaudits in their ear,
 Than all the praises dead men can — not hear ;
 And this their epitaph when life is o'er :
 'They filled their place — as it was filled before.'

The steeper summit of the glorious hill
 Is clomb by spirits of a loftier will ;
 Who beaten routes and vulgar custom shun,
 And aim at deeds by mortals yet undone :
 Fame's forlorn-hope, who tread her frightfullest ways —
 The samphire-gatherers of her cliff-born bays —
 Who scorn renown that three-score years can span,
 That bounds the glory with the frame of man ;
 Whose sun-struck sight one dazzling maxim blinds :
 No mortal fame can sate immortal minds.
 So lost in longing for perennial bays,
 They slight as dross contemporaneous praise ;
 And bid intruding worshippers return,
 And hoard their homage for their senseless urn.
 How wild soe'er their hopes — their schemes immense —
 One must admire their lofty confidence,
 Who scorn the pittance of the shores to reap,
 And bound for glory, launch upon the deep :
 Freight with stuffs by cunning genius wove,
 Devised to tempt some distant trader's love —
 Since goods at home as cheapest trash despised,
 In ports remote and foreign, may be prized ;
 Consigned to strangers in an unknown clime,
 To barter there for honors of far time.

What different paths these rival ranks divide !
 Those trudge the road — these climb the mountain side ;
 Those till the lands which others tilled before,
 These clear new fields on some untrodden shore ;
 Those ride on jades of sorry speed and power,
 These back wild steam, at fifty miles the hour ;

Those mount the hill, to catch the breezes there,
 These in balloons spring up at once to air ;
 Those by safe steps descend the rocky steep,
 These clear the dreadful barrier at a leap !
 Oh ! none can doubt which rival throng of fame
 Our own bold hero of the fall may claim :
 His is a class, too rare in every age,
 Who blend at once the hero with the sage ;
 Who mighty thoughts with mighty brains conceive,
 And mighty deeds with mighty hands achieve.
 He stopped at nought his daring spirit bid ;
 Whate'er his mind conceived his body did.
 Oh ! rarest union of all mortal powers !
 Oh ! pride — that such a paragon is ours !

We left him fainting on the grassy bank ;
 His frame unstrung, his garments dripping dank :
 Unconscious violets bore his noble head,
 And mossy cushions lent his limbs a bed.
 O'er his pale brows green laurels brushed the air,
 As though they sought to twine in chaplets there :
 While trump of frogs, sole heralds of his feat,
 Seemed but the foretaste of applause more sweet.
 Revived at length, he seeks his humble home ;
 Full of past deeds, but more of those to come.
 At every step, lit by the moon's white beam,
 The trickling drops like gems all-sparkling gleam :
 And gems they are in Science' eye that shone
 More precious than the rarest of the mine.
 The tears of pity, or the soldier's blood,
 Match not those drippings of the conquered flood.
 He feels no damp ; when hearts with ardor thrill,
 There is no fear that skins will quake with chill :
 Triumph is his and ever bright renown —
 Ranked with immortals shall his name go down !
 He proved a fact that science never knew,
 And did a deed which none had dared to do.

Next morn, the sun awakes the busy town,
 To learn of feats and miracles unknown :
 On every post, pump, pillar, corner, tree,
 This startling card the awe-struck people see :
 'On Wednesday next, from yonder rocky height,
 Whence falls the flood — unwinged, unaided quite —
 Near where the dwarf pine lives, yet cannot grow —
 One PATCH will leap into the tide below ;
 And in his body prove to every one,
 Some things as well as others can be done.'
 Some pity melts, some horrid fears appal ;
 But soul-absorbing wonder rouses all.
 Some that had chanced his moody ways to know,
 And feared him mad, now deemed him truly so.
 Some as a hoax the matter feigned to treat,
 And foully called the hero wag and cheat.
 The parson said, as God no wings had given,
 Such flights by man seemed like defying heaven :
 PATCH he denounced, and on his head did pour
 Such doom as Galileo met before.
 The Doctor thought the case was doubtful ; true,
 If safe he reached the water — safe went through,
 Unhurt by rocks, why — he must own, for one —
 He thought the feat might — possibly — be done :
 Especially — if he were standing by —
 The limbs to rub — the stomach-pump apply —
 Then put to bed — then purge a week — then bleed —
 He felt quite sure he might — perhaps — succeed.

At length the day of awful trial came ;
 Momentous morn ! — big with disgrace or fame.

And neighboring farms, and distant cities, all
 Disgorge their throngs, to mingle at the fall.
 There stand at least, on mountain-height and glen,
 Ten thousand women, and one thousand men;
 For woman seeks and shines in trial's hour,
 When pity — her own balsam — she can pour;
 And measuring glances many an eye would throw
 From the tall cliff to yon black lake below,
 Streaked white with suds from many a well-washed rock;
 Oh! who could mark that depth, without a shock!
 Schools are let loose — the merry urchins scream —
 Bestride the sharp-backed rock, or wade the stream;
 And many a tree around that craggy shore
 The precious fruit of mortal bodies bore:
 Among their leaves that quivered in the breeze,
 A thousand hearts were fluttering more than these.
 Loud shouts the tumbling river, 'till it frights
 To shrieks and quakings, all the rocky heights.
 Oh glorious spectacle! — oh noble stage!
 Whereon to bare bright science to the age;
 A heaven-set trap appears this rock-girt glen,
 To corner truth, and here pursuing, pen;
 And captured thus, by genius' conquering power,
 Advance it centuries in a single hour.
 Who would not seek it even through yon abyss!
 Or die to prove it on a scene like this!

But where is he? — the hero of the day —
 Whose call this thronging multitude obey?
 Why ask? When genius oft its face displays,
 'T is tanned and cheapened in the public gaze:
 It were unfitting his should be attacked
 By vulgar vision, till the hour of act.
 But where is he? Approach yon humble shed,
 Behold him there! — his frugal dinner spread —
 His active jaws their motion quick repeating —
 And PATCH the hero, PATCH the sage, is eating!
 You smile! — as if a wit could live on stone —
 'As if God meant his fruits for fools alone;'
 As if a genius of the mightiest ken
 Had not teeth, stomach, throat, like other men.
 Even Satire might forgive him a repast
 All human reason feared would be his last.
 Our hero knew what compounds men must be,
 He felt himself 'half dust, half deity'
 And knew the body still supplies must find,
 Despite the nausea of the haughty mind:
 Ungrateful mind — the very means to slight,
 Whence through corporeal channels springs its might.
 Full well he knew the courage food instills —
 The heart grows bigger as the stomach fills:
 Full well he knew, where food does not refresh,
 The shrivelled soul shrinks inward with the flesh;
 That he's best armed for danger's rash career,
 Who's crammed so full there is no room for fear.

Now from the gathered and still gathering crowd,
 Impatient murmurs swell, and burst aloud;
 And threats arise — which soon to whispers sink —
 For look! at last he stands upon the brink:
 'PATCH' shouts the mighty multitude around,
 And 'PATCH!' 'PATCH!' 'PATCH!' hills, caves, and skies rebound!
 Now! hero — now! — one trial, and the last,
 To build thy fortune, or for ever blast;
 Ere one young hour be born from time's full womb,
 Thy fame shall find a trumpet, or a tomb!

* DESCARTES.

No time he wastes ; from the brown jug he brings,
 One draught he takes — thrice claps his hands — then springs !
 He's off ! He whirls ! with flutter, rush, whiz — dash ;
 Cleaving the foam with gurgles, spatter, splash,
 Down-sinking ! Through the hushed and choking crowd,
 The breath grows thick, and cannot shriek aloud :
 All feel his gasping pangs — increasing still —
 The breathless spasm — the epigastric thrill ;
 As fast, and faster hurried to the stroke,
 He strikes ! — all start as from wild dreams awoke !
 In that dread moment of uncertainty,
 Ev'n envy's sneer dies down to pity's sigh ;
 While the cold doubter, whom no pangs can thrill,
 Prepares to croak ' He knew 't would end in ill :'
 But soon to sneers and fears is put an end ;
 Through the dark lake behold his face ascend !
 Ruddy, and welcome as the second sun
 To Adam rose, who feared his race was run.
 When genius shoots his lightning through the soul
 Applause the recognizing peal should roll :
 Loud shouts and long, the roaring flood, out-roar,
 When safe he finds, and stands upon the shore !
 Through the glad heavens, which tempests now conceal,
 Deep thunder-guns in quick succession peal ;
 As if salutes were firing from the sky,
 To hail the triumph, and the victory :
 Shout ! trumpet of fame — 'till thy brass lungs burst out !
 Shout ! mortal tongues ! — deep-throated thunders, shout !
 For lo ! — electric genius, downward hurled,
 Has startled science, and illumed the world !

Now rushing winds and thunderbolts engage :
 Chaos of sounds, and dust, and flame in rage ;
 That the firm frame-work of the heavens on high
 Rocks wide, as if an earthquake shook the sky.
 While from the brimming and o'errunning cloud,
 The ominous drops, big, scattered, rare and loud,
 Tinkle like dropping pebbles on the lake —
 Beat dust from earth — on rocks, wide spattering, break.
 Each friend of science gazes upward — wheels,
 And takes, for shelter, meanly to his heels :
 Not even the hero, dripping from the flood,
 The general panic of the time withstood.
 Oh ! strange insatiation of the mind :
 To flinch at trifles, though to dangers blind.
 So the hot heroes of the barricade,
 When, tired of laws and kings themselves had made,
 They met defying fire and sword and slaughter,
 Were by Lobau dispersed with muddy water.*

A knot of savans, huddled 'neath a shed,
 Discussed the feat ; one rigid sceptic said
 There was some trick — but where he could not see :
 Enough for him to know it could not be ;
 What was impossible for man t' achieve,
 Ev'n though he saw it, he would not believe.
 A learned sage from Gotham that had come,
 Who bared some falsehoods, and believed in some,
 Declared, with boldness common to the wise,
 Possible, or not — he must believe his eyes.
 The doubter cried 't was humbug, humbug all —
 Believers ever into error fall ;
 The world was full of humbug ; he, for one,
 Could not so tamely be imposed upon.
 The hero vowed — with anger justly moved,
 To hear disputed all that he had proved ;
 To prove it still, on that, or any ground —
 On taller heights, could taller heights be found ;

* A mob in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, that refused to retire on threat of being fired upon, were thus finally scattered by means of a fire-engine, and a little dirty water.

Ay, hotly swore to leap through all the air,
 From the moon's horns, if they would hang him there.
 Take not his boasting in the literal sense —
 Success and whiskey gave him confidence;
 And in the heat, and triumph of the hour,
 He felt no bounds to his presumptuous power.
 The doubter, warming, said he must repeat,
 He deemed him all a humbug, and his feat.
 Redder than morn the hero's life-blood rose,
 And tinged his cheek still brighter than his nose:
 Then fell his vengeance on the slanderer's head,
 Fists flew — claws clenched — teeth gnashed, and noses bled;
 And struggling, tumbling, rolling, on they go,
 Till Patch was parted from his prostrate foe:
 Conqueror, alike in battle and th' abyss,
 The day, the triumph, now is doubly his!

'T were vain to trace the toils the hero passed,
 Through each repeated trial, to the last:
 From towering masts to Hudson's tide the leap,
 Or from Niagara's more appalling steep:
 Till that dark day of sorrow's blackest frown,
 When the bright sun of leapers last went down;
 And that great light so many streams had drenched,
 Oh, Genesee! — was in thy waters quenched.
 No cloud — no gloom that morn the heavens o'erhung,
 Yet dark forebodings rose from many a tongue;
 And warning voices bade him shun the shore,
 And tempt the horrors of the leap no more.
 But with that fatal bias which has led
 So many a hero to his doom, he said:
 'Could danger fright, I ne'er had braved th' abyss:
 If death must come, what fitter hour than this?'
 He ceased, and leaping from the fatal shore,
 Dropped like a stone, and sank to rise no more!
 When to the crowd the awful truth grew plain,
 That daring form was ne'er to rise again;
 They spoke not, shrieked not, wailed not; with dismay,
 Each gazed on other, dumb — then turned away.
 And oh! most sad, most touching sight — the mate —
 The widowed comrade of his wandering fate —
 His bear, returning with the mournful throng,
 There led, all friendless, masterless, along!

He fell! — the Great Descender of his time —
 The only traveller in his route sublime:
 Sole, last — nor had before, nor since he fled,
 A rival, living, or a follower, dead:
 Forewarned, like Nelson, of his doom, too well;
 Like Nelson, mid his scenes of glory fell:
 By that last mortal effort of his mind,
 Enriching truth, but begging mankind.
 Dropping too often — for his zeal was such —
 He yielded, vanquished by a drop too much.
 Think not I mean to hint the hero quailed
 Too oft for health the soul-inspiring draught:
 Though some there be who slanderously contend
 He thus was basely hurried to his end.
 Weak, ignorant fools, then know ye not, indeed,
 That souls of fire on fiery food must feed?
 That what would burn your feeble nerves apart,
 Is natural diet to the great of heart?
 As well the dull and browsing ass might sneer
 At locomotive in its swift career;
 Unthinking, in the folly of his ire,
 That such tremendous energies require
 A drink of scalding vapor, and a food of fire!

There are, who hold this dread belief, beside:
 That by design the mighty leaper died;

That of earth's common, tame abysses tired,
 His soul some wilder, bolder plunge desired ;
 And thus, all braced to brave the final pang,
 Down the deep gulf that knows no bottom, sprang.
 Such were an end — howe'er the heart it thrill —
 More in accordance with his daring will.
 Why should he farther here prolong the strife ?
 He had fulfilled the mission of his life ;
 And ran art, science, and the world in debt :
 A mighty debt, alas ! uncanceled yet.
 Oh ! my sad pen with tears of ink could weep,
 To find such worth left unrenowned to sleep.
 His class immortal, who possess, combined,
 Th' heroic body with th' inventive mind ;
 Too rarely run with triumph to the goal,
 Till from the clay-clog death has loosed the soul.
 Then shall their fame rush brightly into day ;
 What present owes them, future time shall pay ;
 And all, who erst their living fires did spurn,
 Shall throng to hail the ashes of their urn.

No living laurel on their brows may bloom,
 But chiselled garlands shall enwreath their tomb :
 No praise shall swell, their lonely course to cheer,
 Till poured unheeded in their marble ear :
 Their very features to the world unknown,
 Till carved by glory in the pallid stone.
 'T is only from the chilly air of death
 Fame, like the soul, first draws enduring breath ;
 And genius, when from earthly fetters freed,
 First grows immortal, when it has no need.
 Like rays phosphoric that surprise the night,
 'T is death's corruption fires its hidden light :
 Death's tongue of thunder tells us, when gone by,
 Some flash of wit has shot along our sky.
 The world to merit wakes not till 't is past,
 And notes no struggle, till it makes the last :
 Nor knows the skies a genius deigned to rain,
 Till like a cloud it blooms on high again :
 Learns not a spark astray from heaven has come,
 Till the bright wanderer finds once more its home ;
 And, like a star life's day-time has concealed,
 Stands, by the darkness of the grave revealed.

Martyr of science ! — in whose glorious cause
 Thou lost thy life, and gain'dst the world's applause,
 To the historian of thy deeds sublime,
 Thou seem'st a fossil monster of old time :
 Huge, shadowy, lone, of mighty race of yore ;
 But now on earth extinct for ever more.
 Mine be the boast thy relics to have stirred !
 Mine the Cuvierian hand that disinterred,
 And classed thee monarch of a giant reign,
 Whose mammoth like we ne'er may see again.

Farewell ! Great Heart ! Thou'rt doomed to bright renown,
 And like thy body shall thy fame go down
 To the deep sea that rolls without a shore,
 Farther than fame or body went before.
 Oh ! happy chance that gave thee for my theme !
 Now, linked together, will we sail the stream ;
 Thou shalt be called the PATCH whom Flaccus sang,
 Or I the bard who PATCH's praises rang :
 Yes ! I shall buoy thee on th' immortal sea,
 Or, failing that, thyself shalt carry me !

END OF THE GREAT DESCENDER.

THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

CHAPTER III.

RELATES NOW OUR HERO WAS RECEIVED BY THE MEMBERS OF MR. TREMLETT'S HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN Mr. Tremlett came down to breakfast next morning, he discovered that something had occurred to ruffle the temper of his house-keeper, for that respectable old lady made a display of some of the most dignified airs that were probably ever seen in a republican country. And she did not allow him to remain long in ignorance of the cause of her unusual stateliness of demeanor.

'That little scamp,' said Mrs. Swazey, as she filled up Mr. Tremlett's cup, 'is the greatest villain; the greatest villain,' she repeated again, giving the coffee urn an emphatic shake, 'in the individual world.'

'I am afraid he is a rogue,' said Mr. Tremlett.

'I can dispel all your fears on that subject,' said the dignified lady; 'I *know* he is.'

'Has he made his escape?' inquired Mr. Tremlett.

'No, Sir, he has not, but I reckon he will;' replied the lady, 'for this house is not big enough to hold him and me, as big as it is.'

Mr. Tremlett thought to himself, as he swallowed his coffee, that he had some right to be heard in the matter; and he determined that the boy should remain, if it was only to convince his house-keeper that he would do as he pleased in his own house.

'What has the boy done?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'Every thing,' replied the lady; 'he abused me in the shamefulest manner.'

'But you must make allowance for the poor child's education,' said Mr. Tremlett; consider that he has not had the advantages of other children.'

'I can consider nothing as an excuse for unnatural conduct,' replied the lady; 'for that shows a natural wickedness of heart; and I never heard any minister say that we must forgive unnaturalness, particularly in beggars.'

'It is very true,' replied Mr. Tremlett, 'that unnatural conduct, particularly in a child, shows a native wickedness of heart, that we can hardly hope to correct by education.'

'Very much so indeed,' said Mrs. Swazey, approvingly.

'But I do not understand why the accident of a bad man's being a beggar, should place him out of the pale of forgiveness.'

'It is a high time of day, to be sure,' said the lady, 'if beggars are to be choosers.' As Mr. Tremlett made no reply to this conclusive answer, the lady concluded the day was her own, and proceeded to relate her grievances in a more subdued tone.

'I was always very partial to children,' she continued, 'particularly boys, although I never had any of my own; that is, I never *have* had any,' she said, as if she meant to convey the meaning that she might

have had, if she had been so disposed. 'I always liked boys much better than little girls, they are so interesting; and when I was president of the Good Samaritan Society, there is no end to the jackets and trowsers I used to make for them, the little darlings!'

'Ah, I dare say,' said Mr. Tremlett.

'Yes, that I did,' continued Mrs. Swazey; 'and there is no knowing what I would'nt have done for this little villain, if he had behaved himself with the least similitude of respect toward me.'

'Pray in what manner did he abuse you?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'I declare I am afraid to tell you for fear you will throw him into the street.'

'O, no, I will not use any violence toward him, I promise you.'

'Then I will tell,' said Mrs. Swazey, 'let the consequences be what they may. After Bridget had combed his hair and washed his face, he looked so fresh and so beautiful, and reminded me so much of my sister's eldest boy, who died three-and-twenty years ago, that I could not help wanting to kiss him; and when I made known my wishes to him, instead of holding up his lips to be kissed, he ran away, and said he did n't love to kiss old women!'

'O! O!' said Mr. Tremlett, 'I shall certainly pull his ears.'

'I gave them a good smart box, myself,' said Mrs. Swazey; 'but not so much for his impudence to me, as for calling you by the most awful name.'

'Ah! indeed! and pray what did he call me?' inquired Mr. Tremlett, while a slight blush covered his cheek.

'He called you the old covey,' said Mrs. Swazey, speaking in as solemn a tone as she could.

'The old covey,' exclaimed Mr. Tremlett; 'and pray how did it happen that he called me so?'

'Bridget is a silly, ignorant creature,' replied Mrs. Swazey, 'and she is so vain that she is always fishing after compliments from every body. 'She don't care who they come from, if she only gets them. So, while she was washing the boy's face, she asked him who he loved?—expecting, of course, that he would say her; but he said 'the old covey up stairs,' meaning you; but I gave him such a box on the ears, that he will not say so again in a hurry, I'll warrant.'

Although Mrs. Swazey had never seen the merchant manifest any very angry feelings, yet judging from her own passions, as some foolish persons will do, she expected to see him fly into a great rage, and throw the young outcast into the street, at the very least; her astonishment, therefore, may well be conceived to have been very great, when Mr. Tremlett rose up from table, as soon as he had swallowed his coffee, and going into the kitchen, patted the head of the little vagabond, with a look in which love and compassion seemed to vie with each other.

'I declare he is a pretty creature,' said Bridget, who felt herself at liberty to be as loquacious as she pleased in the kitchen, although she could not have been prevailed upon to open her lips before her employer in any other place.

The boy looked up with a confident and good-natured smile into the face of the merchant, but it soon subsided, and gave place to an expression of awe, as if he was astonished at finding himself an object

of kindly regard; and then a tear dropped upon his cheek, as the old gentleman continued to stroke his glossy hair.

'So, then your name is John, and you have got no other name?'

'Is n't one name enough?' replied the boy.

'Law, now, was there ever!' said Bridget, who stood looking upon the boy as fondly as though she had been his mother.

'No, no; one name is not enough, my little fellow,' said Mr. Tremlett, 'and you shall have another.'

And then our hero looked very seriously, first at the old merchant, and then at Bridget, as if wondering in his little mind what it could all mean. And well he might wonder, for such treatment was strangely unlike any he had ever experienced before. Kicks and cuffs he would have taken quite as a matter of course, but kind words and caresses were to him a new species of human treatment. Mr. Tremlett had already overstayed his usual breakfast hour, but before he went down to his counting-room, he gave Bridget and Mrs. Swazey strict orders to treat the boy well, and not allow him to escape. The last injunction was quite unnecessary, for the youngster evinced the most perfect satisfaction with his present quarters, and had made himself quite at home in the kitchen.

But Mr. Tremlett had no sooner closed the door behind him, than Mrs. Swazey bounced into the kitchen, to relieve herself of a few choice expressions, which having been coined in her imagination, might have produced very serious consequences, if she had not let them escape by the proper outlet. So some youthful poet, having written a string of the most original verses, would infallibly fall into the worst state of that melancholy disorder which manifests itself by a turn-over shirt collar, and a fondness for gin, were it not for the relief he is sure to find, by sending them off to some ogre of the public press, who will take no more notice of them than the most swinish porker would of an orient pearl.

'Well, I wonder what is going to happen next!' exclaimed Mrs. Swazey.

'I do wonder if the world is coming to an end, or if the millennium is going to happen! Of all the goings on that ever I *did* hear of, this beats the Dutch! I wonder if some people thinks that some folks has got nothing to do but to take care of Irish brats. If some people has a mind to be unginteele, I know of some folks that wont be. The goodness be praised, I am no matron yet! I desire to be thankful I come from as ginteele a family as some folks, if I aint *quite* as rich: for my part, the goodness knows I do n't care for any body's money. My grandfather, which was a merchant in the revolution, was almost as rich as King George himself; but the way some folks takes on about a little money, is enough to make some people sick. For my part, the goodness knows if there is any thing I hate and detest, it's airs.'

Mrs. Swazey delivered herself of a good many more remarks about 'some folks,' and 'some people,' receiving not a few sympathetic exclamations from Bridget, who listened to the outbreak of the good house-keeper with as much eagerness as though it had been a confidential communication of the very choicest scandal. At length the good lady's mind being partially relieved, she sought farther ease by

cuffing the ears of our hero, who having taken off the keen edge of his appetite with a monstrous plate of buttered toast, was now striving to satisfy himself with some crusts of bread, and a saucer full of molasses. The little fellow, having been all his life used to such compliments as kicks and cuffs, instead of setting up a piteous howl, as some children more tenderly reared would have done, applied an epithet to the house-keeper which it is hoped he did not fully understand, although the fact of his immediately taking to his heels would seem to imply that he did. Mrs. Swazey did not stop to ask for an explanation, but taking hold of a mop-stick, she gave chase, followed by Bridget with no other instrument of destruction than the two broad hands with which nature had generously endowed her. And here we will leave our hero, with the house-keeper and Bridget in hot pursuit after him, and return to Mr. Tremlett; and as it will break in upon our narrative, we will bring this chapter to a close.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL AFFORD A FURTHER INSIGHT INTO THE CHARACTER OF MR. TREMLETT.

It rarely happens that a rich man is destitute of poor relations, for Fortune generally bestows her favors in such a manner, that where one succeeds in scraping together a competence, there are fifty others to whom the laws of consanguinity give a claim to it, without their having stretched out a finger toward its acquisition, and who would look upon themselves as ill-used individuals, if he to whom it belongs should dispose of it in such a manner as to place it out of their reach at his death. But such was not the case with Mr. Tremlett. As far as kindred were concerned, he stood alone in the world; although he was descended from an old respectable family, who had emigrated to this country soon after the landing of the pilgrims. And having in his early youth enjoyed the delights of relationship to parents, and brothers, and sisters, he felt now, in his old age, more keenly the want of some one on whom he could lavish his wealth and his affections, and who would repay him with those sympathetic attentions which wealth alone could never purchase. He had passed the age when he could hope to gain the wished-for friend in a wife, and he was too wise, or perhaps too timid, to purchase, at the expense of comfort, the appearance of happiness which the marriage state might confer. He had long entertained the idea of adopting an orphan child, and he probably would have done so many years before, if one had been presented to his notice. Chance threw our hero in his way at a fortunate moment, and his unconstrained and spirited actions, joined to his healthy appearance and beautiful face, made an almost instant impression upon the old man's heart; and his kindly feelings manifested themselves so plainly in his looks and his actions, that they immediately begat a kindred love in the boy. And never did a young maiden experience a truer sensation of delight at finding herself the object of some brave youth's regard, than did the old merchant at discovering that the ragged little urchin, who a few hours before had endeavored to pick his pocket, looked up to him with a feeling of love and reverence. Although unaccustomed

to act without due caution and calculation, he was not long in making up his mind to adopt and educate our hero as his son. To the unreflecting, this may appear like a very hasty determination on the part of Mr. Tremlett; but when the heart and the head are engaged in a negotiation, it requires but a marvellous short time to come to terms.

Mr. Tremlett went down to his counting-room, after he left the boy, with more pleasurable sensations leaping up in his breast than if a change in the markets had doubled the amount of his worldly possessions. The acquisition of wealth to the miserly, is the chief source of pleasure; and increased possessions rather increase than diminish the appetite for gain; but Mr. Tremlett was no miser; he was a prudent, successful merchant; and mere wealth had long ceased to afford him gratification; but to have discovered an object that he could love, might well make the heart of a lone man glad.

Mr. Tuck perceived an unusual sprightliness in the manner of his partner that morning; and his corresponding clerk, who enjoyed the distinguished honor of writing letters at a mahogany desk, placed within whispering distance of his principal, ventured to suggest to a correspondent, in a postscript, that there was probably a favorable change in the money market, 'as our Mr. Tremlett was unusually courteous in his manner that morning.'

That any thing short of a change in the markets could either elevate or depress the feelings of any one interested in the house of Tremlett and Tuck, had never popped into the imagination of either the junior partner or his corresponding clerk.

Mr. Tremlett soon despatched his business at the counting-room, and without stopping to open one tenth part of the letters that had been placed upon his desk for his perusal, he hurried back to his house, where he arrived at a very lucky moment, and probably just as the reader, as well as our hero, will be very ardently wishing for him to make his appearance.

CHAPTER V.

RELATES HOW OUR HERO ESCAPED FROM THE VIOLENT HANDS OF HIS ENEMY, AND ALSO HOW THE MEANS TAKEN TO EFFECT HIS RUIN SIGNALLY FAILED IN THEIR OPERATION.

OUR hero took to his heels, for he knew by actual observation that the expression he had made use of was calculated, above every other epithet in the language, to rouse the feminine ire of even a less susceptible person than Mrs. Swazey; and to one of her genteel pretensions, he rightly supposed it would be particularly wrath-provoking. And fortunate was it, both for him and you, gentle reader, that his heels were light, and his limbs supple; for if she had overtaken him in the first effervescence of her wrath, it is probable that his career, and consequently this history, would have been brought to a sudden conclusion. It unfortunately happened that there was but one stair-case to Mr. Tremlett's house, it being a fashionable mansion, up which our hero flew, with the swiftness of a squirrel leaping about the branches of a tree, without stopping to reflect that his retreat would inevitably be cut off. But up he mounted, till at last he reached the attic, where he looked about him with a fluttering heart, and found that there was no possible chance for his escape,

except by leaping through one of the loop-holes in the cornice. Mrs. Swazey was soon within striking distance of the culprit; but many pursuers beside her have missed the object of their pursuit, when it has been within their reach, from a too great eagerness to grasp it. Such was the eager haste with which she ran toward our hero, that her foot slipped, and caused her to prostrate herself in a manner not wholly becoming one of her refined manners. But he scorned to take any other advantage of her accident, than what was necessary for his self-preservation; so regaining the stair-case, he ran down with as much celerity as he had ascended it; but Bridget, being stationed at the bottom, caught him in her brawny arms, and in spite of his kicking and pinching, held him fast, until Mrs. Swazey came down.

It was not many minutes before that exasperated lady, with the aid of Bridget, had placed our hero across her knees, preparatory to the infliction of a punishment which may justly be called the martyrdom of childhood, and which is as hurtful to the tender flesh as it is mortifying to the feelings of that period of our existence, when suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Tremlett made his appearance, just in time to save our hero from an indignity which, though it may have been inflicted upon the majority of the human species, is, nevertheless, not one of those calamities common to the hero of a romance. 'Tut! tut! tut!' exclaimed Mr. Tremlett, with an unusual degree of warmth, 'what's all this?'

Bridget, at the sight of her employer, covered her face with her apron, and fled to the kitchen; and Mrs. Swazey suffered our hero to escape from his unpleasant position, and being too much excited to enter into an explanation, she rushed out of the room without speaking a word, leaving the lad and Mr. Tremlett alone together. The young gentleman was a good deal flustered, and somewhat shamefaced from being seen in such a degraded condition by his kind benefactor; but he soon regained his composure, and again looked up into the face of the merchant with that winning look of confident innocence, which had at first made an impression upon his heart.

'I am afraid you are a very bad boy, Sir,' said the merchant, looking very grave.

'I will try not to be,' replied the youngster, while a tear glistened in his eye.

'You must not only try, but you *must not be*,' said Mr. Tremlett; 'I shall not allow any bad boys to live with me.'

'And will you let me live with you, if I'll be good? O, I will be good!' replied the boy.

'Perhaps I may,' said the merchant; 'but I certainly shall not, if you are bad. But come, get into the carriage with me; I am going to take you to the Asylum; and then I will see whether I will let you live with me or not.' Just then Mr. Tremlett's barouche drove up to the door, into which the merchant got, taking our hero with him, although apparently very much against the inclination of that young gentleman, who by no means relished the thought of being taken back to his old quarters.

As soon as the carriage drove off, Mrs. Swazey thanked her stars very devoutly that she had got rid of the little wretch. And Bridget said that she could not help loving him, to save her soul, notwithstanding he was so imperdent; and that she must say that he was the

cunningest dog that ever lived ; and then the house-keeper relented a little, and said she would allow he was the most beautiful-complected child she had ever seen, and that his skin, to be sure, was as soft as velvet, and that he *did* know enough.

' Law, now,' said Bridget, ' I do wish I had cut off a lock of his hair ; it would look so beautiful in a locket !'

Then Mrs. Swazey desired to be thankful that she ' had plenty of genteel relations, who had as beautiful children as the best of folks.' And then when Bridget ventured to make a reply, she desired her to hold her tongue. And so these two ladies continued to talk for some time longer about our hero, differing in some non-essential points, as ladies will, but both agreeing that they were the luckiest persons alive to have got rid of him so easily ; when, to their utter consternation and dismay, Mr. Tremlett returned in his barouche, bringing the subject of their conversation with him, but entirely divested of his rags, and dressed in a new suit of the very latest fashion, which Mr. Tremlett had procured at a boy's clothing emporium in Broadway. For the first time in her life, Mrs. Swazey was struck dumb with amazement ; and when Mr. Tremlett told her that he had determined to adopt the boy into his family, and to educate him as his son, her tongue refused to do its usual duty, and all the organs of loquaciousness, with which she was well endowed by nature, suddenly became powerless. But Mr. Tremlett did not pretend to take notice of her eloquent silence, but told her to prepare a suitable apartment for the young lad, and always to treat him kindly.

One of the very last things that a woman ever thinks of doing, is to acknowledge herself out-generalled by a man, whether he be her lord and master, or her master only ; and therefore Mrs. Swazey immediately set her wits to work to devise some plan for ousting our hero from the affections and the premises of her employer. As to his living under the same roof with herself, she was determined that he should not. She saw that Mr. Tremlett had set his heart upon the youngster, and she perceived the necessity of immediate action, to prevent his affections from taking deep root ; and thinking that the fond old man would, beyond a question, prefer the off-shoot of some genteel family, to the stray lamb of an eleemosynary institute, she came to the determination of endeavouring to counteract the influence of the boy, by interposing the fascinations of some half dozen of her own nephews before the eyes of the merchant. Women are proverbially quick-witted, and prompt in action ; and Mrs. Swazey was an epitome of her sex. When Mr. Tremlett came home to his tea, he was rather more surprised than delighted, to find three middle-aged ladies, and seven young gentlemen, whose ages ranged from five to fifteen, all honoring him with their company to tea.

Children are objects of interest under all circumstances, except when they are in the presence of their mothers ; and then, as one of the ladies present on this occasion very justly observed, they behave as bad as they can, on purpose to mortify those who alone care any thing at all about them. But our hero, having no mother to torment, and feeling very sure that nobody present cared a straw about him, shone out like a star of the first magnitude among this constellation of juveniles, who were clustered together for the express purpose of putting him in the condition of a total eclipse ? This the partial eyes

of the three ladies prevented them from seeing ; in fact, they had looked so long and so steadily upon the dazzling brightness of their own particular stars, that they had become in a great measure blind to all others ; and each one felt certain that the choice of the rich merchant would fall on her own cynosure ; for Mrs. Swazey had explained to them in full the cause of their being summoned together. But Mr. Tremlett, not being influenced by any of those best feelings of our nature which affected the vision of the ladies, could not fail to perceive, at the first glance, the great superiority of our hero over the whole assemblage of prodigies.

As soon as the door opened, and Mr. Tremlett made his appearance, there was an immense sensation among the mothers ; and each little innocent immediately flew to his own natural protector. The fortunate lady, who happened to be nearest to the door, and who had the first chance at the merchant, was Mrs. Muzzy, a very genteel personage, whose only hope, a young gentleman of nearly four feet in height, stood at her side.

'Augustus, my love,' said Mrs. Muzzy, 'make a bow to the gentleman.'

But Augustus put his fore-finger into his mouth, and resolutely refused to move either hand, foot, or head ; all three of which it was necessary to do, in order to comply with his mother's request.

'Gustus, my darling, did you hear ?' said the lady, affectionately. But the young Augustus made no response.

'Come, Gussy, that's a darling, make a bow for the gentleman,' continued his mother. 'Augustus Muzzy, do as I bid you this moment ! — this instant !'

But Augustus Muzzy appeared suddenly to have conceived that a statuesque appearance was best suited to the occasion ; bow he would not.

'Poor boy !' said his mother, with a look that belied her affected sympathy ; 'he's got such a awful cold in his head, that he's 'most a fool to-day.'

'Never mind, never mind,' said Mr. Tremlett, good-humoredly ; 'the young gentleman will come to himself by and by, I dare say.'

'He *shall* make a bow, if I have to skin him alive !' said the excited mother, her face suddenly turning very red. But her threat had not the least perceptible influence upon the immoveable young gentleman ; upon which the lady lost all command of her better feelings, and catching hold of her darling, she dragged him into the next apartment, from which there arose such a terrible sound, that the company were convinced that the affectionate mother was putting her dreadful menace into execution.

The next lady who got an opportunity to show off, was Mrs. Stimson. She told her youngest to make a bow, and quick as thought the obedient child stepped into the middle of the floor, and rubbing up his little pug nose with the inside of his right hand, and thrusting his right foot behind him, he bent his little body nearly double.

The other lady, Mrs. Smickle, was almost suffocated with envy ; the happy mother of the boy smiled with ineffable delight ; while Mrs. Swazey herself regarded the triumph as complete.

'Well done, my little fellow !' said Mr. Tremlett ; 'and now can you tell me your name ?'

'Marquith de Lafayette Stithmthun,' replied the 'talented' young gentleman, without the least hesitation.

'And how old are you, Marquis?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'Eight years!' replied the miracle.

'Is it possible!' said Mr. Tremlett.

'He is not another day!' said the delighted mother; 'he was only eight years old the twenty-first day of last April; but I do n't know how many people have said they could not believe he was so young.'

'He is a precious darling!' said Mrs. Swazey; 'would n't he like to come and live with uncle Tremlett, dear?'

'No, I do n't want to,' said the youth.

'Why not?' said Mr. Tremlett.

'Coth mother thays you are a natthy old bacheldor,' replied the forward child.

This reply had a very sensible effect upon every person in the room, except only the one who uttered it; and he looked around him with the self-complacency of a man who has said, in his own opinion, one of the very best things that could be spoken. Little did the well-satisfied child know the anguish of his mother, the mortification of his aunt Swazey, the exultation of his aunt Smickle, or the chagrin of Mr. Tremlett, who did not like to receive such a home thrust, even from a gentleman of the dimensions of the young Marquis.

Now was Mrs. Smickle's time. She looked upon her three darlings with the most intense delight that a mother's heart is capable of feeling: she considered their fortunes as made; for she had not the slightest doubt of Mr. Tremlett's adopting all three. Her ample bosom heaved with emotion, and she could scarce keep the tears from her eyes. But, poor woman! she did not reflect that as she had always given her children the privilege of doing as they pleased, for fear of souring their dispositions, they would be very likely to continue to do so; and that if they did do as she might wish them to, it would be an accident.

'Now my dear,' said Mrs. Smickle to her youngest, 'speak pretty to the gentleman, and ask him how he does.'

'I wont!' was the reply.

'Do, darling, speak pretty, now,' said the indulgent mother, at the same time giving the young monster a kiss.

'I wont! I wont! I wont!' was the only return for this kindness.

'David, dear, *you* speak to the gentleman,' she said, addressing the next oldest, 'and ask him how he does?' And by way of enforcing compliance, she slipped a sixpence slyly into the boy's hand.

'I aint a-going to — only for *that*!' replied the youth, scorning the smallness of the bribe.

'Do, dear,' said Mrs. Smickle.

'You are always trying to make me do something I do n't want to,' replied the child; and without more ado, he set up a most piteous howl.

'Never mind, do n't cry,' said the anxious mother; and addressing her other darling, who was amusing himself with a back-gammon board under one of the tables, she said: 'Lucius, my love, get up and speak to the gentleman.'

'What shall I say?' inquired the youngster.

'Ask him how he does, dear; come, that's a sweet,' said his mother.

'Why do n't you ask him yourself?' inquired the young philosopher.
'Was there ever such torments?' exclaimed the amiable Mrs. Smickle, in a whisper to her sister Swazey.

'I declare, I feel as if I should go off the stage,' replied the house-keeper; for she began to discover that her deep-laid plans were all coming to nought.

Just at this moment, tea was announced, and a scene of great confusion ensued, during which our hero behaved himself with such perfect propriety, that he even won upon the good-will of Mrs. Swazey herself, and Mr. Tremlett was still more favorably inclined toward him than ever before. Such are the pleasing effects of contrast. If Mrs. Swazey had been religiously bent upon advancing the fortunes of our hero, she could not have hit upon a plan for doing it so effectually as by showing him off in contrast with such a troop of pampered young republicans as she had summoned together for a contrary purpose.

The sight of the dainties upon the tea-table dispelled all thoughts of every thing but present enjoyment from the minds of mothers and children, and all grievances were forgotten.

'Boys,' said the indulgent Mrs. Smickle, in a hurried whisper to her offspring, 'kill yourselves eating, for 't is all you will ever get out of *this* house, darlings.'

As the occurrences of the tea-table had no particular influence upon the fortunes of our hero, we will draw the oblivious veil of non-invention across them; and with the reader's permission, will here close the fifth chapter of this history.

PARTING FROM A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

We are parting, as with shadows,
From the friends of happy hours;
From the eyes whose kindly glances
Were as sunbeams unto flowers:
From the sound of gentle voices,
Whose tones have thrown a spell
Of gladness over every word,
Save the dread word, 'Farewell!'

Do we pass, to be forgotten,
From the fireside, and the board?
With our parting footsteps, lightly forth,
Like a jest, an idle word?
The sea lamenteth not the foam
Flung from its dashing crest,
Nor the eagle the looséd feather
That is falling from his breast!

Oh, friends! we would be treasured still!
Though Time's cold hand should cast
His misty veil, in after years,
Over the idol past;
Yet send to us some offering thought,
O'er memory's ocean wide;
Bright as the Hindoo's votive lamp,
On Ganga's sacred tide.

 OUTLINES OF PHACEOLOGY.*

'LET me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, for really and truly, I cannot live without eating. The stomach supports the head, and not the head the stomach.'

SANCHE PANZA.

PHACEOLOGY is the science which treats of the appetites, and certain marks upon the human countenance corresponding with them. This science cannot fail to commend itself to every inquisitive mind. An acquaintance with it will reveal the habits of men by a glance at the countenance, so that the main points in the character of an individual may be known almost instantly. Upon the importance of such an acquaintance to the merchant, the mechanic, the professional man, the lover, the *lovee*, the bachelor, the maid, in fine to all classes of persons, it is unnecessary to expatiate. It is true that Phrenology, in this respect, is in a measure useful; but when we consider that the head is almost invariably covered with hair, natural or artificial, we shall decide, once and for all, that Phaceology is *the* science on which we are to rely for an immediate knowledge of the human character.

There are implanted in the breast of every individual of the human family, appetites; and these appetites acquire strength in proportion to their gratification. Between them and the physiognomy there is a connection so mysterious, that the indulgence of the former, to an improper extent, will produce evidence thereof in legible marks upon the latter. These marks are ORGANS. There may be some capacious individuals disposed to doubt this, or even deny it *in toto*; to such I will say, that I cannot waste my time and talents in endeavoring to prove what is self-evident.

Phaceology is divided into :

I. MASTICATIVE PHACEOLGY, which relates to the appetite for food.

II. BIBATIVE PHACEOLOGY, which relates to the appetite for drink.

Masticative Phaceology has two organs : those of GUSTIFULLNESS, and GORMANDIZABILITY.

I. GUSTIFULLNESS. This organ is a lateral distension of the mouth, accompanied by a sly, inquisitive, cast of countenance. It is peculiar to individuals who are in the habit of tasting whatever of an eatable nature is within their reach, and continue tasting to the great gratification of their palate, and to the great annoyance of the owner of the thing tasted. Such individuals are egregious nuisances in society, and may be readily known by a little attention to the organ. Good housewives and retail grocers will find an acquaintance with the organ particularly useful; the former in ascertaining the character of 'help' that may offer for employment, and the latter in acquainting themselves with the habits of their visitors!

II. GORMANDIZABILITY. There is a great inclination in some men literally to cram themselves with food. They have a peculiar relish

* THE original spelling of this word is FACEOLOGY, I have changed it, that it might correspond with those of its sisters, Phrenology and Physiognomy. It may be divided into four or five syllables, as the 'student' shall choose.

for the good things of the table, and indulge their appetites to such excess, that soon the countenance loses its naturally healthy look and proportions, and becomes inflated and inflamed. The organ of gormandazibility may be traced in each direction, from the summits of the cheeks, to points between the eye-brows, and in the chin. It is of a Spanish-brown hue, and is scabbed. A knowledge of this organ will be of vast importance to gentlemen who are in the habit of having dinner-parties and suppers; especially if they are economists, from choice or necessity.

The organs of Bibative Phaceology are :

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|
| I. SANGAREETIVENESS, | IV. BUSTIVELOCITATIVENESS, | VII. BRANDIFORMITY, |
| II. EGGOPOSTABILITY, | V. PUNCHVOLUBLENES, | VIII. CARBUNCLIVITY, |
| III. VINEFRETABILITY, | VI. TODDYTIVENESS, | IX. POTHEASIVENESS. |

I. SANGAREETIVENESS. There is a luscious drink, the chief ingredients of which are port-wine and loaf sugar, known by the musical cognomen of sangaree. This drink is sipped with much gusto by people just indulging in the use of alcoholic stimulants. Its flavor is such, that the drinkers of it, frequently before they are aware, become victims to insensibility. The organ of Sangareetiveness is a slight flush of the countenance. It will not be recognized by any one who is not familiar with the science of Phaceology.

II. EGGOPOSTABILITY. There is another drink, of which rum and eggs are fundamental ingredients, bearing the abrupt name of egg-pop, or egg-nog. It is much desired by those who are in the early stages of intemperance. The organ is a slight redness of the eye, added to the organ of Sangareetiveness. Men in whom this organ is found, are inclined to instability of mind, and sometimes of body, and may with propriety be called men of Eggpopstability.

III. VINEFRETABILITY. Persons who indulge habitually in the use of wine, and frequently to excess, are subject to fits of irritability; and ultimately the countenance assumes a severity which, with the two preceding organs, forms the organ of Vinefretability.

IV. BUSTIVELOCITATIVENESS. Those who are addicted to the use of sangaree, egg-pop, wine, and drinks of similar character, are more or less in the habit of indulging in wild scenes of inebriety, commonly called 'sprees,' or 'bu'sts;' probably a contraction of *bursts*, signifying a breaking away from sobriety. These persons are called '*bus'ters*,' and are gregarious. When several of them are congregated together, they indulge themselves to such an extent, and their spirits become so elevated, that they find pleasure only in extreme obstreperousness, jactitations of the body, braggardism, and mischievous caperings. 'They have *gymnasia biborum*, (as old Burton hath it,) schools and rendezvous; these Centaures and Lapithæ toss-pots and bowls, as so many balls. . . . So they triumph in villany, and justify their wickedness, with Rabelais, the French Lucian; drunkenness is better for the body than physick, because there be more old drunkards than old physicians.' Such persons may be known by their blowzy countenances, and inflamed eyes, which together form the organ of Bustivelocitiveness.

V. PUNCHVOLUBLENES. There is a disposition in excessive drinkers of punch to punch their neighbors, as well as great volubility.

They are known by a slightly contracted brow, fiery eye, and half-opened mouth, which compose the organ of Punchvolubleness.

VI. **TODDYTIVENESS.** There is a warm drink called Toddy, of which old bachelors and old maids are extremely fond. The former, especially, imbibe it until their ratiocinative disposition has oozed out, and they are left in a state of blissful obmutescence. The appetite for this drink may be discovered by the organ of Toddytiveness, which is situated upon the nose, and is vulgarly known by the name of Toddy-blossom.

VII. **BRANDIFORMITY.** It is not difficult to find this organ in the brandy drinker. The deep vermilion hue of his countenance, and the strong development of the organ of Vinefretability, are always sufficient indications of it.

VIII. **CARBUNCLIVITY.** This is truly a wonderful organ. It is almost always to be found upon the nose of the old brandy and gin toper, and is composed of shining pustules, of various sizes and hues. When the possessor of this organ has been long addicted to inebriety, it extends itself to the cheek-bones and forehead. It has been said that it is used in dark nights, as a lantern to light its owner from the bar-room to his cheerless home. Whether we credit this or not, we may safely believe that it is the only lantern with which he should be trusted. For a farther description of the organ, I refer to Sir John Falstaff.

IX. **POTHEASIVENESS.** Those persons who make pot-houses their constant resort, and drink the chief part of their subsistence, are always possessed of this organ. It is too well known to require any description here. Look at the confirmed drunkard, and in his countenance you will see the organ of Potheasiveness.

I have thus given some of the outlines of this wonderful science; a science before which all other sciences will hide their diminished heads; a science which, for simplicity and definiteness, certainly cannot be equalled; a science which for sublimity is unrivalled, and for usefulness cannot be matched; a science which requires no bombastic parade, no fulsome panegyric, to obtain for it immediate and lasting celebrity. Time shall be no longer, when it shall cease to exist!

J. E. G.

THE PARTING.

MOMENTS of life there are, in which whole years
Of incident, and thrilling thought combined,
Are crowded; and the heart can, save in tears,
No channel for its deep emotions find.
Such, is the present — richly fraught, as brief!
Big with remembrances which charm the mind,
Of joys, as fading as the autumn leaf;
Past — but whose fragrance lingers still behind.
All that this pen might say, if 'Time would pause,
And rest his wing, till thought in words found vent,
Would leave the fount within but yet unspent,
And sad adieu be still the final clause:
But 'Time' that 'waits for no man,' pauseth not —
Farewell! To meet again, be yet our happy lot!

E. C. S.

THE CHRISTMAS GREEN.

'Twas beauty of Lebanon shall come unto thee ; the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box, together ;
to beautify the place of my sanctuary.' ISAIAH.

From the leafless wood we have gathered the pine,
With the hemlock branch and the winter vine,
And the laurel hath sprung from its frozen sod,
To wreath in beauty the house of God !
For this the fir-tree and box shall wave,
Its leafy wing o'er the holy pave ;
Round the sainted altar the wreath shall fall,
And the holy cross on the hallowed wall.

For this the cedar its leaf unfurled,
And bent in shade o'er an icy world :
And we strew thy path, oh SAVIOUR ! now,
With the living green and the deathless bough.
'Tis our hosanna ! a voiceless prayer,
Feeling that language can never share ;
The silent worship of heart to Thee,
And this is its bright orthography.

Death has touch'd our home, and the spirit grieves,
Its loved have past with the summer leaves ;
Yet brighter thoughts crest the surge of wo,
Work'd white from the turbid depth below !
A thought of heaven, a trust in God,
That faith which springs from its darken'd sod,
A winter vine that the storm has traced ;
God's autograph on a blighted waste !

L'ABEILLE.

LIMNINGS IN THE THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

THE NEWS-MAN AND NEWS-BOY.

In tracing the progress of the political and social movement which marks the present era, our attention is frequently arrested by specimens of the Genus Homo, created as it were out of the elements of society, as at present organized, and if not new in themselves, yet exhibiting novel combinations of the primal elements of human character.

Conspicuous among these monuments of a remodelled organization, stand the NEWS-MAN and NEWS-BOY. In analyzing the distinct claims to notice of these Mercurys of hebdomadal and diurnal literature, we shall find the news-boy to possess the most prominent and *piquant* attributes : moving, it is true, with more erratic steps than his senior, but exhibiting in his eccentricities and vagaries those Hogarthian peculiarities which are more readily transferred to the canvass, and when happily sketched, are universally recognized and appreciated.

The news-man is the messenger of the larger newspaper establishments, satirically termed by their Lilliputian rivals, '*the respectable sixpennies*.' The news-boy is born and nurtured in the more exciting purlieus of the penny press, and bears about him no doubtful tokens of his birth-place and lineage. Heir to the wit and slang, the

drollery and impertinence, the humor and frolic, the curiosity and perseverance, of his official parentage, he thrusts his wares in the face of the aristocrat and the plebeian, the belle and the slattern ; carrying out the principle of equal privileges to its utmost boundary, and hurling defiance alike at the frowns of the haughty, and the menaces of the testy.

The news-man, on the contrary, moves with the sober pace befitting his rank in the social scale ; and in the very whirlwind of excitement, caused by the receipt of important and unexpected intelligence, which serves to throw editors, clerks, pressmen, and compositors into a fever, never for a moment compromises his dignity by exhibitions of undue haste, or nervous anxiety. Scan him narrowly, and you may observe that his lips are slightly compressed, and his brow is a thought contracted ; that his features bear the impress of a consciousness that he is conveying to the ignorant mass tidings of high import : but his gravity of deportment is still admirably sustained, and his cool and practised bearing might serve as a study for even practised diplomatists.

The news-boy is a being of different order ; exhibiting not only the spirit, and confidence, and animation of youth, bounding with the spring of that elasticity which is lost in later life, but carrying into the public highways and by-ways the evidence of his familiarity with the mysteries of the craft, of which he is at once the type and the ornament. To awaken his enthusiasm, it is not requisite that his sheet should contain important intelligence, foreign or domestic. The editor of the paper of which he is the distributor may vainly have searched for novelties of a quality to arouse the flagging curiosity of his heterogenous patrons ; but let him not despair. The news-boy will remedy the evil. His inventive mind is at work, and ere he has traversed a square, you may recognise his voice, high above the city's din, proclaiming to the gaping crowd the information his sheet imports, of accidents and casualties which came not beneath the editorial ken of his employer, and the murderous barbarities of savages, which were never perpetrated, except in his own teeming fancy.

Question him closely, and he will give you a wink and a nod ; and if he deems you, in his expressive phrase, ' a knowing one,' will slyly thrust his tongue out of the side of his cheek ; but of these mysterious movements the inquiring crowd shall not be permitted to take cognizance ; and the next moment finds him at another point, heralding a series of novelties of which his former auditors remained in happy ignorance.

If loquacity be the prominent characteristic of the news-boy, his senior may be termed the High Priest of Silence. Follow him in his daily rounds, and no sound will be permitted to escape his lips. Does a dissatisfied subscriber require the delivery of his paper at an earlier hour ? The news-man hears the request, but deigns no reply. He has been known, on such occasions to *nod* intelligence, but his courtesy goes no further.

The news-man, in outward seeming, is decent and staid, and his dress is in keeping with his official character. In summer, it consists of a round jacket and trowsers, of some light material, with a hat so placed as to preserve the equilibrium of the owner's general bearing ; neither leaning to the one side nor to the other ; neither thrown back

slovenly, nor perched forward foppishly. His winter clothing is usually a peet jacket and trowsers, of strong pilot cloth, boots made of thick leather, with heavy soles, a fur cap, and woollen mittens.

The news-boy, deeming propriety of costume or manner a slavish obedience to social tyranny, discards all such degrading shackles, and exhibits his independence no less in the selection of his clothing, than in more important particulars. Combining in his personal *contour* the picturesque abandonment of the Italian Lazzaroni with the inartificial contempt of adornment of the Fulton-market loungers, his fur cap in winter, and open-flapped beaver in -summer, appear thrown upon his fertile cranium by the Genius of Disorder; now displaying its front to the left, anon to the right, and again to the rear; causing this oracle of penny-a-liners not unfrequently to appear like a crab — walking backward — when the rogue is using his pedals in the due order of nature.

His rough, out-at-the-elbows monkey-jacket, fished from the lowest depths of a pawn-broker's *omnium gatherum*, and trowsers to match, may be similar in form and texture to other articles of the like kind; but no sooner are they transferred to the wardrobe of the news-boy, than they seem invested with a new-being; as unlike any clothing extant, as is the wearer in comparison with the rest of his species. Watch him daily, and you will not detect a button-hole of his coat in conjunction with its lawfully-wedded button, nor any other part of his dress, in the position which the artist designed. The left angle of his coat collar will be found perched high above his ear, while its mate is quietly dosing in unambitious obscurity, under the right shoulder of the garment. His shoes are akin to his upper-benjamin; out at the toes, slip-shod, and exhibiting at every point that disregard of the unities which would throw a modern critic into convulsions.

The news-boy entertains some highly dangerous doctrines in relation to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. According to his logic, the cause which justifies war between nations, is equally a warrant for individual hostilities; and emulating the enlightened conduct of the British people toward their Gallic neighbors, he holds the juvenile venders of matches and pocket-combs to be his natural foes, against whom it is justifiable to declare eternal warfare. The faithful representative of the social movement of which he is the walking title-page, the catch-words and leading head-lines of the penny-press are familiar to him as household gods. He opens his mouth, and out flies a winged army of proverbs calculated to ridicule wealth, and condemn station. The news-boy hath no existence out of his vocation. From whence he emerges at the early dawn to run his erratic course, or whither he vanishes at the close of his daily labors, are profound mysteries, of which the public have not the clue. We may entertain a shadowy and imperfect idea that this running commentary on the superficial acquirements of the masses has at some period been like unto other children, in the possession of parents, guardians, and play-fellows; but in endeavoring to solve the problem, we at once are lost in the individuality of the official, nor can our mental laboratory furnish the wherewithal to separate the news-boy from his functional existence. His kindred or friends, if such he possess, have no being distinct from him; but like lesser lights, are lost 'in the blaze of his renown.'

The news-boy may be known by certain infallible characteristics. Meet him where and when you will, whether on the *trottoir* of Wall-street, or in the purlieus of the Exchange; on the thronged quay, or in the busy market-place; at morning, noontide, or evening; his hat or cap will be thrown rakishly on the side of his head, his literary burthen under one arm, while the other appears ever making preparation to single out a sheet for his customer; his eyes roving on every side to catch the slightest intimation that his paper is in demand.

During his perambulations in the centre of a block, he will trot along at a gait between a walk and a pace, but on reaching a corner, he invariably pauses to survey the scene on every side; and if no customer is in view, his feet involuntarily strike up a jig, the twin of which hath not yet been heralded in any work of the professors of the sublime art, nor reduced to practice by Tagliioni or Celeste. It partakes, in truth, neither of the spirit of the horn-pipe, the life of the fandango, the voluptuousness of the waltz, nor the grace of the quadrille. If it beareth affinity to any dance extant, the 'double-shuffle' of old Virginia, or the 'come-it-strong' of Communipaw, are entitled to the distinction; but there are so many scientific touches engrafted on the parent movement, that it may be safely classed among the novelties of the day.

While the news-man moves steadily around, in his accustomed circle, discarding innovation, and repudiating change, the news-boy delights in the invention of novel conceits, and rejoices in throwing off the quips and quiddities engendered in the exuberance of his wayward fancy. Regularity and system are the tutelary deities of the first, while the latter scorns to worship at their shrine. He points triumphantly to Napoleon, who subverted dynasties in defiance of all rules, overthrew systems like nine-pins, and planted his throne amid their ruins! If reminded of the necessity of continued patience and sustained energy, to accomplish any important result, he will inform you that ever-restless Genius leaps to its goal, while dull-paced Mediocrity lingers at the starting-post. He who would challenge him to a contest of wits, must don his most defensive armor, and look well to his guards, if he would not be worsted in the encounter. Many a rash gallant has rued the day, when he dared the news-boy to such a tilt; and it would make an anchorite smile, to view the crest-fallen champion of the upper ranks retreat, followed by the huzzas of the crowd, as his Lilliputian antagonist raises his thumb to his nose, extends his fingers, and with a wink and a leer, demands of his vanquished foe 'if he knows Joe Smith,' and with mock-gravity inquires if 'he sees any thing green in his (the news-boy's) eye!'

The news-boy is emphatically a creation of the new world, bearing on his front the impress of that rapidity of motion, and absence of repose, which exist in perfection in no other quarter of the globe. In other lands, the spirit of innovation affects but a small portion of the multitude; but with us, it is the great trait of national character; exhibiting itself in the cabinet of the statesman, the counting-room of the merchant, the work-shop of the mechanic, the drawing-room of the man of fashion, and the granary of the farmer. As the locomotive and the steam-boat are the mute heralds of its sway, so the news-boy may be termed its speaking representative. He cries his lite-

rary novelties from street to street, as customers are supplied, and is never guilty of neglecting opportunities.

The professor of metaphysics, in dissecting his mental structure, will find new veins of thought, scattered like trellis-work over its surface, compensating for their lack of depth, in the infinitude of their variety. Among other prominent characteristics, the organ of antipathy will be found in him more extensively developed than is consistent with a perfect mental organization.

The canons of fashion, the laws of dress, and the dictates of cleanliness, he especially eschews; averring that they are begot by pride from effeminacy, and totally unworthy the regard of a lad of spirit. Sobriety of demeanor he classes with hypocrisy, and denominates reflection the child of stupidity. Thought is in him the parent of action, and his imagination conceives no paradise, in which motion is not the main element.

Indolence and misery are synonymous in his lexicon, and his conceptions can embody no greater evil than the suspension of his locomotive powers. Being blest with a large share of assurance, he holds no communion with modesty. He confounds hesitation with unworthiness, and deems a strict regard to truth a sure evidence of a lack of invention. A decided utilitarian, with him the question '*cui bono?*' in its practical application, is a test for every theory in science, morals, and political economy. The romance of the heart, with its alternate tears and sunshine, he attributes to mental hallucination, and denies the existence of any ill which is unallied to bodily suffering. For the devices of heraldry, with their accompanying honors, he entertains no respect. Himself a creation of the hour, he owns no ancestry, and would conceive himself insulted by an allusion to the dignities conferred by noble lineage.

With him the past and the future are equally invisible. He plumes his wing for the sunny regions of the present, and looks not beyond its charmed boundary. His sheet is indeed an epitome of the hour; a picture to be glanced at and forgotten; a moving diorama, ever exhibiting new features; a vision, like the dawn of morning, pleasant but evanescent.

The news-man occupies a midway station between the ancient system and the new, infusing into the former a portion of the moving energy of the latter, and so mingling the elements of official character as not to be distanced in the march of improvement. If he lag somewhat behind the intelligence of the age, and the news-boy be found sporting in advance, the eccentric and desultory wanderings of the latter from the main track, frequently bring him to the side of his steady-minded senior. Whether the penny press has created greater evils than it has eradicated, is a mooted question; and as a consequence, the utility of the news-boy has been zealously denied, on the one hand, and as earnestly asserted on the other. But all this the news-boy heeds not. Feeling the vital principle strong within him, he trusts to the necessity which created him, to carry him through triumphantly; and with the world before him, falls back on his genius and aptitude, and they never fail to sustain him. But a short period has elapsed, since a portion of the conductors of the penny press attempted, like Mahmoud the Mighty, in the case of the Jannizaries,

to annihilate the whole tribe of news-boys at a blow ; but the effort met with signal discomfiture. The experiment taught the editors that the news-boy is a constituent part of the system ; an important ingredient entering into its essence and vitality, and indispensable to its existence.

Like a practical philosopher the news-boy takes the world as it goes, never repining at the rise or fall of stocks, the prevalence of storm or sunshine, or the abundance or scarcity of supplies. Good news or ill are equally acceptable, as both increase the demand for his sheet.

The news-boy is a politician, but no partisan. Holding doctrines sufficiently radical to border on the revolutionary, he pronounces the leaders of both parties little better than public marauders, whose marches and countermarches are guided by a single regard to their personal interests. His love for the people is not manifested by sickly adulation. Like a candid friend, he admits that the dear rogues are great rascals, but avers that he and his editor were especially born to reform them. Having no confidence in the virtue, or integrity, or punctuality of his patrons, like a modern politician, he demands the '*quid pro quo*' at sight !

It is but just to admit, that in the boldness of his innovations, the news-boy at times exhibits a disregard of the moralities, and a contempt for the humanities, of his species. Independent of the habit of exaggeration, which may be termed an element of his trade, he has been known to retain funds placed in his hands by credulous patrons, wherewith to procure change, and when casually confronted by the presence of his exasperated creditor, met him with a smile, facetiously remarking, that like the banks he had been obliged to '*suspend*.' His assaults upon his weaker brethren of the craft are at all times severe and unprovoked ; but it is fair to suppose that a laudable desire to retain his ascendancy, causes this apparent deviation from the path of good-feeling. The news-boy is a patron of the drama, and an oracle of the amphitheatres. He prides himself on being enabled to recognize the stars and lesser lights which twinkle in the Thespian galaxy, and with a patronizing air will inform you that 'there goes Tom Hamblin,' or 'yonder comes Ned Forrest.' For the benighted countryman, who is ignorant of the sayings and doings of the great metropolis, he expresses profound sympathy. In his opinion the man who has yet to learn the meaning of 'Jim-along-Josey,' 'All round my Hat,' 'Sich a Gittin' up Stairs,' 'Jump Jim Crow,' and phrases of the like elegance and point, is little better than a heathen, who could not have been reared in a civilized country. His perfect acquaintance with the thoroughfares and prominent places of resort in the great metropolis, has inculcated in him the belief that no one but an idiot can be ignorant of their localities ; and on a stranger's inquiring of one of the tribe the direction to the Astor House, that interesting personage placed his thumb against his pug-nose, fanned the air with his extended fingers, and informed the querist that 'he could n't come that gag over this child, no way he could fix it !'

In awarding to the news-boy the palm of superior activity and shrewdness, when compared with his senior, it is but just to admit that their relative positions exercise no little influence in producing

such a result. The official station of the news-man is that of a mere messenger, a bearer of despatches, while the news-boy holds the rank of minister plenipotentiary. The duty of the first is specified and clearly defined : the latter is thrown upon his mental resources, and success is the result of their judicious application.

As may be inferred from his official cognomen, the news-boy, in the ordinary course of events, must at length outgrow his profession, and enter on a new state of being. Appearing on the stage of action at the height of three-feet-six, his exit may be dated from the period at which he reaches four-feet-three. From thence his history is a blank. In fact he is the news-boy no longer. The body may remain, but the soul, the spirit has departed. Like the bottle of champagne uncorked at the last night's revel, the sparkle has evaporated, leaving dregs, 'stale, flat and unprofitable.' . . . While contemplating the rapid course of time, bearing onward to oblivion the monuments of pride, folly, and mediocrity, it is pleasant to indulge in a dream of immortality. Such a vision, dear reader, it is our happiness to descry in the vista. Whatever imperfections may be discerned in the present sketch, our humble name will be inscribed on the lofty pedestal which after ages shall erect to the fame of the news-boy ; and when posterity pays a willing tribute to his achievements, his early historian will not be forgotten !

MOUNTAIN SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOUWALD.

A GENTLEMAN of Switzerland, having observed a talent in his son for painting, sent him early to a renowned artist in Italy, where he remained many years, and then returned, accompanied by his master. On being asked if he did not prefer Italy to the land of his birth, he replied as follows :

I WENT, this morning early, with my master,
Upon the neighboring cliffs. Night's sable veil
Was yet but slightly lifted from the landscape :
Though the proud head of one stupendous glacier
Did soon begin, in this broad sea of night,
Like a far light-house cupola, to glisten !
'What, what is that !' cried I ; 'have they then, here,
As in our clime, earth's grim, fire-belching craters ?
Hath our Vesuve a giant brother here ?'

My master thus, in tremulous voice, replied :
'That is the peak of the great Alps-queen, Jungfrau,
Who, every morn, before her neighbors wake,
Dresses her lofty head with solar fire-flowers.'
And lo ! while we did gaze, the snow-cap'd peaks
Of other mountains straight begin to sparkle ;
And soon each Alpine spire stood glowing there,
Resplendent in the dark blue vault of heaven !
To me it seemed, that now was to be held
High matin mass beneath this dome of God !
That the sacrist's had hastened to the altar
To light these lofty, consecrated cressets :
Devoutly then I downward sank in prayer.

Ah ! now I well could feel and understand
The Switzer's passion for his father-land !

NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

THE HAGUE: VOORBURG: THE RHYNLAND.

No city in Europe is more celebrated for the general magnificence of its buildings, or the beauty of its promenades and streets, than the Hague. Having been the ancient residence of the old courts of Holland, afterward of the States General of the United Provinces, during the long period of their prosperity and power, and more recently the seat of the new government alternately with Brussels, it has at all times continued to receive those decorations proper to the residence of a court, and the place of resort of the most elevated and select society. While the purposes of the government itself have rendered a large number of public buildings necessary, other cities of Holland, and indeed several foreign nations, have contributed to beautify it by the construction of hotels for the residence of their representatives at a court, where the great interests of Europe so frequently centered. Of course a general spirit of cultivation and refinement, as well in manners as in all other respects, is a distinguishing trait of the Hague. The style of building, the dress and appearance of the inhabitants, the various decorations of the city, are more European than elsewhere in Holland; that is, have more of those peculiarities of taste, which, being characteristic of the upper classes, are substantially the same all over Europe. At the same time, in its canals, in its gardens and walks, and in the people who supply the daily market, you see enough of what is purely Dutch, to satisfy you in what country you are travelling.

What the Dutch particularly prize and admire, at the Hague, is the beauty of its public walks and its *places*, or squares, as, for want of a better name, they are called in English, and its noble groves and avenues of trees. Indeed, on whatever side you enter the city, you are partly prepared for this feature of it, by the broad and regular avenues of majestic trees by which it is approached: but the reality far exceeds the expectations which you will have formed; for nothing can exceed the rich verdure of the Vyverberg and the Voorhout. The Vyverberg is an extensive oblong square, planted with noble trees, and having a beautiful promenade which overlooks a large sheet of water, faced with stone, and having a wooded island in its centre, and beyond it, a pile of buildings connected with the old palace. The Voorhout is a magnificent street, bordered by rich buildings, with its rows of trees, conducting to the Wood, as it is called, of which I shall speak hereafter. The parade, and the park, with its herd of deer peacefully feeding under the trees, follow in the same direction. The Boschkant also deserves to be mentioned in connexion with the rest, it being a broad street, bordering on the Wood, as its name imports, and presenting similar features of blended rural beauty and city magnificence. Indeed, all this part of the Hague has the appearance of a vast garden.

Of the great edifices of the Hague, the Old Palace is the most ancient, and in other respects the most remarkable. It is a huge pile of buildings, of different ages and styles, put together without much system, yet not unpleasing in its effect. Part of it was the court of the counts of Holland, in the days of their glory. It is a sort of fortress, surrounded by water, to which you enter by three bridges and as many gates. In the central building is a large and lofty apartment, of great height, reminding one of Westminster Hall, in its general character, although not in its details. It was used, when I saw it, for drawing the prizes of the public lottery, and for the bills of the deferred national debt, which were placed in a colossal wheel, of a bold and striking construction. The other buildings contain extensive apartments, of various kinds. Some were occupied by the old States General; others by the Stadhouder; others, more recently built, by the National Assembly and by Louis Napoleon.

The new palace is the residence of the present king of the Netherlands. It was formerly used as the abode of several princes of the house of Orange, but has been greatly altered and improved, to adapt it to its present destination. It consists of a central building of brick, with two wings projecting in front, and with a superb garden in the rear; and although not preëminently beautiful as a royal palace, is yet convenient, and not open to particular exception. The king's family being at Brussels, I was enabled to see all the apartments, under the guidance of the house-keeper, who spoke good English. It seems, at first blush, somewhat singular that the private dwelling of a prince should be thrown open to every curious gazer; but a moment's reflection reconciles one to the usage; because the arrangements of the palace are all designed for ostentation, and while the exhibition of it occasions no inconvenience to the occupant, it serves to raise the ideas entertained of him by his subjects and by strangers. To describe minutely the interior of the palace, would be to give details of the color of hangings, and the materials of which the furniture was composed, partaking too much of the style of an upholsterer's inventory of goods and chattels. A few general remarks on the subject will suffice.

I was most agreeably impressed, in the first place, with the good taste which appeared to have presided over all the decorations and furnishing of this royal residence. Every thing in it united elegance with commodiousness, in a remarkable degree, all the comforts of refined life being collected, and it was throughout worthy of a monarch, yet without running into the senseless luxury and prodigality of expense displayed at Versailles by Louis XIV. Chairs and couches of figured satin, carpets of the best Brussels fabrics, hangings of silk, velvet, or gobelin tapestry, mantel ornaments, and clocks in the exquisite style of Parisian workmanship, portraits and other pictures, as usual, such were the contents of the various apartments. Pictures of the royal family abound, *comme de raison*, and busts of the family and those with whom they are now connected by marriage. Among the rest were fine portraits of two of her children, said to have been painted by the queen herself, and if so, highly creditable to her taste and education. Some few superior paintings, of a miscellaneous kind, are shown here, but they are not numerous, nor does the palace possess many of those master-pieces of art which distin-

guish several of the royal residences in Europe. Some of the most beautiful objects in the palace were presents from other sovereigns, and among them a superb font of polished jasper, presented by the Emperor Nicholas, particularly attracted my attention. Some other edifices deserve a passing notice.

The palaces of the present Prince of Orange and of Prince Frederic, situated in another part of the city, are simple and unpretending, but suited to their rank. The *Stadhuis* contains, according to the custom of the country, a number of portraits of persons distinguished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a considerable library. Several of the churches are worthy of notice, especially the principal one, which contains the mausoleum of Admiral De Wassenaar, beside the tombs of many noble families. It is also decorated with the insignia of a number of knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, a chapter having been held here in the time of Philip the Good. Another, called the New Church, is highly esteemed for its architecture, especially the vaulted roof, which is sustained without the aid of pillars. Every friend of liberty will view with interest the spot in one of the public places, where the wise and virtuous De Witt perished with his brother, the victims of an infuriated faction. Of the great establishments of a miscellaneous kind, the cannon foundry is the most curious, and ranked among the best in Europe.

One of the circumstances which distinguishes the Hague, is the value of its collections in literature, science, natural history, antiquities, and the arts. It contains a public library, planned in humble imitation of the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, and respectably furnished with books, manuscripts, and medals. Several private associations also possess collections of various kinds. But the most important of all, are the cabinet and museum preserved in the palace called *Mauritshuis*, so denominated from having been originally the hotel of Prince Maurice, the Dutch governor of Brazil. The museum consists of a fine collection of the Dutch and Flemish masters, with some few specimens of the schools of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy.

The Cabinet of Curiosities fully deserves the name; for it contains an extraordinary collection of antiquities and other curiosities, of the greatest rarity and value, having relation to the manners and customs of different nations and ages. To attempt any satisfactory enumeration and description of its contents would require a volume; and I shall only particularize some few of the most curious articles. There is a large series of articles from China, representing every thing curious in the arts, the agriculture, the trade, the domestic life, and the religion of that singular people; and a similar series, illustrative of the national peculiarities of Japan, forming a collection unrivalled by any thing of the kind to be seen in Europe. Apparel of every description; armor and instruments of warfare; a great variety of services for the table; figures in the costume of religious ceremonies; every article used in the toilet; an extraordinary quantity of specimens of all the delicate workmanship of the Chinese in ivory, shell, pearl, sandal-wood and rice, and other valuable materials; models in colored wax of all the peculiar fruits of the country; paintings representing the mode of cultivating rice and tea; large cases containing groups of figures in various occupations, for the purpose of exhibit-

ing the manners of the Japanese to the very life; large models of factories and towers, precisely as they exist; in short, every thing which the singular ingenuity and industry of the Chinese could make, in illustration of the actual state of China and Japan. Many individual articles are also found here, having reference to the people of Hindostan, of the Cape of Good Hope, of the slave coast, of America, and of other parts of the globe, which the commerce of the Dutch enabled them to collect; but not to be compared in variety or value with those things which are of Chinese origin. Among single things of the same nature, the most curious is a large case of tortoise shell, manufactured at Amsterdam, by order of the Czar Peter, at a cost of thirty thousand florins, representing the whole interior of a rich merchant's house, as they were in Holland at the close of the seventeenth century. Another class of interesting curiosities consists of memorials of the great men of Holland. Thus you see the cuirass of the admiral Hein, the large heavy musquetoon of Van Tromp, and the entire military equipments of De Ruyter, consisting of his coat-armor, sabre, chain, gold medal, and baton of command. Interesting as these are, they yield in attraction to the habiliments of William I., at the time he was assassinated by Gerards. While they are invaluable as a memorial of the great man to whom they belonged, they are also curious as specimens of the coarse garb which a prince of that day wore, as compared with the splendid cloth and rich decorations of the present time. In short, this cabinet is emphatically a collection of the most original kind, rich and instructive as it is original, and in its Asiatic articles especially, it bears honorable testimony to the laudable curiosity of the Hollanders.

There is much also in the environs of the Hague to gratify the stranger. What first attracts him is the beautiful Wood, which commences at the city itself, and is a remnant of the vast forest which anciently extended along the coast of Holland. It contains many trees of a great age, and is embellished with winding alleys and meandering streams, which render it a most delightful promenade in the summer months. It is traversed by an excellent road, which leads directly to the Palace in the Wood, a country house built by Amelia de Solms, widow of the stadhouder Frederic Henry. She caused the saloon to be decorated with splendid paintings, representing the principal actions in the life of her husband. A set of apartments is furnished magnificently with hangings and furniture, all of Chinese workmanship, of the richest materials and fabric. Here is the favorite promenade of the inhabitants of the Hague, who regard, with commendable pride, the fine old oaks, clad in all their native luxuriance, which adorn this noble wood.

Another excursion, which affords equal gratification, but of a different sort, is to Zorgvliet, to the fishing town of Scheveningen, or Schevening, and the sea-shore, about ten miles from the Hague. A beautiful road, so straight that the steeple of Scheveuing is visible at the very entrance, and bordered by four rows of elms, oaks, and lime trees, forms an agreeable walk thither from the Hague. On the left are the celebrated gardens and orangery of Zorgvliet, where the poet and statesman, Jacob Cats, retired from his political labors, and still admired for the beauty of the grounds. Along the magnificent

avenue you meet the fishermen and their wives, going to or returning from the market at the Hague, with their costume so different from that of the city, and their little carts drawn by panting dogs. It was late in the afternoon when I returned from Schevening, and what especially amused me, was to see the fishermen trudging along with huge baskets balanced on their heads, and filled with articles for domestic use or food, which they had bought with the proceeds of their fish; while in many cases the husband rode home in genteel indifference, dragged by his dogs in the little cart, and leaving his wife to go on foot, and to carry the burthen beside. It is the singularity of the dress, appearance, and manners of these people, which renders Schevening an object of interest. The village is sufficiently wretched in appearance, being on the edge of the sandy waste washed by the sea. Children rolling about in the sand, only half covered by miserable rags; old men parading their decrepitude in the dirt, to excite compassion and gather a pittance of alms from the stranger; humble dwellings hardly blessed with the neatness characteristic of the country; such is the spectacle displayed in the streets of Schevening. A neat pavilion for the use of the queen, and a public inn and bathing-house, have recently been constructed near the water. Numerous fleets of small boats are constantly seen moored off the town, engaged in fishing; and larger vessels occasionally appear on the coast, from which there is an extensive view of the ocean. It was in sight of Schevening that De Ruyter beat the combined fleets of England and France, in 1673, gaining one of those great but hard-earned victories, which have immortalized his name.

I left the Hague much pleased with the city and its environs, taking the *trekschuyt* for Leyden, where I arrived in about three hours. The canal affords charming views, in consequence of the cultivated state of the country; but that part of it which passes through Voorburg, being the direct road from Delft to Leyden, is more delightful still. Along the side of the canal is the post-road with its avenue of trees, and the country is bright and gay, consisting of meadows and pastures, and sprinkled over with farm houses and country seats. Voorburg itself, which is supposed to be the ancient Forum Adriani, is a beautiful village, seemingly made up of country seats, and surrounded by verdant fields. The general style of these dwellings were much alike. A barn of neat construction, often fanciful, sometimes elegant, stood back among the trees, with its appropriate out-buildings. The grounds were curiously laid out, but always with verdant hedges, sometimes trained up to the height of ten feet, at others, clipped down to two or three, sometimes shaved perpendicularly to resemble a thin fence, and occasionally cut off on the summit, and made thick and heavy like a wall. In the gardens and across the fields, were walks laid out in various tastes, generally gravelled, and having small seats or benches here and there under the shade. Oftentimes beautiful villas rose among princely groves and gardens, with long avenues of trees and shrubs opening a magnificent vista to the canal. In almost every case, a summer house stood on the very edge of the canal, showing the strong attachment of the Dutch to the water, which leads to their construction upon the sedgey border of their canals, instead of in the recesses of a grove or a

shrubbery. These little summer houses are fanciful in form, frequently an octagon, with a Chinese roof, and generally having the name of the estate painted upon them in conspicuous letters, such as 'Mei Vleit,' 'Buyten Rust,' 'Veld en Vaart,' 'Zomer Lust,' and other names in the same taste of prettiness, near akin to affectation.

The weather being mild and delightful, with a bright sun and clement sky, on many of the estates were seen persons amusing themselves in their tranquil way. Little parties sat in the open summer houses, or under the trees, eating, drinking coffee, or smoking, or strolled in the smooth and shady avenues. Ladies were sometimes angling in the canal with their long fishing rods, sometimes reading or sewing at the windows of a fantastic little pagoda. Meanwhile the canal itself was busy with life and industry. Here the neat 'trekschuyt, with its animated freight, glided quickly along, greeted continually with salutations from the shore, and occasionally stopping for an instant to take in or land a passenger. Little boats now and then shot across the canal from a farm-house to bring home the master, not seldom rowed by the thrifty vrouw herself. Nay, repeatedly did I meet a humble packschuyt, slowly dragged along, not by a weary horse, but by the *schipper*, by his vrouw, and more than once by a small girl and boy, one before the other, tugging at the boat rope by means of a leathern strap passed over the shoulder and around the waist: while the canal was quite as lively with boats as it had been from Rotterdam to Delft, the shores were much more tasteful and picturesque, owing to the number and variety of the villas, and the shrubs and trees which adorned them, in this the heart of Holland.

In fact, I had now arrived in that district of the country which is called Rhynland, being so highly famed for its fertility as to be considered the garden of Holland. It forms an extensive district, of which Leyden is the centre, being intersected by the old or genuine Rhine, which passes through the midst of the city itself, but is here a small secondary stream. It presents on all sides the most agreeable views, the richest cultivation, the finest farms, in short, the perfection of agricultural industry. It is here that you find the best bread, and above all, the sweetest milk and butter, the largest and most productive cows. Having been the original seat of the ancient Catti and Batavi, and afterward one of the great stations of the Romans, who founded the Lugdunum Batavorum on or near the spot where Leyden now stands, it abounds in antiquities, at the same time that it exhibits all the fruits of early and long-continued cultivation, in the state of the soil and the quality of its productions. A large portion of this territory was reduced to the state of a sunken morass in the ninth century, in consequence of a tremendous tempest, which heaped up the sand on the coast, and completely dammed up the bed of the Rhine. Thus it remained for many centuries, until the persevering Hollanders, who had warred against the sea so successfully on other occasions, and redeemed from its ravages the richest of their provinces, at length undertook to drain this unfortunate region. To construct a canal from the Rhine to the sea, which should effectually drain the inundated territory, would be easy; but as the canal would be considerably below the level of the sea at high tide, and subject to violent shocks in bad weather, it required great ingenuity, and more

boldness, to effect the junction of this canal with the ocean. It was finally accomplished by means of a triple set of flood-gates constructed at the village of Katwyk-op-Zee, and of such solid materials and workmanship, as to bid effectual defiance to the waves. At ebb tide the gates are opened, and suffer the water to pass off; and at flood, they are closed, and protect the canal from the inroads of the sea, ranking among the most important works of the kind in Holland.

Amid the dead level of the surrounding country, the verdant ramparts of Leyden, the groves of trees around and within it, and especially the dark mass of buildings overtopped by the tower of St. Peters, and the ruins of the castle of Altenburg, all conspire to give to the city a distinguished and striking aspect, as you gradually approach it, and at length reach the head of the canal just without its gates. It contrasts the more strongly with the level meadows you are passing through, from being itself slightly elevated in some parts, so as to give its buildings a greater relief; for except the dykes raised by human industry, and the small sand-hills on the sea shore, the whole district seems as flat as the surface of a lake. And here the canals have for so many ages flowed tranquilly in their level bed, that the banks are grown up with shrubs, thick grass and sedge, as if Nature herself, unaided by man, had created the verdant channel. Frequently, also, the water is nearly covered with a small floating pond weed, making a deep green surface in those small canals where there is no boating, and by the sides of the larger ones, which are constantly traversed. Indeed, there is more or less of this floating weed on all the canals, although it is closer in proportion as the water is more completely deprived of movement. Intermixed with this, are the larger water plants, including the pond-lily, with its full white flower, in appearance resembling ours, but destitute of its exquisite fragrance. Such are the general features of the famous district of Rhyndland, and particularly of the immediate vicinity of Leyden.

F A M E .

'Dum Vivamus Vivamus!'

True Fame 's a plant that seems to need
A body buried, for its seed;
And ere the churlish sucklings thrive,
The parent stock must cease to live.
The good, the great, the wise, the just,
Are little valued till they 're dust;
Nor till they mutter 'Earth to earth,'
Can men perceive another's worth!

To find and count his merits o'er,
The noisome cell of Death explore;
Thus Indians search, so travellers tell,
For finest pearls, the putrid shell.
Time's height, and depth, and breadth, and length,
Add force to force and strength to strength;
'T is that alone which cannot die,
Nor even touch maturity!

BELLS, AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

I HAVE always loved the sound of bells. Sometimes, it is true, their music is associated with distress and gloom; but even then, they have a voice of instruction. And how often do they *re-create* scenes which swell the heart with gladness, and make us feel that there is much that is good and beautiful in human nature! Who does not love to listen to their music on the sacred Sabbath, in the midst of a great city?

It is the morning of a day in June. With what a solemn tone do they call the worshippers to the house of God! The streets, which a few hours ago seemed well nigh deserted, are now thronged with people. The old man, trudging along upon his staff; the bright-eyed maiden, with her sylph-like form; parents and children; the happy and the sorrowful, all are hastening to their devotions. The bells are again silent; the swelling notes of the organ now fall upon the ear. Let us enter this ancient pile, whose spire points upward to a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' A great multitude fills its aisles. The first psalm has been sung. Listen now to the humble, devout prayer of the gray-haired pastor. Anon, the sermon commences. A breathless silence prevails; while from the speaker's tongue, flow forth

'Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace.'

Is there any thing on earth, more beautiful than a scene like this? Does it not speak to us of that 'continual city' whose maker and builder is God? — whose streets are paved with gold — whose inhabitants are the children of the All-benevolent?

How different the scene which the fire-bell brings before the mind! Its sudden strokes seem to articulate the fearful word, 'Fire! — fire! — fire!' We know that the work of destruction is going on. We hear the rattling engines over the stony streets, the confused cry of men, and the wailings of distress. The rich man's dwelling is wrapt in flames, with the humble abode of his poor neighbor. The flame-banners flout the air; the smoke rises upward, and mingles with the mid-night clouds.

The confusion is passed. On the spot where stood the fairest portion of a noble city, a heap of smouldering ashes alone arrests the eye. The rich man has been reduced to poverty; the poor man is still more poor! God help him, and his helpless little ones!

Ennobling thoughts spring up within us, when we hear the many-voiced bells, on a day of public rejoicing. They may speak to us of blood, but yet they tell of glorious victories. They may commemorate the triumphs of mind, or the noble achievements of the philanthropic and the good. Peal on peal echoes through the air, mingled with martial music, and the roaring of cannon, while a thousand national standards float gaily in the breeze. Touching and grand is the music of bells, on such a day as this!

In the silent watches of the night, how often have I been startled by the sound of a neighboring clock! My mind has then gone forth, to wander over the wide region of thought. Then the bells have seemed to me to be the minstrels of Time; an old man, with bent form, his scythe and hour-glass in his withered hands. All over the world, are his stationary minstrels; striking their instruments, and heaving a sigh for the thoughtlessness of men. At such an hour, when the world was wrapt in silence, at the sound of a bell, the past has vanished like a scroll, and I have been borne, as on eagle's wings, back to the days of my boyhood. I have sported and gambolled with my playmates upon the village green; hunted the wild duck; explored lonely valleys, or sailed upon the lake, which almost washed the threshold of my happy home; and gazed into its clear blue depths, and fancied that the trout revelling joyfully there, were bright and beautiful spirits! I have sat once more beside that dear girl, who was my first and only love, and sang to her the ballads of the olden time; while

‘She sat, and gazed upon me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still, and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.’

I have again heard her breathe my name, in accents sweeter than the song of the nightingale. Another stroke of the bell, and the waking vision vanished; the ‘voice in my dreaming ear melted away!’ Then have I shed bitter, bitter tears upon my lonely pillow!

How striking is the ship-bell at sea, which measures the time of the sailor, when, wrapt in slumber, and in the midst of pleasant dreams, he is summoned to enter upon his watch. How often, too, has the fearful alarm-bell sounded at midnight, and proved to be but the knell of happy hearts; or summoned many brave mariners to their ocean-grave.

And there is the light-house bell, which sends forth its shrill voice of warning, when the wind and waves are high. Look out through the thick darkness, and behold that ship! How she trembles in the trough of the sea! She has heard the signal of danger, and now changes her course. The wind fills her sails, and nobly she meets and conquers the angry billows. A little while, and the dangerous reef is far behind her. Free as a mountain-bird, she pursues her way over the ‘waste of waters.’

Take a more peaceful scene. Enter yonder village, reposing in beauty on the distant plain. It has but one church, yet in that church there is a bell. The inhabitants are familiar with its tones, for it has for many years called them to the house of prayer. At an early hour, every day, its musical voice is heard; and methinks, if it could be interpreted, its language would be: ‘Arise! arise! ye morning slumberers, and improve your time; for your hours are passing speedily away.’

But hark! the bell sounds out once more. Slowly and solemnly! It is a funeral. They are bearing to her tomb one who was young, beautiful, and good. Beside that murmuring rivulet they have made

her grave. It is a peaceful resting-place, upon which no one can look, and say that the grave is fearful :

' All the discords, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet grave :
Hushed is the battle's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more :
Deep peace is promised in the lasting grave ;
Lovely, lovely is the grave !'

It is now evening. Glorious was the robe in which the sun was decked, when he went down behind the distant hills ! For the last time, to-day, does the bell send out its warning tone. The anvil is at rest. The post-office, where were assembled the village politicians, is now closed. All places of business are deserted. The members of many a household have gathered around the family altar, to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer. In a few short hours, that little village is silent as the grave. Even the baying of the watch-dog has ceased, and the whip-poor-will has sung herself to sleep. Nothing is heard but the sighing of the wind among the trees, and nothing is seen above, but the clear blue sky, and the moon, and stars.

Such, gentle reader, are some of the associations connected with the sound of bells. May they awaken in kindred hearts pleasant remembrances of the past !

A NEW-YEAR REVERIE.

Nor as the day to night its glory yields,
And stars are bright in azure's boundless fields ;
Not when the morning wakes her golden fires,
And the red light runs down the city's spires ;
Not when the Shadows from the vales are driven,
And joyous nature owns the Smile of Heaven ;
'Tis not at hours like these, the act sublime
Is learned, to note the onward steps of *Time* !

'Tis when the year is dead, and from its tomb
A new year's light springs richly from its gloom ;
Full of all blessings which Hope's voice can sing,
The blended promise of a brilliant spring ;
When the young heart bounds lightly, and the eye
Scans nought but brightness in futurity ;
When rose-buds meet, and wishes fond are shed,
On age's temples gray, and childhood's head ;
When untried visions tempt the soul away,
And beams triumphant gladden all the day.

Another year its sudden round hath run,
With its spring blossoms and its summer sun ;
Its ripened fruitage and its autumn storm,
Its hearth in winter, sheltered well and warm ;
With all its fond affections it hath flown,
And lost its visions, in the far unknown !
How have we passed it ? As became the just,
Journeying at last to mingle dust with dust ?
As travellers to that country better far
Than all that shine beneath or sun or star ?
So let us hope ; and when the summons comes
Which lays our pale forms in their secret tombs,
Let the swift pinions of our souls arise,
To meet a SAVIOUR 'neath unfading skies !

LITERARY NOTICES.

HARPER'S SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARY: Embracing History, Voyages and Travels, Biography, Natural History, the Physical Sciences, Agriculture, Manufactures, Arts, Commerce, Belles-Lettres, the History and Philosophy of Education, etc. In ninety-five volumes.

It is doubtless known to most of our readers, that the school districts in the state of New-York are obliged by law to be provided with a library. The sum of fifty-five thousand dollars is given annually by the state, with the condition that an equal amount shall be raised by the towns for this object. The money is directed to be appropriated among the school districts, according to the number of children between the ages of five and sixteen, which they respectively contain; and the whole number of these districts being something more than ten thousand, the average is not far from eleven dollars to a district. Any district may, moreover, raise by tax twenty dollars the first year, and ten dollars in any subsequent year, for the like purpose.

The object here sought to be attained, is obviously, that the whole community may be supplied to a liberal extent with the means of reading; so that no individual, whatever may be his disadvantages in other respects, shall be without this highly important aid to self-improvement. These libraries may, indeed, be considered, for all useful purposes, as but little different from the same number of volumes being in the possession of each separate family; inasmuch as they are equally free to all, without fee or charge, and, from the moderate extent of the districts, so convenient to all, that books may with the smallest trouble be procured and returned. It is to be expected, therefore, that wherever such libraries are introduced, they will be generally, if not universally read; and it is this consideration which impresses us most deeply with a conviction of their importance, and of the invaluable ends to which they may be rendered subservient, by promoting the evident diffusion of knowledge, in elevating the intellect, refining the taste, and purifying the morals of the community. If the plan of school-district libraries shall be carried faithfully and fully into effect, according to its true intention, and the hopes and anticipations of its enlightened friends, there cannot be a doubt that it must be productive of incalculable good.

There are certain conditions, however, which appear to be indispensable to the securing of this result. The law requires that libraries shall be established, and affords and points out the means of doing it; but it makes no provision of books, nor does it furnish any direction or advice, with regard to their selection; except, indeed that the superintendent of common schools is authorized, by an act of the last session of the legislature, to recommend to the favorable consideration of the districts, such works as he may consider the most useful and instructive. This is certainly very important, since the recommendation of this officer cannot fail of having great weight with the districts; and in the character and attainments of the distinguished individual at the head of the school department, we have the utmost security that the authority given him will be exercised with all due discrimination and wisdom.

It would, however, be of little avail for the superintendent to recommend particular books, unless special means were at the same time employed to enable the districts to obtain them; inasmuch as the ordinary supply of such books would be wholly insufficient to meet so great a demand. Beside, in many cases, these books would be found published in too expensive a style for the limited means possessed by the districts, or perhaps of inconvenient size for popular use, or, admitting their general merits, they might still require more or less careful revision, to render them entirely unobjectionable for this especial purpose.

Now we cannot but regard the enterprise of the Messrs. HARPERS as being precisely the thing that was required to obviate all these difficulties, by securing to the school districts an ample supply of books, selected and prepared with distinct reference to this single object, of a suitable and uniform size, at the lowest possible cost, and, with a view to their more convenient purchase, distributed at a great number of different points throughout the state. Nor should we omit to mention, that nothing is admitted into the 'School District Library' without the approval of the superintendent of common schools; which gives to this officer a supervisory power over the whole enterprise, enabling him to control it, for all useful purposes, almost as effectually as though it were connected directly with his department, by express authority of law. The public, therefore, have the most satisfactory assurance, that the works introduced into this library will be the very best that can be selected, and that the undertaking, generally, will be so prosecuted, as to entitle the enterprising and highly respectable publishers who have engaged in it to the most liberal and extensive patronage.

The series of the 'School District Library,' for 1839 and 1840, have been already published; both of which have been very favorably noticed by our most respectable periodicals and the public press, have been introduced into a large proportion of our school districts, and are spoken of in terms of the highest commendation, by the former as well as the present superintendent of common schools, by the governor of the state, and his immediate predecessor in that office. A third series, for 1841, is announced as being in course of preparation.

So far as we are competent to judge, from a general examination, we fully unite with our brethren of the press, and the distinguished gentlemen just referred to, in warmly recommending these series to the public favor; as consisting of works of great intrinsic merit, and admirably adapted to interest and instruct the great mass of readers. In history, for example, we notice, among others, Goldsmith's *Greece and Rome*, and Tytler's excellent *Compendium of General History*; in biography, *Franklin's Life and Works*, *Paulding's Life of WASHINGTON*, the whole of *Spark's American Lives*, and the inimitable work of *Plutarch*; of voyages and travels, *Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions*, *Travels and Researches of Humboldt*, and *Discovery and Adventures in Africa*; in natural history, the *Natural History of Insects*, two volumes on *Quadrupeds*, and one on *Birds*, republished from the interesting series of the *British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*; in agriculture, several volumes prepared by that eminent agriculturist, the late lamented Judge Buel; also *Dick on the Improvement of Society*, *Abercrombie on the Moral Feelings*, *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, and *Paley's delightful and invaluable work on Natural Theology*, edited by Professor A. Potter; there are likewise a due proportion of volumes of a somewhat more familiar, though not less instructive character, as *Miss Sedgwick's Poor Rich Man*, and *Rich Poor Man*, *Mrs. Hofland's Son of a Genius*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, etc. We notice these particular works, that our readers may judge for themselves, of the merits of the series of which they form a part. Many others, in no respect inferior, might have been mentioned. It is likewise due to the publishers, that we should acknowledge the unprecedented cheapness of these two series, consisting together of ninety-five volumes, handsomely printed on good paper, substantially bound, copiously illustrated with engravings, averaging over three hundred pages, and still afforded to the public at the surprisingly low price of thirty-eight dollars!

It is the remark of a recent writer that, 'When the American system of society shall have been perfected, and the whole population shall have been trained under its influences, the whole population will be a reading population; a population to be moved and charmed by poetry, to be enlightened and elevated by history, to be taught, argued with, persuaded, respecting their interests, their rights, and their duties.' That the progress of improvement, aided by the noblest institutions, and the active and indefatigable spirit of a free people, should ultimately lead to this result, we are ready to admit; nor shall we have accomplished what is indispensable to our highest security, and happiness, and glory, as a people, until we have attained to this point. As yet, however, it is quite certain, that we are far removed from such a consummation. In the best sense of the word, and as it regards the community at large, we can with no truth be called a reading people. There is, we know, a very wide circulation of the productions of the daily and periodical press, and these are extensively read. But something beyond this is required to exalt, and enlarge, and purify the mind of the nation. The people must be deeply imbued with the love of knowledge, and trained to habits of intellectual application. This is to be accomplished through the study of productions of a more grave and substantial character than are to be found in the brief and fugitive articles of a newspaper, invaluable as these papers unquestionably are, in diffusing information, and in quickening and invigorating the intelligence of the community. If the people read no more, it is for the reason that they are without books to read. Were each one of the eighty thousand school districts throughout our country furnished annually with such a series of books as those publishing by the Messrs. HARPERS, diffusing through every neighborhood a spirit of rational inquiry, and bringing home instruction to every door, a marvellous change would speedily be effected; and we might confidently anticipate that, at no distant day, we should become indeed a reading people; not only ready to learn, but thoroughly *understanding*, our 'interests,' our 'rights,' and our 'duties.'

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN MARSHALL, late Chief Justice of the United States, upon the Federal Constitution. In one volume. pp. 728. Boston: JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY.

WE cannot better convey to the reader an idea of the character of this large and beautifully-executed volume, than by quoting a portion of the editor's modest yet ample preface. 'The writings,' says he, 'of Chief Justice MARSHALL on the Federal Constitution possess a twofold value; as presenting the opinions of one who has been justly denominated 'THE EXPOUNDER OF THE CONSTITUTION,' and as comprehending the leading decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on points of law arising under that instrument. The editor of this volume has had two objects in view in its preparation: the one being, to place within the reach of all his fellow-citizens some of the best writings of one of the greatest and best men that have lived in America; the other, to enable every student of the Constitution of the United States to own those leading reports to which he is constantly referred by his text-books. In order to the completeness of the volume in this latter respect, the decisions of the Supreme Court, as delivered by other judges, prior to the death of Marshall, are brought together in an Appendix.' In the selection of cases, the editor has been obliged to use his discretion, that the volume might not be too bulky. He has rejected those cases in which some principle was decided that has since been superseded by positive provision; those, also, in which a mere decision was given, without the reasons producing it; those involving much common-law learning, and but slightly touching the Federal Constitution; and those relating rather to national than constitutional law. Dissenting opinions have, in general, been omitted; one by Mr. Justice STORY, is in one instance retained, being an expression of Marshall's view, as well as his own, upon a somewhat dark point; and in another, the dissenting opinion of the Chief Justice himself is given, for obvious reasons. Three

decisions made by the Chief Justice upon the circuit are included in the volume; and also one of the Supreme Court not upon a constitutional point, in which last the peculiar power of Judge Marshall appears so fully as to make it come properly within the collection. To the kindness and assistance of Mr. Justice SROW, the editor acknowledges his success in procuring the publication of the volume; and to him, 'though he is in no degree responsible for the faults in its preparation,' the thanks of the community are declared to be due, if the compilation shall be found useful.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON. A Discourse, by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. Published in the 'New World' weekly journal. New-York: J. WINCHESTER.

The melancholy disaster of the burning of the Lexington steamer in Long-Island Sound, and the frightful loss of 'precious human life' which was the result, have formed the painfully prominent topic of the past month. The intelligence was received in this city like the falling of a thunder-bolt from a clear summer sky; and when the rumor was ascertained, past all doubt, to be true, a visible sadness, more deep than we remember to have ever remarked, seemed to rest upon the town. No description can exaggerate the horrors of the terrific scene on that dreadful night; and the heart almost shrinks shuddering into itself, in its contemplation. We allude to the distressing theme, for the purpose of introducing to our readers, and permanently recording in these pages, a few passages from an eloquent discourse, delivered on the Sunday after the distressing event, by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, of this city. We find it in 'The New World,' an excellent weekly journal, of the largest class, under the editorial direction of PARK BENJAMIN, Esq. The reader will find in the following, that calm philosophy, intermingled with deep sympathy and feeling, for which the public efforts of the writer are so preëminently distinguished:

"The dispensation indeed is awful; but it is so in part, let me farther observe, because we look at it too much as a general picture. It is, after all, but the picture of individual life — of your life and mine. It is more or less the lot of us all; and it is not hurled upon us as a mountain to crush us, but it flows in separate sands through the glass of time, to measure out to us the hours of discipline — the hours of improvement. I must repeat it — that every thing is individualized in human experience. It is this in part which enables us to look, with a feeling that supports us, at the sufferings of the martyr. He stands alone. He is a single object of contemplation. We can see the workings of his mind; they are not whelmed in a mass of horrors. We do not feel as if a hundred deaths were involved and concentrated in his death. But this is what we are apt to feel when we contemplate an event which has involved a hundred lives. And yet this generalizing does not present to us the true view. Every man, in such a scene, dies for himself alone, as truly as have the hundreds, in different parts of the world, who have gone hence while I have now been speaking to you. Every man, it may be emphatically said, is alone when he comes to die. He is alone with his thoughts — with his prayers; with his affections to those dearest to him: he is alone with his God. Some time he must die; and his time is then; and to him it is *his* time and not another's. If he had escaped that danger, he might have died the next month from the ignorance of his physician, or he might have fallen the solitary victim of some violent death. Hundreds die thus every year, and they are no more truly alone than he who perishes with a thousand. And this annual aggregate of ills, save to the imagination, is as truly solemn, as any life-destroying catastrophe. Both present the same case under the reign of Providence.

"Did I, at present, address any one of those to whom this affliction has come near, I would pray them to consider this: to see that their case is not to be taken from beneath the general law of Providence. It is only as if their friend had died singly by an accident; or had fallen dead in the street, struck with apoplexy or paralysis; or, may I not say, as if he had died in his bed: for how often is the privilege and comfort of ministering love, purchased by the agonies of the sufferer! I know that it is common to deprecate sudden death — to pray against it: but for myself, I cannot join in that prayer. To me it appears that it would be a privilege — life's work done, the hour come — to drop suddenly from the course; no agonized partings, as full of agony perhaps as to feel that the tie is broken. Nay, how often does the survivor say, when the long and bitter struggle is

ended, 'Thank God! it is over!' I do not wonder at that desire of the celebrated James Otis, so signally fulfilled, 'that he might die by lightning.' I have stood on the very threshold where the bolt, from the black retiring storm, descended upon him; and I confess, it seemed to me, as I stood there and thought of it, that that lightning flash was not the bolt of wrath, but the bright angel of release. The lingering pains that are usually appointed to man as the termination of his life, I believe, are less for his own sake than for what he may do for the good of others; it is *his* trial-hour, *their* hour of improvement. But, for the same reason, death is occasionally sudden, and seems disastrous. That very character of disaster arouses men's minds, and puts them upon devising guards and defences against danger. This very event, the most dreadful that ever brought horror and heart-ache into our bosoms, may be commissioned eventually to save more lives than are lost by it. Let me not seem, in saying all this, to be a cold philosopher. God is my witness how far I am from it. I know that in many a family this event is the sudden and awful wrenching of a thousand quivering ties twined all in one. But agonized sympathy seeks some relief. And I can find none but in the great providence of God; but in seeing that this event is not a chance blow, a random accident, set apart from its beneficent dominion. I know no other comfort for the mourner; and, hard as it may be for him to turn there—hard as it may be to turn away from seeing this event as a frightful catastrophe, and to look at it as a sacred and solemn dispensation of Heaven—this I would pray each one to do, to lean upon the bosom of the all-wise Providence, and to say, even as the Great Sufferer said in the dread hour, when all earthly evils and sorrows were leagued against him, 'Father! thy will be done!'

Mr. Dewey will find many a reader ready to echo his own preference of a sudden over a lingering death. When one comes to the last broken arches of Mirza's bridge, rest from pain bounds his ambition. '*Implora Pace!*' is his only prayer. The lengthened illness, the protracted death-scene, these are not thoughtfully invoked for the helpless sufferer. Such lessons are for the living; and one has faithfully depicted the emotions of a bereaved and stricken mourner, who has 'laid them to heart!'

'The months shift on and on,
Years rapidly pass by,
And yet still watch we keep,
As in disturbed sleep,
The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,
Seen by the dim watch light,
Shuddering, we gaze and pray,
And weep, and wish away
The long, long night.

And yet minutest things,
That mark Time's heavy tread,
Are on the tortured brain,
With self-protracting pain—
Deep minuted.

The drops with trembling hand,
Love stealthed, poured out,
The draft replenished,
The label oft re-read,
With nervous doubt.

The watch that ticks so loud,
The winding it for one
Whose hand lies powerless,
And then the fearful guess,
'That this hath run.'

The shutter half unclosed,
As the night wears away,
Ere the last stars are set,
The few that linger yet,
To welcome day.

The moon so oft invoked,
That bringeth so relief,
From which, with sick'ning sight,
We turn as if its light
But marked our grief.

Oh, never after dawn,
For us the east shall streak,
But we shall see again,
With the same thoughts as then,
That pale day break.

Mr. Dewey proceeds to illustrate the duty of an unshaken faith in the decrees of Providence, how dark soever and inscrutable they may seem:

"*Shall* this event shake our faith in that Providence? The principle that would allow it to do so, would drive all faith in Providence from the world. Can we give up that faith? It is our only refuge from the overwhelming ills of life. We *must* cling to it. Suffering, struggling, bereaved, broken-hearted, we must cling to it, for it is our only refuge. And for my own part, as clearly do I see it, and as truly do I believe in that wise Providence reigning over life, as I see and believe that I live at all. And could one of those who have passed through that dread dispensation which we deplore, to a better life, speak to us, I doubt not he would say to his agonized friends: 'Be comforted, as far as mortal trial can be comforted. All is well. I see that, in which you struggle to believe. For me it was better to depart, for you it is sorrow; but that sorrow shall yet be turned into joy. The breath of a momentary life passed away, and we shall meet again. I have died for the world's improvement, for your virtue; and beneath the great and loving Providence of God, I see that all is well. Oh! then be comforted! The serene heaven which spreads over you, is but an image of the all-enfolding love of God, in which we shall yet rejoice for ever!'

"But you say, 'It is such a sad thing; it is such a horrible thing!' and I feel what you say. 'That they should have gone forth, so thoughtless of what that very day was to bring forth!' is your reflection; 'gone from the social board, perhaps from the table of feasting — gone with a smile, perhaps saying, 'such a day I shall return' — or gone, after a long voyage at sea, feeling as if they were already at home! and then that four or five hours after they set foot on that deck, they should have been dead! that it should all have been so sudden — in a moment — one moment sitting and conversing with a friend, and the next moment meeting death face to face; and, above all, to think, if we must think, that a little calmness, a little deliberation, might have saved them — that such valuable, such precious lives should have been sacrificed, if there were any possibility of their being saved — is it not dreadful?' I know it — I feel all this; but still I cannot rest here. I must reflect upon it. I must meet that darkest mystery in Providence, the problem of human error. I must see that error is inevitable, and that it is one of the elements of human improvement. If Providence interposed to save us from the results of every mistake, the human race would be held in perpetual childhood. In the way of life, the foot slips, and plunges us into distress, into calamity, into the jaws of untimely death. Was the foot to blame? or its construction? Its very power to move, its very flexibility, the very formation that fitted it for its purposes, made it liable to slip. Mistakes are its teachers; pain is its teacher. And thus all evils are the mind's teachers. Death, which cannot on earth benefit the individual subject, is yet the world's teacher. Untimely death teaches it prudence; and all death teaches it virtue. This is the great doctrine of a Providence; and all experience, the world's experience, vindicates it."

How simple, yet how forcible, and striking are the subjoined remarks. Coming from the heart, they will reach the heart:

"Public calamities, then, amidst all their severity, are yet teachers of wisdom. I speak not of individual instances. I say not, it is best that those calamities should have fallen here or there. I am not obliged to say that it is best that it should have fallen any where. But since they *have* come, they may be turned to some wise account. He who can 'cause the wrath of man to praise him,' can cause even these things to praise him, in our growing wisdom. May he cause us to praise him, and be thankful! You speak, my friend, of the disasters that have befallen you. *You did not set your feet on that fated deck!* Who of you now, would not have given millions, if he had them, rather than have been there? How many survivors would give all that is left them, if they could buy back that irrevocable step. *You did not take it. You were not there.* Your husband, your brother, was not there. He might have been. Some of you thought of it, intended it, and were saved from it, as by a miracle. Life is still yours; the warm fire-side, the happy home, is still yours. What then, can you feel, amidst your blessings; what can you be, but thankful? No murmurer, methinks, is here to-day. But if there be, I say to him — *You did not set your feet on that fated deck!* And as your shuddering thought draws back from that fearful idea, let it retreat for ever into the sanctuary of thanksgiving."

"Life is dear, and it is justly of great account with us; but can it be of that *supreme* account which we make it? When we see it the sport of every event, of every inadvertence: when we see it extinguished by a mote of the air, or a ray of the sun; when we see that it depends upon a step, more or less; when multitudes sink to an untimely death; when the life of a whole breathing generation is swept away before us like a cloud from the earth; can such a life be the thing on which it was intended that man should set his whole heart? Can it be any thing in the divine economy, but a means to something beyond? The animal dies for the advantage of a superior being; or for his own advantage, by the decay that has ended the enjoyment of his life, or by the violence from his kind that saves him from that decay, neglected, unintended. Does man die for nothing; neither for his own, nor for others' advantage? But if he does die for some ulterior purpose, then his life is instrumental; and whether he continues for a term longer or shorter, is not the ultimate, the main thing. We say this of animal life: is it not just as true of human life? But the ulterior end of man; what 'and where can it be, but in a future life? Yet if man's essential life be thus continuous, can it be so material as we make it, when the form of this life changes? Is it not like passing from infancy to youth, or from youth to manhood? Is it not being unclothed of one form, to be clothed upon with another? The form changes; the being lives."

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! I feel as I stand in imagination, and behold beneath the veil of night, a hundred fellow beings perish before my eyes, and pass away like a dream. I cannot help saying, when I see so many valued lives thus cast away like an evening vapor upon the waters, how little can it matter, after all, in the great account, when we die, this year or next year; to-day or to-morrow! I cannot help saying, as I look around me, 'My companions, my friends, are but shadows; we all are but shadows; like shadows we alight upon the shore of time, and the breath of that shore will soon sweep us away into the habitations of eternity.' Truly is it written, 'Thou carriest them away, as with a flood; they are as a sleep!'"

SECOND SERIES OF A DIARY IN AMERICA, WITH REMARKS ON ITS INSTITUTIONS. By CAPT. MARRYAT, C. B., Author of 'Peter Simple,' etc. In one volume. pp. 300. Philadelphia: T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS.

As a writer of travels, Captain MARRYAT has had a gamester's fate, and yet, like the gamester, he seems not to know when to give over. The first part of his 'Diary' attracted no small ridicule in this country, yet was the source of some amusement to a few American readers: it elicited, however, but slight general attention, and had well nigh been wholly forgotten, when the Edinburgh Review resuscitated it, with a galvanic pen, whose effect is evidently still tingling in every nerve of the gallant Captain's body. Mistakes, like misfortunes, seldom come singly; and the error of writing a desultory and slipshod book of travels, in the first instance, has been succeeded by the still greater blunder, on the part of the author, of defending and praising the work himself! The volume before us is a *rifacimento*, made up from our newspapers, and other publications, including some of the rarest 'old old' Joe Millers, that were ever industriously gleaned in society, in a stage-coach, or on the deck of a steam-boat. The author has, in the present book, gathered up all the fragments that remained, that nothing might be lost. There is a good deal of counsel intermingled, touching the manner in which it would be seemly for our benighted republicans to deport themselves; inasmuch, indeed, that one is prone to regret, that among the various societies for the suppression of vice, there should not be one for the suppression of *advice*. All this is very harmless, however. Captain MARRYAT's vanity and his spleen will be much more likely to sow the seeds of personal annoyance on his side the water, than on ours. And as for our society and institutions, they will doubtless hereafter fail, as they have heretofore failed, to please either of the two prominent classes of foreign tourists. The ultra perfectionist, who expects to find *unmixed* good in every thing American, may take his stand with the farmer's boy, who waited for the river to run out; while those, on the other hand, who think it great dispraise of an oak that it does not bear roses, had better spare themselves the trouble of crossing the Atlantic, to describe the want of social refinement and luxury in the new states.

We select one passage from the volume before us, and would commend it to the mere money-getter, who would fill his coffers, and suffer his mind to run to waste, like an unweeded garden:

"All the men in America are busy; their whole time is engrossed by their accumulation of money; they breakfast early, and repair to their stores or counting-houses; the majority of them do not go home to dinner, but eat at the nearest tavern or oyster-cellar, for they generally live at a considerable distance from the business part of the town, and time is too precious to be thrown away. It would be supposed that they would be home to an early tea; many are, but the majority are not. After fagging, they require recreation, and the recreations of most Americans are politics and news, beside the chance of doing a little more business, all of which, with drink, are to be obtained at the bars of the principal commercial hotels in the city. The consequence is, that the major portion of them come home late, tired, and go to bed; early the next morning they are off to their business again.' . . . 'The ambition of the American from circumstances mostly directed to but one object—that of rapidly raising himself above his fellows by the accumulation of a fortune; to this one great desideratum all his energies are directed, all his thoughts are bent, and by it all his ideas are engrossed. When I first arrived in America, as I walked down Broadway, it appeared strange to me that there should be such a remarkable family likeness among the people. Every man I met seemed to me by his features to be a brother or a connection of the last man who had passed me; I could not at first comprehend this, but the mystery was soon revealed. It was that they were all intent and engrossed with the same object; all were, as they passed, calculating and reflecting; this produced a similar contraction of the brow, knitting of the eye-brows, and compression of the lips—a similarity of feeling had produced a similarity of expression, from the same muscles being called into action. Even their hurried walk assisted the error; it is a saying in the United States, 'that a New-York merchant always walks as if he had a good dinner before him, and a bailiff behind him,' and the metaphor is not inapt."

Captain MARRYAT closes his work with a reply to the critique of the Edinburgh Review, which he affects to treat with great contempt; but there is not a line of his rejoinder, which does not show that he is cut to the quick. His is the hollow laugh and assumed indifference of a querulous old maid, bursting with rage at a fancied wrong. And little as we affect Miss MARTINEAU, to whom he attributes the review, we cannot but remember, what our author seems to have forgotten, that she is a *woman*. He chuckles at his fancied triumph over his critic; but he should bear in mind, that an indulgence in unmanly abuse, implies no other victory than any man may quickly obtain over delicacy and shame. We are sorry to be compelled to return evil for good, and censure for commendation. Captain MARRYAT has written, and written well, for these pages; he has 'praised us, and that highly,' in his own Magazine; and is kind enough to award us gratifying commendation in the Diary before us. Yet must we, as conscientious critics, exchange for the avowal that 'The KNICKERBOCKER, by CLARK, is *very good*,' that other opinion — so foreign, as our readers know, to any that we have held in relation to his previous admirable productions — 'The Diary, by MARRYAT, is *very poor*!'

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER. In five volumes. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MOST cordially do we welcome this superb edition of a noble work, which we have many a time lamented could not be spread before the American public, at its present moderate price. Here it is, however, at last; 'The Faërie Queen,' that rich, fanciful, graceful poem — that great romance — with 'The Shepheard's Calender,' 'The Fate of the Butterflie,' 'The Ruins of Time,' etc., including all the author's miscellaneous poems, the greater and the less, numbering a score or more, and all replete with his peculiar beauties. The 'Faërie Queen' is introduced by some judicious and tasteful observations, involving indeed an elaborate critique, by the American editor, whose selected and original notes, glossarial and explanatory, conveniently arranged at the foot of each page, add greatly to the attractions of the volumes, and entirely remove the difficulties which have hitherto kept many from attempting to read SPENSER. We have but two words farther to say, touching these volumes, to every reader of this Magazine, who would enjoy 'a feast of fat things, well refined.' BUY THEM!

A GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY; Comprising a Summary Account of the most Distinguished Persons of all Ages, Nations, and Professions; including more than one thousand articles of American Biography. By Rev. J. L. BLAKE, D. D. New-York: A. V. BLAKE.

THIS is a very valuable and excellent standard family work; and although it is particularly designed for such use, it will be found also a very convenient and accurate book of reference, in the library of professional gentlemen, and men of science. The volume contains about eleven hundred handsomely printed pages, and embraces ten thousand biographical articles, all comprehensive, concise, well digested, and judiciously arranged, giving evidence of great industry, discrimination, and talent, on the part of the indefatigable compiler and author. The study of the lives and actions of distinguished persons is exceedingly pleasant and useful, especially to the young; and there is scarcely any one, however learned and familiar with the great events and conspicuous characters that have appeared upon the theatre of the world, who will not find it agreeable and necessary occasionally to refresh his memory by a glance, through such a medium, at their most striking traits and leading characteristics. Most heartily do we commend the volume before us, as the best work for this purpose that we have ever seen.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MOON 'EDITORIAL POT-LUCK.' — We have somewhat to say to a few correspondents, and a passage or two to transfer from our note-book; and if there are any of our readers who have *forgotten* the other *Salmagundi* dish, which we ventured to serve up for their edification, perhaps they will keep us company for a while at the 'table.' We can but try them.

'**MY FIRST VISIT TO A CITY,**' by a new correspondent, involves a short story, that in the days of *Mrs. Radcliffe* would have formed the staple of one of her supernatural scenes. It must be premised that our friend is, for the first time in his life, in a great city; and that the reports of the awful doings of the town, which had so long met his eye in the country journals, have wrought him up to a state of great nervous excitement. 'I had,' says he, 'a set of ever-ready sympathies for tales of distress, and for all grades of crime; and the climax of horrors had just been furnished me, by the history of an enterprising Scotchman, who drove for a time a successful trade in Edinburgh, by decoying unsuspecting victims into his house, where he coolly smothered them, in order to sell their bodies for dissection; civilly dismissing their souls, as unmerchanted articles. Full of undefined apprehensions, I surveyed the clean and quiet streets of Philadelphia; walking with as stealthy a pace as if I were passing over quicksands, until I reached my hotel at a late hour in the evening. The house being crowded, I was accommodated with the room of an absent lodger. It was on the ground floor, and quite accessible from the yard. . . . Not being inclined to sleep, I took up a volume from the table, the 'London Literary Souvenir,' for 1826, and presently became deeply engaged in the well-told tale of 'The two Pictures.' Lovely Agatha Lanzi! How little the reader of thy sad story suspects that a life begun at such sweet fountains, is to flow onward through frightful passages, and terminate in a broad estuary of crime! . . . The story and my candle came to an end together. The flickering light scarcely permitted me to give a hasty glance at my apartment. A peep under the bed satisfied me that there, at least, was no concealed robber. But conceive my horror, upon opening one of the closets, to find the leg of a man, projecting from beneath the folds of a cloak! . . . I shrank back with alarm, and was on the point of calling for assistance; but every one had gone to bed; my light was sinking in its socket; and I expected every moment, that the concealed robber would stalk forth, seize my purse, and perhaps take my life! It was a well-dressed leg, and the boot was of the finest finish: I could not doubt that the wearer was of the class of genteely-apparelled villains who frequent hotels, for the double purpose of robbery and murder. . . . I cannot tell what impelled me to spring toward the closet; whether the suspense could be borne no longer, or whether I took courage at the assassin's delay. But I rushed forward, and seized the leg! Inexpressibly great was my relief, to find that it was of *corn*! It was in all respects a well-appointed limb, and was the *Sunday-leg* of an absent lodger, an officer from Canada; who had good reason to curse the 'Patriot' engagement, in which he left alike

— 'his second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot.'

I went to bed, but only to dream of boots, and legs, and finally of a kicking scene, like

the one in 'Vathek,' where the shins of the Prince are so sadly excoriated, in the hot pursuit of the rolling conjurer.

We are reluctant to admit into our pages fanciful communications, intended to be descriptive of the awful scene which may have been presented to the sufferers by the ill-fated *LExINGTON*. The *reality* of that dread event needs no aid from the imagination. Moreover, the hearts of surviving friends are so deeply wrung, that it would be but cruelty to open anew, and wider, the bitter fountains of their sorrow. We have solicited a poetical memorial of the melancholy disaster, from an exalted source; and with this, we shall hereafter dismiss the painful theme. Several correspondents will find in these remarks an answer to their favors, which are left for them at the desk of the publishing office. The paper by 'L.' forms an exception, in its manner of treating the topic, to the others we have alluded to. It is a beautiful and appropriate homily, for which we regret that we have not space. It is full of tender counsel to the afflicted, and replete with good lessons to all, but especially to the young. 'Little, indeed,' says the writer, toward the close of his communication, 'little indeed does it concern us, in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but do we not see, in this sudden voyage to the world of spirits, of what infinite concern is the consideration, whither is it going?'

'Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To-be, we know not what, we know not where!'

'*Why* should we not 'think on these things?' Time is on the wing. Oh, if we could but gather, in our after life, the very *refuse* of our youthful hours! But Time, swifter than a weaver's shuttle, spins the lengthening and attenuating thread of our brief existence!

'Each moment on the former shuts the grave!
While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire!"

'To-day we live; to-morrow, we *are not!*—and ever sweeps onward the mighty flood to the shoreless ocean of eternity! 'Even the created world,' says *SIR THOMAS BROWN*, 'is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it, and may be after it!' Oh, that men were wise; that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end!

In declining the proposed papers of 'Asmodeus,' at Washington, he must by no means consider us as underrating his lively style and pleasant humor; but rather as leaving the correspondence of the capitol, social and political, to our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to quote the following original and capital anecdote of a distinguished English minister, from our friend's initiatory or experimental epistle. The reader will agree with us, that it is quite too good to be lost. 'Of all the diplomats at Washington,' he writes, 'the British minister is the most peculiar. He is a perfect riddle to the country members; reversing all the habitudes of life; rising at mid-day, dining when others go to bed, and going to bed when others rise. He pays no attention to the formalities of diplomatic etiquette, and cares nothing about the opinions of society. . . . With all this, he is a man of talents, information, and experience; and has conducted himself with great judgment and liberality in all his transactions with our government. He is represented as a man of wit and humor; and a story is told of him when at Paris, about sixteen years since, which shows that he was somewhat of a wag in his younger days. . . . There was at this time an Irish lady, Mrs. C——, of some fashion, residing in Paris, who had a great passion for foreigners of rank. She had invited a large party to dinner, on the first of April, when Mr. Fox wrote her a note, in the character of a Count of her acquaintance, informing her that he

had just arrived, and requesting to have the pleasure of introducing to her his Hungarian friend, the Prince of Seidlitz-Powderz, who intended to stay but two or three days in Paris. With this note was sent a card, engraved :

The Prince of Seidlitz-Powderz.

At Maurice's Hotel.

Mrs. C—— immediately replied to his note, by inviting him and his friend to dinner. In the course of the morning, she called on two or three of her fashionable friends, who were to have soirées, requesting permission to introduce the Prince to them. . . . The hour of dinner arrived, but the Prince did not make his appearance. The viands were kept back until they were nearly spoiled ; still no Prince was forthcoming. The dinner was at last served. Various speculations were indulged, in the course of the repast, about the Prince ; what kind of man he might be ; whether young or old, tall or short, dark or fair, etc. A Hungarian present, did not know of such a title among their nobility, and hinted, cautiously, that it was possible he might be an impostor. Mrs. C—— would not listen for a moment to such a suggestion. At length, about nine o'clock, a letter, with a black margin, was received from the Prince, regretting that he could not avail himself of Mrs. C——'s kind invitation, as he had just heard of the death of his cousin, the Bishop of ERSOM-SALTZ, who had died at Cheltenham ! In a corner of the note was written, '*Poisson d'Avalil !*'

HERE is a piece of excusable enthusiasm, from the pen of a young and 'talented' correspondent, whose affection for Mother Nature passes the love of women. It forms a paragraph in an epistle dated from Easton, Pennsylvania, in September last : 'At the suggestion of an attentive friend, I this afternoon visited 'Chesnut Hill,' a mile and a half north of Easton, for the purpose, as I understood it, of obtaining a view of the country at the South, to which, in my ascent, I turned at intervals, to look. It was therefore with the more pleasure, that I found, on reaching the cape of the eminence, that it was from the *North* that I was to derive the guerdon for my toilsome ascent. And well was I repaid ! I sat down under an old beech tree, and gazed upon the scene around me. The far-off range of the Blue Ridge lay hazily in the distance before me, with intervening meadow and sloping upland. The sunshine and shadow of a September day chequered their cloud-like forms ; while indented deeply at distant intervals, along their sides, were the wide breaches known as the Delaware Water-Gap, The Lehigh Water-Gap, The Wind-Gap, and The Schuylkill Water-Gap. The intervening plain is as if an immense lake, with a gently undulating bottom, had suddenly failed and dried up, and instead of water, appeared sloping meadows, and patches of still, quiet woods ! As I beheld the day-god tinge with his farewell rays this glorious prospect, I lifted up my fervent aspirations with *GOETHE* : 'See how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting sun ! He bends and sinks. Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Alas ! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after him ! — to see in everlasting evening beams the stilly world at my feet ; every height on fire — every vale in repose ; the rugged mountain, with its dark defiles ; the heavens above, and under me, the waves !'

THERE would be no insurmountable objection to 'TOM PIPE's sea-story, if it were not so involved, and so unconscionably long. We labored something more than half a day, in a vain endeavor to divide the whole into 'parts,' or chapters, preserving the

separate incidents; but like DAVID DOVE's unique performance, every chapter, in despite of us, would have a natural dependence upon that which preceded it, and in like manner a relation to that which followed it. Each grew out of the other, just as thought creates thought; and each could no more have been produced, without relation to its predecessor, than Isaac could have begotten Jacob, unless Abraham had begotten Isaac. As the *ms.*, however, which is very carelessly written, is presented to us for 'print or the fire,' we shall take the liberty to pick out a plum or two from it, before we devote it to the flames. The writer says that a true sailor never speaks of his vessel, but as a *live animal*; and he once heard an old tar, while himself reposing in the shadow of a sail, on a sultry day in the Mediterranean, talking to his ship as an Arabian does to his horse; urging and entreating her to put forth all her speed, and promising to reward her with a new coat of paint, as soon as they should get into harbor! . . . One 'old salt,' the wag of the fore-castle, imparts sundry amusing stories to his mess-mates, among which is one of an old pawn-broker at Port Mahon, who being taken suddenly ill, sent for his ghostly confessor, who found him, on his arrival, in a fainting fit. Fearing that the hand of death was upon the prostrate penitent, he prepared to offer him the sacred wine, in the silver chalice of the church. Just as it approached his lips, the pawn-broker revived, opened his eyes, and observing the chalice, exclaimed, with professional indifference, 'I could n't give you but twenty shillings on that cup, and even that is too much. I could n't indeed! It's not pure metal!' . . . This Catholic anecdote brings out the boatswain, with a story he picked up at Leghorn, of a convent-parrot, in the vicinity, which was pounced upon by a hawk, and carried into the air, but escaped through the efficacy of priestly instruction; having exclaimed, when in the direst extremity, '*Sanctus Thoma, adjuva me!*' which it had learned in the convent; and upon this powerful appeal, the hawk relaxed his hold, and let loose his intended victim.

THE opinion has always extensively prevailed in the United States, and doubtless even now generally obtains, fostered as it is by many of our own writers, that the only feeling which an elderly Englishman, who happened to be 'out' in America, during our national contest, entertains toward this country and her people, is one of decided hatred and repugnance. We can call to mind, at this moment, some half dozen native fictions, and one or two indigenous works of a different character, in which this position is set forth as a prominent fact. Now, as a general truth, we believe the reverse to be the case; and we are sustained in this opinion, by those who have had distinguished opportunities of judging of its correctness. An instance was recently related to us, by an illustrious American, known as well, and as highly honored, abroad as at home, which, without any infraction of social confidence, we shall here take the liberty to repeat, for the benefit of our readers. . . . 'Old Admiral Sir — HARVEY told me, at dinner, of his serving on the American station, when he was a midshipman in 1776. He was cast away in the 'Liverpool,' in the month of February, on Rockaway beach. The boats were swamped in getting the crew to shore. The people of the neighborhood came down to the beach in wagons, took them up to their homes, changed and dried their clothes, and gave them supper. They remained quartered in this neighborhood for weeks, part of the time in tents, part of the time in the farm-houses. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, particularly of the Quaker family of the HICKS's; and another family, who treated them always hospitably in their houses. They made great havoc among the bacon and beans, and passed their time pleasantly among the Quaker girls; who always, however, demeaned themselves with strict propriety; the old Quakers tolerating their youthful frolics. When they came to pay off scores, they expected to have 'a thundering bill.' The good people would take nothing but the king's allowance. 'You are people in distress,' said they; 'we will not take any thing out of your pockets.' The old Admiral declares he has never forgotten their kindness; it is true, he says, that he has only been able to express his gratitude in words; but if he

had ever met an American in distress, he should have felt bound to befriend him. Whenever he has encountered an American or Quaker, he has felt proud to acknowledge the obligation.'

Here is the initial passage of the promised 'OLLAPODIANA.' Being too late for our last number, a great portion of the whole article was returned to the author for additions and revision, having been hastily prepared, amidst pressing professional avocations. Through the carelessness of some 'common carrier,' the ms. has not again reached us. The reader will perceive, however, that there is a reasonable prospect of encountering the paper in our next issue.

'I was half disposed to commence my present number in this wise — something *new* :

'When we take a retrospective view of human nature; when we survey the pages of ancient history, and scrutinize and investigate the actions of individuals that have shone in times that are past, as heroes and statesmen, and cattle of that description —'

'But I thought it would n't do. The consequence was, that I decided upon the accustomed free-and-easy process. Much depends on this. However much we may admire *solidity*, (and Heaven knows there is too much of it in this sinful world, intellectually speaking, for it is too often the mere synonyme of stupidity,) I maintain that that which springs freshest from the mind and the heart of one, comes warmest to both in another. Be it joy, be it sorrow — results are the same.

'The heart speaks in proverbs, 'any way you can fix it.' Who ever made a declaration of love, in the way of an elaborate thesis? No one. Arrange that matter as you will, it usually resolves itself into the spirit of the old, and homely, (oh ! call it not homely, but rather delicate, and most constant and comprehensive) couplet :

'If you loves I, as I loves you,
No knife shall cut our loves in two.'

'Observe, that this includes all kinds of sharp hardware, except the shears of the Fates. It goes to the knife, and from that to the hilt; even common razors are not interdicted, in the vast circumscription. There is not an elegant passage, I will venture to say, in Greek or Roman, or Italian fame, which has not the merit of condensation. Whoso, therefore, makes long speeches, whether in Tammany Hall, or among the crude gatherings of those who so often meet together, from Dan to Beersheba, to superintend the affairs of their beloved country, or in newspapers or periodicals, must expect malediction. Our age is quick, indeliberate, locomotive, 'pretty prompt;' and the laggards in thought, speech, or action, must shift for themselves. Pity, so far as letters are concerned, that it is so. I like the first gushes of thought, from a warm and vigorous mind, the first-born of the brain; but how much more delectable is it, to see the new-dropped cubs clean licked, and graceful, even in the strengthful promise of their youth ?'

A BRIEF and desultory consideration of a few less prominent articles, must put an end, for the present, to our pretty powerfully portentous pen 'pot-luck' — perhaps permanently. The Essay on CHARLES LAMB — gentle ELIA ! — is accepted. It is worthy of the subject, and more we need not say in its praise. Apropos of this same 'subject.' The distinguished American gentleman, to whom we have just alluded, mentioned a characteristic anecdote of LAMB, the other evening, which must not go unchallenged into Time's wallet for Oblivion. Our friend was returning to London, (with a knot of choice spirits, among them ROGERS, COLERIDGE, LAMB, etc.,) from Hampstead, if we remember rightly, whither they had sallied out from the metropolis, for a summer-day dinner. About mid-way between Hampstead and town, their omnibus-vehicle was hailed and overtaken by a fat, wheezing John Bull, from the City, who, peering into the coach, in the gathering twilight, inquired, 'Are you all *full*, inside?' The boldest held his breath for a time; but at length LAMB, in his voice of childish treble, replied : 'I am

full; I can't answer for the rest, of course; but that last piece of pudding did my business! The coach passed on. . . . 'Idleness, an Idyl,' is quite too long for its title. Moreover, it is *diluted*, to the last degree but one. There is, if 'M.' will allow us to say so, more real thought in his motto, than in his entire poem. It is very expressive:

'Eachew the idle life!
Flee, flee from doing naught;
For never was there idle brain,
But bred an idle thought.'

'College-Records, by Four of Us,' are not without humor; but we see little good that would be likely to ensue to 'Old Yale,' from the publicity we should give to the adroit tricks practised upon staid tutors and grave professors, by half a score of sad wags, bent upon 'elevating the ancient Henry'—in the vulgate, 'raising the Old Harry.' Yet this is good. Two of the 'four' scape-graces, one holiday night, amused themselves by carrying to their rooms at college divers small, accessible signs, from the shops of small city artizans. This reached the tutor's ears; and he stole as noiselessly as possible to the door of the collegiate 'Soap-locks' apartment; but they had got wind of his approach, and the signs were burning rapidly on the grate. On listening at the key-hole, he heard one reading the Scriptures to his silent auditors; and the passage he was dwelling upon with evident unction, was: 'Wicked and adulterous generation, seeking after a sign! There shall no sign be given you!'

'MR. PICKWICK observed, that reputation was dear to the heart of every man. He would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings; (cheers!) possibly by human weaknesses; (loud cries of 'No!') but this he would say, he *had* felt some pride, when he presented his Tittlebatian work to the world. It might be celebrated, or it might not. (A cry of 'It is!' and vehement cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian, whose voice he had just heard; it *was* celebrated!'

BOZ.

'MORE last words of RICHARD BAXTER!' A hint or two to our readers and contributors, in conclusion, explanatory and so forth. It seems to have been supposed, by two or three correspondents, who have enclosed us duplicate copies of articles which have heretofore been declined, that the retirement of the late joint proprietor of this periodical, and the purchase of his interest, have involved some change in the editorial conduct of the work. It is proper, therefore, to say, that the services of the late joint publisher were *entirely* confined to the business department of the KNICKERBOCKER; its accounts, publication, and circulation through the mails, etc. No articles were ever accepted or declined by him, nor did a line of his composition ever enter the Magazine. The errors of judgment, and short-comings of the editor, therefore, must remain, as the commercial phrase is, 'in first hands.' For the last six years, it has been his constant aim to make the KNICKERBOCKER an honor to the periodical literature of our young but magnificient country. To this end, he has devoted, he may surely aver, more hours of unintermitted labor, than any contemporary in the city; frequently 'outwatching the Bear,' in the hours beyond the twelve, and sometimes sitting by his waning lamp, until the 'pale morning chilled the eye.' His efforts may not always have been successful; but whether in collecting the noble array of contributors, whose names are found upon the cover of the present number, from every quarter of this country, as well as from abroad, or in superintending and preparing the original portions of the periodical, he cannot see, even now, how he could have devoted an additional energy of head or hand. 'One can but do his best;' that the past and present editor of this Magazine has done, and that he will continue to do. This professional retrospect and 'article of agreement' are very reluctantly obtruded upon the reader; but 'for every thing there is a time and a season.'

OLD AND NEW PHILADELPHIA. — We gave in our last number an extract from an old-time chronicle, 'A Prospect of New York, in 1685, with the Scituation, Plantation, and Products Thereof,' and we promised a kindred sketch of the City of Brotherly Love, at the same remote period. The 'Prospect of Pennsylvania, with the Scituation, Products, and Conveniences Thereof,' is enriched, among other rare matters, with an 'originall letter from the good Quaker himself,' dated at Philadelphia, only two and a half years after King Charles had granted letters patent, to 'give and grant unto WILLIAM PENN, Esquire, son and heir of the Sir William Penn, all that tract of land in North America, called by the name of Pennsylvania.' We quote the following from the 'good Quaker's letter,' partly for its spirit of benevolence toward the ancient lords of our soil, contrasting so strongly with the later treatment of the red men, and partly as a confirmation of the theory of our friend Major NOAH, that the Indians are of the stock of the ten tribes:

'We have agreed, that in all differences between us, six of each side shall end the matter: Don't abuse them, but let them have Justice, and you win them: The worst is, that they are the worse for the Christians, who have propagated their Vices, and yielded them Tradition for ill, and not for good things. But as low an ebb as they are at, and as inglorious as their Condition looks, the Christians have not out-lived their sight, with all their Pretensions to an higher Manifestation: What good then might not a good People graft, where there is so distinct a Knowledge left between good and evil? I beseech God to incline the Hearts of all that come into these parts, to out-live the Knowledge of the Natives, by a strict Obedience to their greater Knowledge of the Will of God; for it were miserable indeed for us to fall under the just censure of the Poor Indian Conscience, while we make profession of things so far transcending.

'For their Original, I am ready to believe them of the Jewish Race, I mean, of the stock of the Ten Tribes, and that for the following Reasons: first. They were to go to a Land not Planted or sown, which to be sure Asia and Africa were, if not Europe; and he that intended that extraordinary Judgment upon them, might make the passage not uneasy to them, as it is not impossible in itself, from the Easter-most parts of Asia, to the Wester-most of America. In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their Children of so lively Resemblance, that a man would think himself in Duke's-place or Berry-street in London, when he seeth them. But this is not all; they agree in Rites, they reckon by Moons; they offer their first Fruits, they have a kind of Feast of Tabernacles; they are said to lay their Altar upon Twelve Stones; their Mourning a year, Customs of Women, with many things that do not now occur.'

Let our Philadelphia readers, as they walk through their beautiful streets, admire their matchless public edifices, or survey, from the steeple of the State-House, their noble city, stretching out its polypus arms, and swallowing up suburban village after village, compare the present condition and prospects of the metropolis of Pennsylvania, with the following record, probably the very first description of it by its founder:

'Philadelphia, the Expectation of those that are concern'd in this Province, is at last laid out, to the great Content of those here, that are in any wayes Interested therein: The Scituation is a Neck of Land, and lieth between two navigable Rivers, Delaware and Skulkil, whereby it hath two Fronts upon the Water, each a Mile, and two from River to River. Delaware is a glorious River, but the Skulkil being an hundred Miles Boatable above the Falls, and its Course North-East toward the Fountain of Sasquahenwah (that tends to the Heart of the Province, and both sides our own) it is like to be a great part of the Settlement of this Age, in which those who are Purchasers of me, will find their Names and Interest. But this I will say for the good Providence of God, that of all the many Places I have seen in the World, I remember not one better seated; so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a Town, whether we regard the Rivers, or the convenience of the Coves, Docks, Springs, the loftiness and soundness of the Land and the Air, held by the People of those parts to be very good. It is advanced within less than a year to about four score Houses and Cottages, such as they are, where Merchants and Handicrafts are following their Vocations as fast as they can, while the Country men are close at their Farms: Some of them got a little Winter-Corn in the Ground last Season, and the generality have had a handsome Summer-Crop, and are preparing for their Winter-Corn.' . . . 'The City of Philadelphia, as it is now laid out, extends in Length, from River to River, two miles, and in Breadth near a Mile; and the Governour, as a further manifestation of his Kindness to the Purchasers, hath freely given them their respective Lots in the City, without defalcation of any of their Quantities of Purchased Lands; and as it's now placed and modelled between two Navigable Rivers upon a Neck of Land, and that Ships may ride in good Anchorage, in six or eight Fathom Water in both Rivers, close to the City, and the land of the City level, dry and wholeom; such a Scituation is scarce to be parallel'd. The City is so ordered now, by the Governour's Care and Prudence, that it hath a front to each River, one half at Delaware, the other at Skulkil; and though all this cannot make way for small Purchasers to be in the Fronts, yet they are placed in the next Streets, contiguous to each Front, viz. all Purchasers of one Thousand Acres, and upwards, have the Fronts (and the High-street) and to every five Thousand Acres Purchase, in the Front about an Acre, and the smaller Purchasers about half an Acre in the backward-Street; By which means the least have room enough for House, Garden and small Orchard, to the great Content and satisfaction of all here concerned.'

As we peruse records like these, we can scarcely realize that TIME has wrought so wonderful a change; yet great as it is, how much *greater* will it be, some two hundred and sixty years hence, should a beneficent Providence grant us, in the mean while, a stable government, and continued prosperity!

THE DEVIL! — It was our intention to have furnished the reader of the present number with an elaborate review, embracing copious extracts, of the 'History of the Devil,' by the author of '*Robinson Crusoe*,' to which we alluded in our January issue; a work, the subject of which is 'handled after a singular manner.' The author avows, in the outset, that he does not think we are bound never to speak of the Devil but with an air of terror, as if we were always afraid of him. The whole tenor of the work he avers to be 'solemn, calculated to promote serious religion, and capable of being improved in a religious manner. The wise part of the world,' says he, 'has been pleased with it, the merry part has been diverted with it, and the ignorant part has been taught by it.' We remember reading, recently, in the 'Mother's Magazine,' an excellent periodical, published at Utica, in this state, some very judicious comments upon the erroneous practice of parents impressing upon their children an idea of the personal presence of the Evil One, instead of representing him as an invisible spirit of evil, rebelling against goodness in the heart of every child of earth. How many pictorial shapes has the Devil assumed! We encountered him for the first time in the 'Pilgrims' Progress,' as Apollyon, with ears like a jack-ass, and the ever-present hoof, 'straddling quite over the whole breadth of the way,' and coolly telling Christian to 'come on,' as he was quite 'devoid of fear in the matter' which they had in hand. We next saw his counterfeit presentment in one of HOOD's 'Comic Annuals,' illustrating the 'Devil's Walk':

'And pray how was the Devil dressed?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was black, and his trowsers blue,
With a hole behind, where his tail came through.'

Never was there a 'man about town' apparently better skilled in the '*ars elegantium dandi*.' He held his barbed 'continuation' daintily over his arm, and in his hand, like a cane; his person was encased in a very gentlemanly coat and trowsers; and his hat was placed upon his head with a most jaunty air. Afterward, we met him in some book, as the God of wine, and underneath his portrait was the warning counsel of IAGO:

'Every inordinate sup is unblest,
And the ingredient is a DEVIL.'

He had sat for 'Bacchus,' and we verily believe that if a hogshead of wine had had sensibility, a single leer of that Old One's eye would have made it tremble to the very lees. The English MARTIN has since furnished several portraits of Satan, high seated upon his awful throne, in dazzling floods of light, looking into the infernal deeps, fading into the immensity of downward and outward space, the 'little glooming light, much like a shade,' swelling out the vast almost to the infinite, in the magnificent perspective. One can almost see him advance through the countless legions of his flaming ministers, as a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky, and take his station on that 'bad eminence.'

'His voice, like the thunder, is deep, strong, and loud,
And his eye gleams like lightning from under the cloud,'

as he calls his council to order. This is the personification of MILTON's sublime description. Other popular writers have represented the Evil Presence as a most winning and seductive personage, with an insinuating demeanor, a voice soft and low, and ripe

and luscious in its tones, as if his throat were lacquered with Florence oil. SHAKESPEARE says, 'the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman;' never fuddled with mere animal spirits, nor exhibiting a thin varnish of low politeness, but rather the suavity and quiet self-possession of a well-bred man.

We have written thus much, to prepare the reader for a few running passages from one of the lighter chapters in the history under consideration; preferring rather to serve up an occasional *entr'acte* from its pages, than to make it the subject of an elaborate and continuous review. Our author is considering the error which has been handed down from generation to generation, through all time, of serving up the Devil, on all occasions, with a cloven foot:

'Some people would fain have us treat this tale of the Devil's appearing with a cloven foot with more solemnity, than, I believe, the Devil himself does; for Satan, who knows how much of a cheat it is, must certainly ridicule it, in his own thoughts, to the last degree; but as he is glad of any way to hoodwink the understandings, and bubble the weak part of the world; so, if he sees men willing to take every scarecrow for a Devil, it is not his business to undeceive them: on the other hand, he finds it his interest to foster the cheat, and serve himself of the consequences: nor could I doubt but the Devil, if any mirth be allowed him, often laughs at the many frightful shapes and figures we dress him up in, and especially to see how willing we are first to paint him as black, and make him appear as ugly as we can, and then stare and start at the spectre of our own making.'

Our author thinks, that among all the horrors in which Satan has been dressed up, the cloven foot exhibits the least invention and plausibility. The goat, it is true, has a cloven foot, and the left hand place in the SAVIOUR's allegory of the day of judgment; but then a lamb has a cloven foot, as well as a goat; and the Scripture is on the Devil's side in the matter: 'for the dividing of the hoof was the distinguishing character or mark of a clean beast; and how the Devil can be brought into the number, is pretty hard to say.' The writer thinks it would have been better to have given him a foot like a cat, a lion, or a red dragon, by the latter of which he is sometimes represented in the Bible. The first animal would explain an otherwise rather obscure term in common use; and 'playing the very Old Cat' with a man or woman, would be more readily understood. The diabolical historian proceeds:

'The cloven foot is understood by us not as a bare token to know Satan by, but as if it were a brand upon him; and that, like the mark God put upon Cain, it was given him for a punishment, so that he cannot get leave to appear without it, nay, cannot conceal it, whatever other dress or disguise he may put on; and, as if it was to make him as ridiculous as possible, they will have it, that, whenever Satan has occasion to dress himself in any human shape, be it of what degree soever, from the king to the beggar, be it of a fine lady or of an old woman, (the latter, it seems, he oftener assumes,) yet still he not only must have this cloven foot about him, but is obliged to show it too: nay, they will not allow him any dress, whether it be a prince's robes, a lord chamberlain's gown, or a lady's hoop and long petticoats, but the cloven foot must be shown from under them; they will not so much as allow him an artificial shoe or a jack-boot, as we often see contrived to conceal a club foot or a wooden leg; but that the Devil may be known wherever he goes, he is bound to show his foot: they might as well oblige him to set a bill upon his cap, as folks do upon a house to be let, and have it written in capital letters, 'I AM THE DEVIL.'

It must be confessed this is very particular, and would be very hard upon the Devil, if it had not another article in it, which is some advantage to him; and that is, that the fact is not true: but the belief of this is so universal, that all the world runs away with it; by which mistake, the good people miss the Devil many times where they look for him, and meet him as often where they did not expect him, and when, for want of this cloven foot, they did not know him.

Upon this very account, I have sometimes thought, not that this has been put upon him by mere fancy, and the cheat of an heavy imagination, propagated by sable and chimney-corner divinity, but that it has been a contrivance of his own; and that in short, the Devil raised the scandal upon himself, that he might keep his disguise the better, and might go a visiting among his friends without being known; for were it really so, that he could go nowhere without this particular brand of infamy, he could not come into company, could not dine with my lord mayor, nor drink tea with the ladies; he could not go to the masquerade, nor to any of our balls: the reason is plain, he would be always discovered, exposed, and forced to leave the good company, or, which would be as bad, the company would all cry out, *the Devil!* and run out of the room as if they were frightened; nor could all the help of invention do him any service; no dress he could put on would cover him, no habit that would disguise or conceal him, this unhappy foot would spoil all. Now this would be so great a loss to him, that I question whether he could carry on any of his most important affairs in the world without it; for though he has access to mankind in his complete disguise, I mean that of his invisibility, yet the learned very much agree in this, that his corporeal presence in the world is absolutely necessary, upon many occasions, to support his interest, and keep up his correspondences, and particularly to encourage his friends, when numbers are requisite to carry on his affairs.

As I have thus suggested, that the Devil himself has politically spread about this notion concerning his appearing with a cloven foot, so I doubt not that he has thought it for his purpose to paint this cloven foot so lively in the imaginations of many of our people, and especially of those clear

sighted folks, who see the Devil when he is not to be seen, that they would make no scruple to say, and to make affidavit too, even before Satan himself, whenever he sat upon the bench, that they had seen his worship's foot at such and such a time. This I advance the rather, because it is very much for his interest to do this; for if we had not many witnesses, *viva voce*, to testify it, we should have had some obstinate fellows always among us, who would have denied the fact, or at least have spoken doubtfully of it; and so have raised disputes and objections against it, as impossible, or at least improbable; buzzing one ridiculous notion or other into our ears, as if the Devil was not so black as he was painted; that he had no more a cloven foot than a pope, whose apostolical toes have been so reverentially kissed by kings and emperors; but now, alas! this part is out of the question. The Devil not have a cloven foot! I doubt not but I could, in a short time, bring you a thousand old women together, that would as soon believe there was no Devil at all; say, they will tell you he could not be a Devil without it, any more than he could come into the room, and the candles not burn blue; or go out, and not leave a smell of brimstone behind him.'

Our author considers the certainty of the cloven foot thoroughly established, by good and substantial witnesses, ready to testify to the fact, and the indisputable records of antiquity: indeed Satan himself, if he did n't raise the report, is quite willing to have it believed:

'As much a jest as some unbelieving people would have this story pass for, who knows, but that if Satan is impowered to assume any shape or body, and to appear to us as if really so shaped: I say, who knows but he may, by the same authority, be allowed to assume the addition of the cloven foot, or two or four cloven feet, if he pleased? And why not a cloven foot as well as any other foot, if he thinks fit? For if the Devil can assume a shape, and can appear to mankind in a visible form, it may, I doubt not, with as good authority be advanced, that he is left at liberty to assume what shape he pleases, and to chuse what case of flesh and blood he will please to wear, whether real or imaginary; and if this liberty be allowed him, it is an admirable disguise for him to come generally with his cloven foot, that when he finds it for his purpose, on special occasions, to come without it, as I said above, he may not be suspected. . . . In the old writings of the Egyptians, I mean their hieroglyphic writings, before the use of letters were known, we are told this was the mark that he was known by; and the figure of a goat was the hieroglyphic of the Devil. Some will affirm, that the Devil was particularly pleased to be so represented. How they came by their information, and whether they had it from his own mouth or not, authors have not yet determined. But be this as it will, I do not see that Satan could have been at a loss for some extraordinary figure to have bantered mankind with, though this had not been thought of; but thinking of the cloven foot first, and the matter being indifferent, this took place, and easily rooted itself in the bewildered fancy of the people; and now it is riveted too fast for the Devil himself to remove it, if he was disposed to try; but as I said above, it is none of his business to solve doubts, or to remove difficulties out of our heads, but to perplex us with more as much as he can.'

Some would-be wise people, our historian affirms, have endeavored to make divers improvements upon this doctrine of the cloven foot, treating it as a significant instrument of Satan's private operations; the divided hoof indicating the double-tongue, and double-heart of deceitful men; from whence it comes to pass that there is no such thing as single-hearted integrity, or an upright meaning, to be found in the world; that mankind, worse than the ravenous brutes, prey upon their own kind, and devour them by the laudable methods of flattery, wine, cheat, and treachery; crocodile-like, weeping over those they would devour; destroying those they smile upon; and, in a word, devouring their own kind, which the beasts refuse, and that by all the ways of fraud and allurement that hell can invent; holding out a cloven, divided hoof, or hand, pretending to save, when the very pretence is made use of to ensnare and destroy. A learned speculation ensues, whether that devil is not the most dangerous, that has no cloven foot; and which is most hurtful to the world, the devil walking about without the cloven foot, or the cloven foot walking about without the Devil? But of this, and nameless matters more, in another number.

AMERICAN MEDICAL LIBRARY. — This excellent semi-monthly publication, intended as a concentrated record of medical science and literature, and edited by Dr. DUNOLINSON, of Philadelphia, continues to increase in reputation and circulation. The last December and the first January number are before us. Among the contents of the former, is a very interesting paper, even to the merely general reader, upon the treatment of various cases of club-foot, by the eminent SCOUTETREN, accompanied with several fine lithographic illustrations of the different species of this deformity, which, it should seem, is by no means difficult of cure, if treated in season.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—A succession of large audiences during the late engagement of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF, is the best testimony of the estimation in which they are held by the public. Of the father it is perhaps almost too late in the day to express an opinion of approbation. His style is not, however, in all respects the most natural that we have seen. There is too great an evidence of study, and too much apparent art, to render his manner as true and effective as that of one, at least, of his great predecessors on our boards. His representation of Hamlet is his best, and in our judgment, an almost faultless performance; yet even this personation has too much of that certain mouthy affectation, which pervades his style of acting. We know of no reason why the hero of Tragedy should not be portrayed with the same regard to nature that is expected in the representation of a comic character. Both must be natural, if they would be true. Because blank verse is not the medium through which we express our every-day thoughts, it does not follow that when it is used for a similar purpose upon the stage, its delivery should be executed in an affected utterance, which the speaker would be stared at for using in sentences of prose. Mr. VANDENHOFF's fault seems to be, an overweening desire to impress his audience with the astonishing consequence of every movement portrayed, and every syllable expressed by the character which he for the nonce assumes. This leads to 'over-acting,' and an exhibition of the actor's efforts to give an important meaning to unimportant passages; thereby weakening the effect of those points which really require extraordinary power. None but a really studious actor, perhaps, would be amenable to a criticism which blamed him for attempting to produce effects, where the matériel did not exist in the author; and such an actor we consider Mr. VANDENHOFF. The part of 'Richelieu,' in *BULWAR'S* new play of that name, was given by Mr. VANDENHOFF with great power. The wily Cardinal stood before us, in all his strength and all his weakness. There were *passages* in the character, especially, which were rendered with almost electrifying effect. The scene wherein the crafty and rather humorous cunning of the old minister, is displayed toward the Chevalier de Maufrat (Cazewick,) when he sends him to the presence of Julie, under the impression that he is there to meet his executioner, as well as the scene immediately succeeding, was an exhibition of the Cardinal's character well worthy the applause which it elicited.

Miss VANDENHOFF, with all the advantage of the excellent tuition of her father, bears evident marks of a tyro in the art she professes. She has a good person for the stage, and apparently great physical power, which sometimes carries her beyond the strict bounds of moderation in the expression of the stronger passions. Her voice is at times harsh, and not generally sufficiently modulated, but breaks abruptly at times, to the marbling of the effect which she wishes to produce. The character of Julia, in the 'Hunchback,' which has been so often and so well played, that old players can recite it backward, 'with proper emphasis and discretion,' was, in its illustration by Miss VANDENHOFF, rendered ineffective, in many of the best scenes, by the harshness and violence of her manner. The 'letter scene' with Clifford would have been good, if the actress had in some small degree restrained this exuberance; and the after scene with Master Walter, where Julia signs the contract 'to wed that lord, or any other lord,' was quite destroyed by a want of moderation.

Miss VANDENHOFF appears to have a correct idea of the characters which she assumes, and has no doubt studied them closely, with great spirit, and an evident ambition to excel. There can be but little fear that experience will not teach her to overcome those defects which lie between her and the eminence to which she aspires, and which her father has for himself so deservedly won.

A very commendable degree of care and attention has been bestowed upon the production of 'Richelieu,' as regards scenery, dresses, and properties. Much credit is due to Messrs. HILLIARD and EVANS, for their efforts in producing scenery every way worthy of the piece, and in perfect character and keeping with the fashion of the time of Louis Quatorze.

An extremely juvenile Roecius, under the style and appellation of Master HUTCHINS, has lately made his appearance at this house, to the surprise and delight of the amateurs of procreancy. He is a very clever child, no doubt; but we had rather see the 'infant phenomenon' with a ratchet on his arm, trudging to school, than exhibiting the wire-pulled pranks of his teachers upon the stage.

c.

THE BOWERY THEATRE.—The latest attraction at this house, has been 'The Fairy Spell, or the Talisman of Fate,' a name which smacks of stage clap-trap, and evinces very little taste in the author. The machinery, scenery, dresses, and music, are excellent, and reflect great credit upon the liberality of the manager, and the various talent of his company. But here our praise must end.

The words put into the mouths of the actors are in the *lowest* degree jejune and spiritless. The writer seems to have done his best to write an indifferent play, and to do him justice, he has been eminently successful. We do not see how he could well have made it worse.

THE OLYMPIC.—There is more amusement, literally speaking, to be found in this nice and well-ordered little box, than in any other theatre in the city. It is invariably well filled, which evinces that the public appreciate the exertions of the manager, Mr. MITCHELL, who is really one of the most laughter-moving comedians in town. 'The Roof-Sorambler,' which ran so long and so successfully, has been succeeded by the 'Olympic Revels,' and 'The Savage and the Maiden,' which bid fair to be equally, if not even more popular, than their attractive predecessor. Indeed, what could exceed the manager's admirable 'Vincent Crummies?' Success to the Olympic!

BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE.—This establishment continues, as it deserves, to draw crowded houses. We do not remember ever to have seen a complete circus so well conducted. The entertainments are good, and the horses and their riders second to none of their class. Good order is uniformly preserved; and private boxes, handsomely fitted up for select parties, or private families, may always be commanded. The 'Amphitheatre' is, in short, a very attractive resort, and well repays the liberal patronage of the town.

THE PHILADELPHIA 'CASKET.'—This, the oldest literary monthly periodical of our sister city, commences the new year with an excellent number. It is embellished, moreover, with a very good portrait of Mr. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, a gentleman with whom we were at one period quite intimate. Indeed, we may say we have known him very well ever since he was born; and consider ourselves, therefore, entitled to observe, that the upper part of the likeness is unexceptionable, but that there is an absence of *something* in the expression of the lips, which, if it had been supplied by the artist, would have made the resemblance much more striking. As a whole, however, it is a good picture, and reflects credit upon the easel and burin of FRANKENSTEIN and SARTAIN. The contents of the 'Casket' are various and entertaining. The 'Yankee Engineer,' whom one of the contributors to the 'Casket' encountered, we judge, from certain evidences, to have been our JABEZ DOOLITTLE. His reply to a remark of the narrator, touching the abuse that we are accustomed to see heaped upon distinguished persons in this country, is worthy the hero of 'The First Locomotive':

'Well, you air takin' on, at a great rate, I declare, and eenamost about nothin' at all! As for the abusin', it does a man nation sight o' good. It fixes his flint the right way. The more you abuse a man, providin' he don't turn right round and abuse you, the better it is for him. People air apt to examine, and if a man's bad, and you say he's a leetle worser, their sympathy gets riz, and they vote for him. Why, when Deacon Jones wanted to go to the legislatur', he guv old Sal Slocum, and she was a whole team in the slanderin' line, ten dollars to go round and call him names. She arned her money, tew, mind I tell you. Well, people had never hearn tell o' the deacon afore, and they begin to inquire about him. Some folks said, it was a tarnal shame that sich an old git-out should abuse an honest man, and he oughter be sustained, and they voted for him. Others agin sed he must be a man of consequence, or his enemies would 'nt find out sich means to blaggard him, and they voted for him. And the deacon's private friends, without distinction of party, got riled, at hearin' him slanged about in this way, and they voted for him. Atwixt 'em all, he got an amazin' lot o' votes, and was elected jest as slick as a whistle. Arter the 'lection, some people come to him and said he had 'nt oughter stand old Sall's lies, and he'd better, now he was elected, have her up before the court for libellin'. The deacon liked to snickered right out, but he put on a long face, and talked away a spell about his imprenable honesty, that only shone brighter for sich rubbin', and talk of that kind, until every body left him, convinced he was the most sufferin' patriot in all natur.'

The 'Casket' is handsomely executed; and may be had of the agent in this city, Mr. SIMON SIMPSON, Hudson-street.

LITERARY RECORD.

BOOKS OF MESSRS. MUNROE AND COMPANY. — The reading public are not a little indebted to this old and established Boston house, for a variety of excellent and cheap books, whose tendency is of the best description. 'The Last Days of the SAVIOUR, or History of the Lord's Passion,' from the German of OLSHAUSEN, may be commended to every reader, as a clear and thoughtful treatise upon the character of One, in whom 'all the rays of shining virtues, which have appeared in all the earthly champions and sufferers for truth and right, are united as the sun, and melted into an unutterable unity.' The little illustrated volume of fairy tales and popular stories, also from the German, entitled 'GAMMER GRETHML,' and edited by Mrs. FOLLEN, is an amusing and instructive work, and has won not only a high encomium from SIR WALTER SCOTT, but the unbought verdict of a little prattler at our knee, whose 'expressive silence,' while listening to a portion of its contents, and examining its pictures, certainly 'mused its praise,' in a more striking sense than can be conveyed to the reader. 'Long may 'GAMMER GRETHML' live to tell stories! She deserves the hand of the venerable PETER PARLEY in wedlock, for there is all the requisite similarity of intellectual tastes and habitudes, which go to make up domestic happiness. The 'Sketches of a New-England Village, in the last century,' are capital. We have read them all, and advise the reader to follow our example. They are in the shape of letters to a friend, which were really written, and narrate events that are actually true. The purpose for which they have been drawn from the writer's port-folio, will be answered; for young readers will 'learn from them, in these days of extravagant ostentation, that refinement may be cherished without luxury, and intellectual cultivation exist in the midst of frugality and simplicity of living.'

BUCKMINSTER'S WORKS. — The two very handsome volumes, from the press of Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, containing the 'Works of JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER, with Memoirs of his Life,' require little praise at our hands, since they are every where well known to the Christian public. A volume of this divine's sermons, published in 1814, having passed through three editions, has been long out of print. It makes the first volume of the present work, with the addition of the notices of Mr. BUCKMINSTER's character, which appeared in the 'General Repository,' and a few illustrative notes at the end. The second volume comprises the sermons printed in 1829, the occasional discourses published during the life of their author, and the passages selected from his manuscripts for publication in the 'Christian Disciple.' The admirable discourses upon the character of the Apostles PETER and PAUL, are alone worth the price of the entire volumes. The former, especially, is one of the most felicitous and graphic limnings we have ever met in any pulpit effort.

'MICHAEL ARMSTRONG.' — That industrious pen-woman, old Mrs. TROLLOPE, lately published in England a novel in two volumes, which she christened 'The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy.' It was issued, we believe, in numbers, but excited little attention in England, being considered as a highly overwrought picture of the English factory system, involving a feeble imitation of 'Oliver Twist,' in the main staple of the book, and evidently written for bread-and-butter. The Brothers HARPER have published the volumes; and on glancing through them, we are inclined to confirm the verdict of the London critics. There are passages, it is true, of very good description, but the old lady has 'piled up the agony' a little too high. The truth is, novel-writing is not your forte, O shallow and not-with-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things TROLLOPE! Come back to 'the States,' sweet saint! and brush up our domestic manners yet again, and open once more a shop of nice gimcrackeries!

'THE FALL OF AZTALAN AND OTHER POEMS.' By A. ALEXANDER, Esq., D. C. — This poem, illustrative of events and a state of society supposed to have existed upon the American continent, long anterior to its discovery by the Europeans, evinces considerable vigor of thought, liveliness of fancy, and power of versification. The subject is one purely of the imagination, not only in its story, but in its associations; in its place of action, and the manners, customs, and characters of the actors; in short, in all that gives 'the age and body of the time its form and pressure.' Hence its appeals to our sympathies and feelings are necessarily faint and ineffectual; but though the author thus foregoes in a measure the great field of poetry, the human heart, he nevertheless addresses the imagination with considerable effect, and creates a pleasant fiction, which, clothed in harmonious language, and lively imagery, cannot fail to repay a perusal.

'MIRIAM.' — A second and very handsome revised edition of 'Miriam' has recently been issued from the press of MESSRS. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. Upon a first and thorough perusal of this beautiful dramatic poem, some months since, we marked several extracts, and pencilled a few marginal notes, designing afterward to review the book at length, in another department of this periodical; but an elaborate critique upon the same production, in the pages of a monthly contemporary, induced us to forego the pleasure. Happily, (perhaps for the reader,) the demand for a second edition is a sufficient proof that the public are now so well acquainted with the merits of the volume, as to render a farther notice than the mere announcement of its publication, altogether unnecessary.

COMPOSITION IN PAINTING. — MESSRS. LINEN AND FENNEL, Broadway, have issued, in the imperial quarto form, 'Practical Hints on Composition in Painting, illustrated by Examples from the Great Masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. By JOHN BURNET.' The work enjoys the highest reputation in Europe, but owing to its high price, has heretofore had but a limited circulation in this country. Mr. LEWIS P. CLOVER, Jr. has furnished an exact transcript of the engravings of the original work, and the whole comes before the American student-artist, with the cordial recommendation of HENRY INMAN, Esq., and other of our most eminent artists.

CIVIL OFFICE AND POLITICAL ETHICS: By E. P. HURLBUT, Esq. — We consider this a very valuable compound of what may perhaps be called *domestic law*, or that which affects man in his social relations. How common is it, to find intelligent persons utterly ignorant of the simplest rules in reference to their social position; and when, by some sudden emergency, they are called upon to act on the subject, they are totally at a loss what to do. The work in question is well calculated to remedy this evil, and will be found useful in our schools as well as families. New-York: TAYLOR AND CLEMENT.

'REJECTED ADDRESSES.' — Mr. WM. D. TICKNOR, Boston, has issued the first good American, from the *nineteenth* London, edition of the 'Rejected Addresses,' carefully revised, with an original preface and notes by the authors, HORACE and JAMES SMITH. Our readers will require no prompting, to possess themselves of this volume; since the extracts presented in a recent elaborate review of the book, which extended to two numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, must needs form an irresistible bait.

THE DAGUERRETYPE. — We are glad to learn, that the *true* Daguerreotype views, exhibiting at the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, by Mr. GOUVAUD, the only accredited agent of Mr. DAGUERRE, in America, have attracted crowds of enthusiastic admirers. The lectures upon the art, promised by Mr. GOUVAUD, have been commenced; and we cannot doubt, will be numerously attended; the poor attempts of a pseudo Daguerreotypist to prevent such a result, to the contrary notwithstanding.

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No. 3.

ALLIANCES OF LITERATURE.

‘GENIUS and knowledge are endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god!’

SHAKESPEARE.

THE ‘progress of society’ is an expression on the lips, and traced by the pen, of every scribbler who can construct a paragraph for a newspaper. Without venturing upon the decision of the philosophical question, whether intellectual power is now more vigorous than it has been at any previous stage of the mysterious and sublime drama that has been acting, and constantly unfolding the most startling scenes, for six thousand years on this globe ; whether mental cultivation has now reached an expansive liberality, and a brilliancy of polish, to which it had never before attained ; it may be affirmed, that the course of society has been fearfully alternating, and that all its fluctuations have followed the direction of some ‘leading principle,’ an indestructible, impassable agent, instinct with life, infused through the body and limbs of society :

— ‘Totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem ;’

giving it, for the period, its distinctive features and complexion. Thus in ancient Greece, inspired by enthusiastic patriotism, society marched with triumphant step amidst its classic vales, and on the banks of its pure streams, adorned with the glory of letters, and the splendor of the arts. Again, after having been fettered through the long and dreary night that succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, she burst her bands, and emerged into the breaking light, breathing the ardor, and resplendent in the arms, of chivalry. And again, near the close of the last century, in France, throwing the reins upon the neck of licentious Skepticism, she plunged into the depths of destructive anarchy ; exhibiting a gloomy spectacle outstretched beneath the eye of indignant heaven :

‘Like the old ruins of a broken tower.’

For the last half century, this ‘leading principle’ has assumed so

many aspects, that it becomes difficult to sketch its portrait. It has seized, with convulsive energy, the spirit of controversy. It boldly discusses all questions of moral science, and political policy, frequently supplying its deficiency of arguments, by arrogant assumption and declamation. It has done, and does still, its utmost to blunt our perceptions of prescriptive right, and stifle all reverence for antiquity. It strips off the venerable encrustations of age from institutions which have commanded the sacred respect of mankind for centuries, and claims to reform them by breaking them into fragments, and attempting to reconstruct the edifice out of its defaced materials; not remembering, that the violence of its touch rends asunder the golden chain of past and present associations, that strongest bond by which legislators can secure the consistency of their fabrics.

They who devote their energies to the pursuits of literature, whose mental eye is directed long and keenly into books, where they can survey the race-ground on which departed genius has run the course of immortality, and watch its eagle flights, and who thus acquire a sort of veneration for whatever is allied to the departed beings with whom they hold communion, naturally feel an inward grief, when compelled to mark the destruction of ties they have long cherished. And perhaps they have too often, for this reason, withdrawn their mild but powerful influence from the turmoil of political struggles, retired into secluded retreats, and poured out their feelings in strains of pure and thrilling pathos. But when we reflect that the direction of this principle is but rarely yielded to the impulses of vice, and that it often lends virtue overmastering energies, the friend of humanity has but little to fear, and much to hope, from its influence.

It has no where left deeper impressions than upon political subjects; and although here, as elsewhere, it has clothed sophistry with a glare which is often mistaken for the sweet light of heaven, it has given *Tartu* a keener edge, and made her panoply gleam with a purer and more attractive splendor. Under its influence, the field of political disquisition grows broader with the diffusion of intelligence, and its limits vanish as we attempt to approach them, as the apparently descending canopy of the skies lifts away before the march of the traveller. Politics is a science founded on clear and easily-defined general principles; the indestructible relations of moral right; but the edifice that has been reared upon this basis, is composed of a variety of costly materials, and embellished with sumptuous ornaments. Constitutional law is the strength of its wall. The flashing rays of genius, elicited in the halls of legislation, gild its columns, and beam from its towers. Even literature bath wreathed beautiful chaplets around the capitals and architraves of its pillars. In fact it often does more; not merely imparting to political institutions the beauty of intellectual elegance, but rendering services which are justly deemed indispensable. There are illustrious instances in which it has formed a bond of union of sufficient strength to resist the discordant jars and strifes of local interests, throughout a great nation. Among these, there is one so striking and noble in its character, that it supersedes the necessity of introducing others which might be cited. I refer to the influence of the *Iliad* of Homer, a work of pure literature, on the States of ancient Greece.

The *Iliad* of Homer is one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind. Although conceived in the youth of the Grecian nation, when history was so young as to be almost entirely embraced in oral traditions, before manners had become softened by the refinements of civilization; and while the armor of savage warfare was yet glittering in the limbs of *HEROES*; it displays an insight into the recesses of the human heart, so deep and clear; so intimate a knowledge of the vibrations of all the cords of sympathy; an acquaintance with the secret springs of action so profound and accurate; that succeeding writers, for nearly three thousand years, have done little else than new-name his characters, transpose his incidents, and manufacture new draperies for his sentiments.

In its style, it combines all the graces that adorn the works of the age of Pericles, with the guileless simplicity that belongs to the first essays in composition. It flows from the lips of the poet like a river; in one part of its course sweeping majestically through rich vales, and in others plunging with awful sublimity over rugged precipices, always grand and impressive as the courses of nature.

This production, which for at least two centuries was not collected into a volume, but sung in detached portions by wandering minstrels, deeply engaged the attention of the Peisistratidæ, the immediate successors of Solon in the administration of the government of Athens; who, with rare genius and keen foresight, attempted to fortify the wise legislation of their great predecessor, by endeavoring to make the Greeks breathe the inspiration of this noble poem. With immense labor, they collected and collated its scattered fragments, and restored the unity breathed into it by the genius who gave it birth. Legal enactments required it to be read and studied by every citizen of the republic, and recitation of its sublime passages formed an important part of their entertainments, at all public games and festivals. Embodying the principles that directed the chisel of the sculptor, and the painter's pencil, as well as of the eloquence that uttered its thunders in the forum, and above all, furnishing the universal minstrelsy of the people, it inspired their genius, refined their taste, and gave them a keen relish for beauty and elegance, without impairing their manly vigor. It was a mirror that reflected the traits of heroes, from whom in direct line they traced their descent, and through them by only a few anterior steps to the fabled deities of heaven. Under its influence, Greece became the birth-place of the arts, the paradise of the sciences, the nurse of heroic and manly sentiment, which is 'that cheap defence of nations, that unbought grace of life,' which, in its healthy state, 'feels a stain like a wound; which ennobles whatever it touches; and under which vice itself loses half its evil, by losing all its grossness.'

So invincible was the shield in which the heart of the Grecian nation was encased by the spirit of this poem, that the portentous clouds of Persian weapons which were said to have shrouded the sun in gloom, vanished before the Persians' victorious swords, like the exhalations of the morning before the rising sun. They drove back the invaders, routed, soiled, and humiliated, and the fire of liberty burned with purer flame in their hearts and on their altars, than before this attempt to extinguish it. The plains of Marathon and the

Pass of Thermopylæ are eternal monuments, not of Grecian valor only, but also of the invincible strength of patriotism, when kindled at the shrine of the muses.

As poetry is peculiarly the language of sentiment and passion, its political influence must, in a great measure, be limited to that stage in the progress of society, where civil institutions are rather the offspring of impulsive feelings, than the emanations of unimpassioned reason. She utters her voice in the silent haunts of retirement, and is often most prodigal of her inspiration, to those whose golden hopes have been reaped down by the sickle of adversity. They who have advanced farthest into the chambers of Imagery, where she holds her court, have often been enabled to gaze undazzled on her glowing visions, and to convey them in their integrity to the minds of others, by the very misfortunes that have dried up the fountains of their sympathies with their fellows. Though the voice of poetry be full of melodious harmony, yet the din of this every-day working world forces its influence back into the silence of the closet where it received its birth. In proportion as the ardor of passion is assuaged by the calm voice of reason, in building the frame-work of society, poetry is compelled to resign her command of the public ear, to the counsels of a bolder and less sensitive spirit, viz. ELOQUENCE, which animates a department of literature, that if measured by the power which it evinces in wielding the destinies of men, will not yield to poetry, and is much more intimately interwoven into the tissue of politics, than poetry, from its nature, can ever be.

The action of eloquence is never so vigorous, nor are her tones so commanding, as when civil liberty calls in her aid to resist the encroachments of tyranny. She gathers strength from obstacles, and all attempts to stifle her voice, give addition to its impressive energy. The history of ancient and modern free states furnish noble examples of her triumphs. To return to the land of the Iliad. As the waves of foreign war subsided, and the beams of peace returned, the energies that, concentrated, had raised a wall of fire around this glorious nation, were divided by the jealousies that must distract every state, which has a diversity of local interests, uncemented by the charm of an indissoluble union. Whatever dissolves the charm, awakens the demons of faction. Discussions become bold and free. Schemes are set on foot, and theories broached and advocated by intellects which ambition has sharpened to keenness. The field is now clear for eloquence. The insidious and overreaching policy of Philip of Macedon kindled the great heart of Demosthenes, and sinking the name of 'party' in the solemn and venerable name of patriotism, his political views acquired a princely dignity by the invincible eloquence with which he enforced them. Those orations, whose bold truths, thrilling appeals, and indignant, sarcastic wit electrified the men of Athens, are the fountains whence succeeding rhetoricians have drawn the rules and principles of that sublime science, which embraces in itself a knowledge of all the others.

The Romans were less poetical, and more imitative, than the Greeks, but their orators were scarcely less illustrious. Their stately annals gleam with the light which flashed from the ardent souls of

the Gracchi. The darkest and most corrupt days of the republic had Cato and Cicero, who threw a splendor around them, that made the darkness odious, by rendering it visible. But none of these great men, and especially Cicero, ever reached the full height of their intellectual stature, except when, on the political arena, they appeared as the indomitable champions of the crumbling commonwealth. Their almost superhuman exertions in the cause of patriotism, have procured for themselves a fame which has survived the wreck of the republic, at the same time that they lent a surpassing interest to every thing Roman. The orations of Cicero are not merely beautiful specimens of rhetorical skill, but they are the most valuable commentaries on the Roman Commonwealth extant. The exquisite finish of the style, and the glowing fire of genius which burns beneath every period, give them not only a high rank in classical literature, but render them the most acceptable text-book that can be placed in the hands of the young scholar. The noble and patriotic sentiments of the old Roman are thus interwoven into the texture of the ideas, and become a component part of the intellectual nature, when it is most susceptible of deep impressions, and exert a strong influence in casting the mould of thought, even after the original impressions may have been partially effaced. The lifeless corpse of the republic has thus been embalmed in the uncorrupting fragrance of genius, and though

'The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now,'

the features of Rome's great men are engraven on tablets of everlasting duration.

But the triumphs of eloquence are not confined to Greece or Rome. The scroll of English prose literature can unroll but few pages of equal beauty with those which record the intellectual struggles of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, and others, in the British Senate; and decidedly the most attractive and eloquent passages, the finest specimens of profound thought and exquisite elegance of diction, in the whole range of American literature, are found in the political speeches and treatises of our Henry, Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, Fisher Ames, Clay, Randolph, and Webster. Many of the orations of these mighty geniuses, especially those of Chatham, Burke, Fisher Ames, and Webster, offspring as they are of questions that arise out of the depths of political science, contain choice touches of sentiment, thrilling appeals to the most generous passions of human nature, fine imagery, and graphic descriptions; thus cementing together the different parts of their discourses by golden links, that add strength to the work, while they give the finishing touch to the most costly embellishments.

The alliance that subsists between poetry, eloquence, and politics, it is true, is rather incidental than direct; but there is another department of literature, whose range is very extensive, and is daily becoming more so, which exerts a political influence that is incalculable. I refer to periodical criticism. Magazines, originally established as an ordeal through which works offered to the favor of the public must pass, be subjected to a rigid analysis, and be tested by the application of the rules of just criticism, are now the charts

on which the pilots of the ship of state sketch not merely the outlines of their course, but develop at length the principles of party policy. The Edinburgh Review, planted in the northern capital of Britain, has stretched its gigantic arm not merely over the domain of literature, sometimes withering the budding hopes of young aspirants for fame, and wielding the knife of critical dissection with energetic vigor, but it has also unfurled the banner of 'The Liberals;' and at the same time that its pages are glowing with the genius of literature, it affords the Whigs of Britain more strength than all the other periodicals in the kingdom. For the avowed purpose of checking the bold licentiousness of this northern Whig champion, whose advocacy of what the supporters of the crown deemed revolutionary doctrines was unmasked and vigorous, Sir Walter Scott, Bishop Heber, and several other gentlemen of kindred character, established in the opposite quarter of the empire the 'London Quarterly.' They caught up the enemy's own weapons, and rejecting contemptuously the venom that pointed his shafts, with polished learning and chivalrous courtesy, they parried and paid back his attacks; and for nearly thirty years, amidst the mutations of empires, and the fiercest and most fiery action of the political elements, they have sounded shrill and clear the note of

'Successful or unsuccessful war,'

in the van of their respective ranks. At the same time that these reviews have borne this warlike aspect, their eagle glance has suffered no valuable work of literature or science to escape unnoticed, and not often unanalyzed; relieving their excellencies, and pointing out defects to be avoided; although it must be acknowledged, that both parties have often suffered the rancor of prejudice to jaundice their vision, and instil its juice into the feelings that give color to the web of thought.

In our own country, the 'Quarterly,' the 'North American,' and Southern Reviews, and recently the 'New-York Review,' a work of high merit, have been made the vehicles of conveying to the public elaborate examinations of 'domestic slavery,' the 'public lands,' the boundary question, state rights, nullification, and the like subjects, that have shaken the union to its base; while their avowed aim has rather been to register the birth, display the beauties, and valuable discoveries and improvements, in literary and scientific works.

Since the election of Mr. Van Buren to the presidency, the two great parties that divide the republic have ranged themselves under a separate banner; have formally announced their intention, and commenced the attempt, to weave the tissue of politics into the favorite reading of the public. Let but the great lungs of the republic send forth the invigorating breath of sound principles, and such connexion may be advantageous, both to literature and politics. The former may receive a zest it could acquire no where else, and the latter may be elevated by the refining influences and attractive beauties of literature.

In addition to works of periodical criticism, many volumes of English and American literature, which take rank among the classics, owe their birth to the rage and rancor of political struggles. The name

of Burke is here covered with splendor. The volumes in which he has bequeathed his fame to posterity, all treat, with a single exception, of subjects purely political; and although Goldsmith has said, that

‘Born for the universe, he narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,’

yet we think it quite problematical whether Burke’s memory would have been cherished with more profound veneration than it is now, if he had chosen for his walks the groves of the academy, instead of making the senate echo the tones of his matchless eloquence. His reflections on the French Revolution, his most elaborate work, to say nothing of the depth of knowledge and political sagacity that are evinced on every page, are an exhibition of the most majestic style which the English language is capable of affording. The diction accommodates itself to the solemn grandeur of the subject, like the ‘ample folds of the drapery on the master-pieces of antique sculpture.’ It is impossible to court the acquaintance of this great man, through his works, without feeling pure and elevating influences. One breathes in his presence a purer and more invigorating atmosphere. By communion with him, the soul, unaccustomed to bold flights, gradually acquires the ardor and enterprise of the eagle.

The productions of Junius take high rank among the English classics, and now, after the events and circumstances that gave keenness and pungency to his satire have been swallowed up in oblivion, they are read, and will continue to be read, for the bold and noble cast of the thoughts, and the vigor with which they are expressed. Without attempting to complete a catalogue that might be extended to an almost indefinite length, of those who have adorned political discussions with the spoils of literature, it is sufficient to remark, that scarcely an electoral canvass now takes place, without bringing forth intellectual creations that need only the name of Junius, to raise them into an equality with those letters which are now marching on to immortality, under the banner of ‘*Stat nominis umbra*.’

The blending of politics and literature may be productive of immense advantages, or of overwhelming evils, as examples abundantly show. The influence of the Iliad on the states of Greece, has been already adverted to; and the popular author of ‘Ferdinand and Isabella,’ which may be regarded as one of the most beautiful productions of American genius, has advanced the opinion that the turbulent spirits of Spain (while the institutions of chivalry alternately covered the state with glory, and were themselves invested with commanding dignity by their union with the state,) were bound together by the patriotic ardor which they breathed in the poem of the Cid, and other works of a kindred character, with which the literature of southern Europe abounds. But the best example of this kind of influence is offered by England, whose legends and tales of chivalry gleam through the ‘elfin dream’ of Spenser, and give a keener zest even to Milton’s heavenly theme. The memory of her kings and queens has been immortalized by Shakspeare, and their vices drawn forth, and unmasked to be detested, with such pathos and generous sympathy, that our tears flow at the downfall of greatness supported by guilt, and we see without envy the vault which

successful ambition makes, as he has withdrawn the curtain, and permitted us to see the accompanying thorns, how they pierce the deepest when the splendor is most dazzling. All the events of her history have been woven by a thousand others, whose names whiten along the milky-way of her intellectual sky, into solemn narrative, festive poetry, and sportive lays : Thus

‘Uniting as with a moral band
Its native legends with their land,
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,’

until the sentiment of patriotism, which is a complex idea, composed of the recollections which great men have left behind them, and of the master-pieces of genius, has settled down into a component principle of the British constitutional nature ; combining with loyalty, it embraces the throne with a grasp so strong, that the attempt to upheave it would be as futile as the attempt to dislodge the foundations of the deep-anchored isle.

A Briton conceives the State to be the offspring of the will of God, and he looks upon the frame-work of his government, adorned as it is with spoils which have been culled from the richest products of genius, through the space of a thousand years, as a sublime temple, which the Deity honors with his presence. The church engraves her eternal sanctions on the cap-stones of the temple, and maintains her sacred ministers through all its departments. The civil officer, in vowing allegiance to his sovereign, also vows allegiance to the majesty of heaven, in the sacraments of the church. He thus acquires a sanctity of character which has a strong tendency at least to stifle the cold selfishness of the human heart, which too often looks upon office as the mere avenue of gain. To render it still more attractive, the idea of royalty and nobility is embodied in the persons of individuals. All the charms that inspire the deepest and most romantic devotion, relieved by long lines of splendid ancestry, are concentrated around the throne. Love, and enthusiastic ardor, all the strongest and most generous passions of the human breast, united with cool, reflecting reason, combine to give strength and durability to the noblest monarchy that ever was framed.

Now compare this gorgeous fabric with the simplicity of the American republic. They who framed it were baptized sons of liberty in a river of patriot blood. They were thus made sacred for their sublime duty. Their institutions are the emanations of pure reason. Passions of every description were commanded to hold their peace, when they addressed themselves to their appointed task. Not beauty but utility was the object sought and gained. They looked for support, not to enthusiastic passions, and the ardor of devotion, but to the unsophisticated reason of men of common sense. But passions are stronger than reason, and they often usurp her authority. Institutions strong as iron and solid as stone, may effect every purpose of utility, but they cannot cause to vibrate the cords of affection in the heart. Self interest may be enlisted to support them, but the deep, resistless current of patriotic ardor requires our strongest passions to arouse it to its full force. As the genius of the republic is

entirely averse from incorporating its prominent features in the persons of individuals, sinking men in the absorbing depths of principles, our only resort, and it is a resort of impregnable strength, in order to enlist the affections of the whole people in the support of national institutions, is to unite the highest possible utility with supreme elegance of intellectual taste. In this way, we may hope to restrain the fury of bold, bad men, by offering attractions to the better part of their nature. We may weave unfading garlands around the statue of Liberty, and thus invest her with such noble charms, that she shall awe those whom she cannot win.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

'WOMAN should be allowed to stand in the sacred desk, and in the halls of science, and advocate the cause of intelligence, of humanity, and of religion'

AMASA WALKER.

I.

WOMAN! arise! resume thy rights!
Bid lordly man revere!
Step boldly up to nobler heights,
And fill a wider sphere!

II.

Secluded, mute, no longer dwell,
Thy 'talents' buried quite;
Escape from custom's cruel spell,
And send abroad thy light!

III.

Thy province wide as man's extends,
The 'friends of woman' say;
But from such advocates and friends,
'Spare us! oh, spare!' we pray!

IV.

To thee, indeed, no narrow bound
Has God or man assigned;
Duties within thy home are found,
Worthy the noblest mind.

V.

Who that has marked that quiet spot,
And, marking, pondered well,
Would ask for thee a happier lot,
Than where thy loved ones dwell?

VI.

'T is thine the paths for infant feet
In lines of love to trace,
And deep impress those counsels sweet,
Which years shall ne'er efface.

VII.

'T is thine to soothe, and thine to cheer,
Ere yet from life withdrawn,
The evening hours of those most dear,
Who watched thy early dawn.

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VIII.

And who, when the cold world annoys,
Can hush a brother's sigh,
Beguile his woes, enhance his joys,
Like some fond sister nigh?

IX.

But if on thee no duty falls,
As sister, daughter, wife,
Still enter not the noisy halls
Of fierce debate and strife.

X.

Thine is the right, be thine the choice,
To plead with modest pen;
But think not with the boisterous voice
To sway the minds of men:

XI.

Nor let that high and holier place
We consecrate to prayer,
E'er witness the unblushing face
Of woman speaking there!

XII.

Mercy and wisdom sweetly blend
In the behest divine,
Which bids the priest God's altar tend,
Excluding aid of thine.

XIII.

Ne'er as man's rival seek to shine,
His laurels to divide,
Till thou canst cheerfully resign
Protection at his side.

XIV.

Still, still fulfil the glorious plan,
So full of love to thee,
Which gives the commonwealth to man,
Home's empire thine to be!

Grimcrack the Sixth.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

SIASCONSET: HOW IT AROSE, AND WHAT IT IS.

THERE are numerous lovely spots on this earth, which occupy a large space in many hearts, although they make but an indifferent appearance on the map of the great world; and there are many names of places that would be looked for in vain in the chart of any country, which nevertheless makes a conspicuous figure in the world of letters. The name which graces the head of this paper belongs to that class which lives only in the hearts of a few; but it shall be no fault of mine, if it is not found hereafter on the printed page, by the side of others better known to Fame, but not more entitled to regard and remembrance.

Dear Siasconset! what a happy lot were mine, could I cause thy name to live in the memories of those who treasure up in their hearts images of the bright and beautiful, the lovely and the good, the great and the noble! Year has followed year, like the constantly returning waves that beat upon thy pebbly shore; the light laughter of youth has grown faint and tremulous in age, and at last silent in death; the slight herbage that fringes thy slighter soil, has sprung up and decayed for succeeding seasons, since that mid-week of creation, when God bade the earth bear fruit; and still the world knows not of thy existence. But it shall be so no longer. That distant orb which had been beaming in its sphere since that glorious morning when the stars sang together for joy, never attracted the gaze of mankind, until the keen-sighted Herschel took note of its existence, and giving it the name of his sovereign, pointed it out to the wondering eyes of the world. So, SIASCONSET! let me direct the admiration of mankind to thy quiet hamlet, where it stands frowned upon, but guarded, by Sancoty and Tom Nevers, the Gog and Magog of the Ocean.

It is now one hundred and eighty years, since a kind-hearted and generous man was compelled to flee from his new home, to escape a fine and flagellation, for having been guilty of giving shelter to four Quaker way-farers during a thunder storm. The name of this man was Thomas Macy, and the place from which he fled was Salisbury, in Massachusetts, where he had acquired a title to a tract of land comprising one thousand acres, had built himself a house, and stocked a farm. This being at that period of the world's existence which we of the present generation look back upon with veneration, and call the 'good old times;' and the whole land being under the immediate control of those conscientious gentlemen, the Pilgrim Fathers; and it being about the time when England's sublimest bard poured forth that noble strain:

'Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even those who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones;
Forget not; in thy book record their groans:'

it may be considered a strange matter, that a man should be scourged and fined for giving a shelter beneath his roof to a weary traveller; but such is the fact. In those primitive days, a good Christian was hardly accounted *comme il faut*, unless he had either worried a witch, or given a quietus to a Quaker; and Thomas Macy having done neither, he was naturally looked upon with suspicion by his neighbors, notwithstanding he had lived among them twenty years, without giving any cause of offence, but that related above; after which, however, either remorse of conscience, or the persecution of his pious rulers, drove him from his home and possessions. Being first arraigned for his offence, however, he put in the following plea in extenuation, the original of which is still in existence:

‘This is to entreat the honored court not to be offended because of my non-appearance. It is not from my slighting the authority of the honored court, nor fear to answer the case; but have been for some weeks past very ill, and am so at present; and notwithstanding my illness, yet I, desirous to appear, have done my utmost endeavors to hire a horse, but cannot procure one at present. I, being at present destitute, have endeavored to purchase one, but cannot at present attain it; but I shall relate the truth of the case, as my answer would be to the honored court; and more cannot be proved, nor so much. On a rainy morning, there came to my house Edward Wharton and three men more: the said Wharton spoke to me, saying that they were travelling eastward, and desired me to direct them in the way to Hampton; and never saw any of the men afore, except Wharton, neither did I inquire their names, or what they were; but by their carriage, I thought they might be Quakers, and said I so; and therefore desired them to pass on in their way; saying to them, I might possibly give offence in entertaining them; and soon as the violence of the rain ceased, (for it rained hard,) they went away, and I never saw them since. The time that they staid in the house was about three quarters of an hour; they spoke not many words, in the time, neither was I at leisure to talk with them; for I came home wet to the skin, immediately afore they came to the house, and I found my wife sick in bed. If this satisfy not the honored court, I shall submit to their sentence. I have not willingly offended. I am ready to serve and obey you in the Lord.

THOMAS MACY.’

‘27 of 8th mo., ’59.’

But this did not satisfy the ‘honored court;’ and therefore he was forced to flee; and two of the men who had caused him to offend, by seeking a shelter beneath his roof, viz: William Robinson, merchant of London, and Marmaduke Stephenson, of Yorkshire, England, were hanged in Boston the same year, for being Quakers.

It is not to be wondered at that Thomas Macy was suspicious of the whole race of white folks, as well he might be; and he determined to remove himself and family as far from their influence as he could. He put his wife and little ones, together with such of his effects as he could carry upon his shoulders, into an open boat, and having persuaded a neighbor to accompany him, he launched his frail vessel, and set sail in quest of a place where Christian men had not intruded themselves. He coasted along the barren shore of Cape Cod, past the Elizabeth Islands, and Martha’s Vineyard, so called from its abound-

ing in herrings, until he reached a little heap of arid sand, just lifting itself above the surface of the waters, and surrounded on every side by dangerous shoals and sand-bars, as if nature, in her kindness, had determined that no rash individual should set foot upon a spot that she was evidently ashamed of. But these things, which might have daunted a fainter hearted man than Thomas Macy, were only inducements to him to set up his Ebenezer in this place. For he doubtless thought that in this spot he and his descendants would be free from intrusion, to the end of time; unless some guilty, outlawed wretch like himself, who had given shelter to the houseless and oppressed, should seek its desert shore for an asylum, when pursued by the conscientious and over pious. This little heap of sand has since been called Nantucket, and from this true-hearted and brave man sprang up just such a race of men and women as one might suppose such a stock capable of producing; kind-hearted, generous, careful, brave and enterprising, but withal greatly inclined to peace; thrifty and prudent, and at the same time hospitable to a proverb.

Thomas Macy afterward returned to Salisbury, and brought back with him to Nantucket several families, among whom were the ancestor of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and the maternal ancestor of Doctor Franklin. They found the island peopled with savages, who suffered the new comers to take up their abode there without molesting them; and the white intruders in return treated the hospitable natives with uniform kindness and gentleness; a mode of proceeding which was found much more efficacious in exterminating them, than hunting them with blood-hounds, or shooting them with patent rifles. They were literally killed with kindness. If this method of exterminating natives was but known and practised in the everglades of Florida, a very large sum of money might be annually saved by our government. But let me not wander from my subject.

Psychological peculiarities are more enduring than physiological. The lineaments of an entire race may change, while their moral features remain unaltered. Whether the descendants of Thomas Macy bear any resemblance in their outward seeming to their progenitor, cannot now be known; but certain it is, the leading points in their characters are singularly like to his. Driven by a barren soil and an isolated situation to draw their subsistence from the ocean, they became early accustomed to its perils, and to love its dangers; and leaving the smaller of the finny tribe to the less adventurous spirits of Cape Cod and Cape Ann, they grappled with the huge leviathan of the deep, and have ever since made the capture of him the leading pursuit of their lives; and now, in whatever part of the globe, how remote soever it may be from their island home, no sooner does the black-coated monster of the deep thrust his head above its surface, than one of the descendants of Thomas Macy stands ready in the bow of his fragile skiff, with harpoon in hand to fasten upon his prey. Such was the commencement of Nantucket; and more than half a century ago, colonies from that little spot had settled down in Dunkerque in France, Milford Haven in Wales, Halifax in Nova Scotia, New-Bedford in Massachusetts, and Hudson in our own state, for the purpose of carrying on the business of catching whales; and by their descendants it is continued to this day. The immediate descendants

of the first settlers of Nantucket not only supplied this continent with oil before the revolution, but they exported large quantities to England and France. In the latter country, they were the first to introduce it into use, being obliged to create a demand, in order to meet it. It is related, in an authentic history, that some persons standing on a high hill on the island, watching the whales spouting and sporting with each other, one said : ' There,' pointing to the sea, ' is a green pasture, where our children's grand-children will go for bread.' The prophecy has been literally fulfilled.

Although all men are gregarious, and above all, civilized men, yet in proportion as they become civilized, they strive to appear other than what they are, by affecting to live apart from their own species. It is to this feeling that country-seats and watering-places owe their existence. And although men pretend to wish to be very exclusive in their retreats from what they call the bustle of the great world, yet they are very certain to go, on such occasions, where there is the greatest probability of finding the greatest crowd ; so impossible is it for men to sin against their own natures. The simple inhabitants of Nantucket, although differing essentially from the rest of mankind in many particulars, partook of this common foible with the rest. As they grew rich and refined, they felt the want of a summer retreat ; and in process of time, there were clustered together, on the eastern end of the island, sixty or seventy little houses, standing on the edge of a high cliff, with the waves of the Atlantic constantly dashing against its base.

This was SIASCONSET. But how unlike all other summer retreats and watering-places ! It rises in the midst of ocean, with neither a green tree nor a towering rock to divide the attention, or to entice the eye from contemplating the grandeur of the wild waste of waters spread out around it. The hoarse roar of the breakers continually dashing against the shore, makes a nobler symphony than was ever heard within the walls of a cathedral, and awakening within the soul a vague feeling of sublimity, rebukes and puts to flight all mean and trivial thoughts. One of those wooden gimcracks, with its Grecian porticoes and Venetian blinds, that disfigure all other places of summer resort in the twenty-four states, would look like an impertinence here ; and luckily no enterprising individual has yet seen proper to build such an incubus upon the fair fame of Siasconset. The little houses that are ranged along the cliff, with a green avenue running between them, are the most modest and unpretending edifices that civilized men ever reared for their accommodation. And here may be seen and felt all those gentle graces which adorn and distinguish cultivated minds, without any of those external affectations and incumbrances, which accompany them in other places. Pride and luxury are exotics, that cannot take root where there is so little of the blandishments of Nature, or the achievements of art, to distract the mind from the contemplation of its Maker. And here, by common consent, men and women throw aside all useless restraints and cold formalities, and intermingle with each other like brethren appointed to one common lot, and who are joint heirs to one heritage. Fashion here loses her sway, and even women cease to acknowledge her as their sovereign. That foul demon, the SPIRIT OF PARTY, has never yet

shed his baneful influences over Siasconset, and strait-coated Sectarianism has never approached within sound of its breakers. The tinkling of a piano has never been heard within its borders, and the hissing of steam has never marred the hoarse melody of its waters. But the hilarious music of happy hearts is often heard there, and the gentle whispers of heart-subduing voices. And too often the thrilling cry of drowning wretches has been borne on the midnight blast; for many noble ships have been wrecked upon its rips, without one soul being left to tell the story of their disaster. And the shore has not unfrequently been lined with costly goods, and lifeless bodies, while the vessel that once bore them has been entirely beaten to pieces and swallowed up in a night. And once the waters around were crimsoned with human blood, and the echoes of the solitary cliffs were awakened by sounds never heard there before; the clashing of swords, the reports of cannon, and the fierce cry of men engaged in mortal combat. It was near the close of the last war, when the privateer Neuschâtel, lying within a very short distance of the shore, was attacked by the boats of the Endymion frigate. Of one hundred and forty men, including the first lieutenant of the ship, that manned the barges, only fourteen returned alive.

But the chief glory of Siasconset, and what serves to embalm it in the memories of all those who visit it, is neither its solitary grandeur, its unique customs, nor the charms of its society, but its fish. To appreciate them, they must be eaten. To describe an elegant woman, a beautiful picture, or a fine landscape, would be an easy task; but to give a correct idea of a 'soused chowder,' would baffle the readiest pen, or the warmest imagination. No doubt many lovers of good things would think it a lucky chance if they could sip a cup of young hyson with the moon's first cousin, his highness of china; or sup with an unbreeched Gaucho, in the Banda Oriental, off a Pampa bull roasted whole, and undivested of his hide and horns; or breakfast at Mackinac on a lake trout, which they had watched dying and broiling upon the hot embers in an Indian wigwam; or to dine at the Rocher de Cancale, on *turbot à la crème*; or they may have feasted in imagination with Didius Julianus, or with Varius Heliogabalus on shrimps and sausages, cooked according to the receipt of the latter emperor; or have partaken of one of the men-fed fish from the pond of Vedius Pollio, at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; or have eaten cow-heel in their dreams with Glaucus Lorrentis; I am persuaded that no one who has ever eaten fried tongues and 'sounds' at Siasconset, can ever long for any other dish, unless it be a codfish chowder, served up at the same place. Indeed, if one were called upon to decide between the two dishes, he would be placed in a most puzzling predicament; it would be like asking a mother which of her children she would be willing to give up. They pretend to make chowder in other parts of the Bay State; and I have tasted a villanous compound, even on the sea-coast of New-Hampshire and Maine, that was dignified by the name; but it was an insult to the noblest of the finny tribe to serve one of them up in such style. Every body has read, or heard, of the tragic end of the illustrious Vatel, who ran himself through the body with his sword, because the sea-fish that he expected to serve up for the dinner of his royal master did not arrive in season. And

doubtless many thoughtless people have looked upon the too sensitive cook as a fool, or at best as having fallen a sacrifice to a false principle of honor. But I could never look upon the martyrdom of the unfortunate Frenchman in such a light. Taking it for granted that the fish he expected was a cod, and that the dish he intended to make of it was chowder, I do not see that any other method of expressing his chagrin could have been adequate to the occasion. He certainly did right to fall upon his sword. But how melancholy to reflect, that while the heroic artist was breathing his last breath, whole cart loads of *marée* were arriving from every sea-port in France, whence he had ordered it for fear of disappointment. His feelings were no doubt well understood and appreciated by his royal master; for Madame Sévigné, in her letter to Madame Grignan, says he was much praised, and his courage was lauded as well as blamed.

There are other kinds of fish, beside cod, caught at Siasconset; but the sojourners at that fascinating spot, like the emperor Geta, have their fish served up in alphabetical order; and it so happens that they never get beyond the third letter. It would literally be descending too far, to go below c. The chromatic scale of their culinary conceptions cannot go beyond cod. But the charmed circle of their appetite is by no means a narrow one. First comes chowder, then fried tongues and sounds, then fried cheeks, next corned cod, then boiled sounds, and lastly dried cod. Who would ever wish to leave such a round of enjoyment! What were the lampreys of Julius Cæsar, compared with the cod-fish of Siasconset!

These delightful fish are taken with hook and line in boats, peculiarly constructed for riding on the breakers, about a mile from the shore. It requires great skill and address to land the boats safely on the beach; and it frequently happens that they are swamped in the attempt, and the fruits of a day's labor and peril are lost. But so accustomed are the fishermen to diving in the surf, that it rarely happens that one of them is drowned. In landing, as soon as the boat touches the shore, the crew leap out, and catching her by the gun-wales, drag her up high and dry out of the reach of the returning breaker. The fish are immediately thrown out upon the beach, when some bare-footed urchin, or bare-armed damsel, without question or hindrance, claps an eye and a hand upon the largest and finest looking one of the fare, and darts up the steep bank with surprising alacrity. The fish is cleaned and thrust into the pot which has been hanging over the fire, with its pork and onions all in readiness, in an incredible short space of time; and if you are a looker-on, you begin to feel longings within you that would be wholly insupportable, were it not for the prospect of their speedy gratification. The keen bracing air; the pure limpid water; the exercise upon the beach; the simple joyousness of all around you; all tend to whet up the appetite to such a degree, that you feel that the coarsest food would be eaten with the liveliest zest imaginable; but when the additional stimulus of the aroma arising from a pot of chowder is given, your appetite becomes a phrenzy, and you seize a spoon and abandon yourself to the gratification of your desires, with a recklessness and utter regardlessness of the whole world, and every thing it contains, except the tureen before you, which you can never feel at any other

place, nor upon any other occasion. When you leave Siasconset, it is with regret : it becomes petrified in your memory ; and although you may have travelled the world over, you never forget that you have been there ; and when you are asked whether you have or not, you promptly reply, ' yes,' and add that you mean to go there again.

B E T T E R M O M E N T S .

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'THE ITALIAN SKETCH-BOOK.'

With what a calm and hopeful grace come forth
The starry emblems of supernal love
Into the dusky sky ! So have our years
Been shorn of darkness by the gems of good
In being's firmament so richly set,
By the same hand that led us forth at first
To tread earth's solemn shore : upon that strand
Surges of grief, with melancholy roar,
Will sometimes beat, but only to subside
Into a pensive murmur, soothing oft
Our troubled breasts with dreams of that blest sphere,
Where, like a peaceful lake, whose crystal depths
E'er image lovely things, life's tide expands,
Tranquil and bright, beneath the smile of God.

Now that the last breeze of another year
Thus sighs itself away, awake my soul !
And garner up the pleasant memories
That smile upon thee from departed days ;
Ere these redeemers of the Past grow dim,
Throw on its tomb a wreath : Remember now
How oft night's beauteous queen has solaced thee,
When, on the ocean-waste, her beams have spread
A silver pathway for the barque of Hope
To float serenely into coming time !
How did thy baser passions melt away
In those soft, tranquil nights ! What calm divine
Through all thy powers in subtle beauty spread !
What solemn raptures stirred thy silent depths !
What visions of the beautiful arose !
What passionate resolves to follow truth,
Obey the inward law ; with boundless love,
Firm trust, and conscious joy, to take thy way
Through the mysterious destinies of earth,
Free and untroubled as a happy child !

Revoke the ravishments of music born,
Rich in emotions tender and profound,
When on a sea of melody thou lay,
Swept with a thrilling freedom, or upborne,
Oblivious of time, as some high strain
Imparadised thee with its melting spell,
And rendered consciousness intense and sweet.
Conjure from by-gone hours the sacred thoughts
That came to thee at twilight, as the west
Mantled the aged hills with pearly light,
And sent rich scintillations up the sky,
Like paths of amber ; amethystine waves,
Or roseate streams through azure meadows rolled,
Emblazoned with a solar heraldry ;
Commingling all within the purple mists,
Which, like the floating robes of seraphs, play
Round the departing sun ! Renew once more

The charm that lured thee, as thou loitered far
Into the mazes of that verdant lore,
That like a primal forest of the east,
Spreads its o'erladen branches many a league,
While flowers of every hue beneath are strewn,
Sending for ever through the solemn air
Incense the breath of ages cannot waste!

What though the world is cold, so thou canst steal
From its stern throng, and mid the orange-groves
Of fair Verona, in the moonlight, hear
Juliet's deep vows, fresh from her virgin soul,
Stir the awed night-breeze, like the mystic tones
Of spherulic music from some new-born star?
Or stand beside the musing Dane, to note
His thoughtful soul's deep strivings with itself?
Think of the noble women thou hast known,
Upon whose lovely brows high grace reposed,
Within whose eyes the dew of tenderness
From love's unfathomable deep welled up —
Confirming faith in heaven; whose tones of truth
All affluent in hope, melodious breathed
More eloquent responses to the plea
For an immortal fate, than all the force
Proud reason ever marshalled to adorn
Doubt's desert plain with potent argument.

Recall those moments whose concentrate span
Outvalues common years, when thou didst break
From thy poor thrall of dust, as if thou felt
The scope of an immortal flight were thine,
And rose through love's celestial atmosphere,
Buoyant with gladness, to the gate of heaven!
Amid those blissful dreams, how paled afar
The star of glory, like an earthly lamp
At the first outbreak of the god of day!
Ah! then thou didst forswear most earnestly
Ambition's weary race; the thirst for gold
Died with disdain, as manhood's mind contemns
The toys of infancy; each selfish aim,
The sophistry of rank, pleasure's gay badge,
And all the means and purposes of life,
Dwindled to mocking trifles, as the waves
Of a new-born affection proudly swelled,
With a rich music and far-spreading sweep,
Before which all the sounds of earth grew faint,
And former prospects sunk to littleness.

Such are the mysteries that circle life!
To think — yet with unsatisfied desire,
Sit in the temple-porch of knowledge still,
Forbidden by our clay habiliments
From rushing to the open arms of Truth,
To lay our aching brows upon her breast;
To love — yet at affection's banquet glean
Mere crumbs of nourishment, while our strong hearts
Are shaping ever an ideal love,
And thirsting for a sympathy of soul
Which angels only know.

Yet thank the Giver of each perfect gift,
For the perception and the pledge divine;
Treasure the better moments thou hast known,
When, with volcanic force, the light of thought
Shed a celestial splendor o'er the world,
Or love, forgetful of its earthly fate,
Seemed momentarily to know the deathless joy
Awaiting it above; a grateful hope
Shall thus the elements of time subdue,
And harmonize the soul with filial trust.

NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

BY CALES CUSHING.

LEYDEN : PASSAGE FROM LEYDEN TO HAARLEM.

WHETHER Leyden was constructed originally upon the site of the ancient Lugdunium Batavorum, or only near it, is a matter of dispute among the Hollanders. The present city, however, dates back its origin to the time of the invasion of the Normans, who plundered and destroyed Lugdunum and Forum Adriani, in consequence of which the inhabitants of these places removed their habitations to the shelter of the Burg, or ancient castle, which still towers above the city. This monument of other days consists of an artificial hill, or mound, of considerable height, whose summit is levelled, and enclosed within a lofty embattled wall, of great strength and thickness. To ascend this hill, which is now environed by houses at its base, but is uncovered from them up to the old walls, you enter a low building which is used as a tavern, and pass through into the garden behind it, where you find a flight of stone steps leading up to the castle. Ascending the glacis, you gain a perfect idea of the construction of the Burg itself, and enjoy a beautiful prospect over Leyden and the whole of the surrounding country. Most of the wall is evidently of comparatively modern work ; but it is built precisely in the place and form of the old one, as appears from the fragments of the latter which still remain entire, and are distinguishable by the great size and irregular form of the bricks. It would seem that the Saxons, to whom the structure is ascribed, did not take pains to make their bricks all of the same size or shape ; but left this in part to chance or caprice, adapting them together as they would unhammered stones. From this elevated position, you distinctly perceive the sand-hills of Katwyk, the Haarlem-meer, and a multitude of villages sprinkled over the populous region of the Rhymland. In Leyden itself the close wall of buildings prevents your seeing objects with so much discrimination as you otherwise would ; but among many buildings which strike the eye, you cannot fail to admire the steeples of the Stadhuis and of the Church of St. Pancras. Descending from the covered way, I entered the area within the castle walls, which is now planted with a grove of trees, but formerly contained a kind of labyrinth. The large deep well of the castle still remains.

Around this fortress, in the progress of time, the city as we now see it was gradually built. It is traversed by the Rhine and four other small rivers, while many canals branch off into the streets, having stone bridges, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, to unite the opposite sides of the canals and rivers. A broad and deep canal surrounds the whole city as a fosse, within which are the ramparts, no longer bristling with cannon, or manned with armed citizens, but formed into beautiful wooded promenades, of the most picturesque appearance. Of the streets of Leyden, that called the Rapenburg is greatly celebrated, as well for its intrinsic beauty, as for the public disaster of which it was the scene in 1807. Previous

to that time, the Rapenburg presented to the eye, as it does now, a noble avenue, shaded as usual with trees, with a canal extending lengthwise through it, and many of the handsomest private buildings on each side overlooking the water and the trees. In 1807, a boat loaded with gunpowder took fire and exploded, as it lay in the canal, destroying a considerable number of houses, and burying under the ruins more than one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants. The spot on which the houses stood was cleared of the rubbish, and on one side planted with trees, to form a public promenade, and on the other converted into a military parade-ground. Other streets are sightly, regular, and extensive, but none equally so with the Rapenburg. The number of rivers which flow through the city, afford great facilities for maintaining that cleanliness, which in so wet a country as Holland is as much a dictate of necessity, as it is the result of taste. Trap-doors sometimes open over the sewers, which are extensive and curious; and one of them, of a mile in length, is so large as to admit of a boat's entering it when it requires to be purified.

Leyden rose to wealth and consequence by reason of its flourishing fabrics of cloths and other woollen goods, of various kinds, which have always possessed high repute; enjoying at the same time a very considerable trade in soap and indigo, and in the agricultural products of the Rhynland. Its woollen manufactories have very much declined, in consequence of the competition of the English and the Germans; and with that decline, its population and riches have decreased. It is better known abroad, as the seat of the most celebrated university in Holland; but in this respect, also, the fame of the universities of Germany, and the establishment of so many places of scientific education in other countries, have operated most injuriously on the prosperity of Leyden. Owing to the liberal principles on which education was here conducted, when religious tests were exacted elsewhere, to the cheapness of living in the city, and the economical mode in which instruction was imparted, and to the pre-eminent reputation of the professors attached to the institution, the university of Leyden acquired a wide reputation, and was resorted to by students from various parts of Europe. It was, of course, very injuriously affected by the political troubles of the country; but it is rapidly regaining its usefulness, and now contains more than seven hundred students.

The university occupies the buildings of an old cloister, and is a plain brick edifice, containing only the public halls required for the examinations and the meetings of the faculty. The chamber of the *Senatus Academicus*, in which also the private degrees are taken, is ornamented with a series of the portraits of the professors, but is otherwise quite plain. The public hall for degrees is plainer still; and the rest of the apartments are only common examination rooms. In general, rooms are not provided for the professors, who lecture in apartments of their own, and often at their dwelling houses. Every thing about the library is in the same style of simplicity and frugality with the other buildings. The number of volumes is not large, compared with the great literary riches possessed by many of the universities in Europe. It is highly esteemed, however, on account of the manuscripts it possesses, particularly the collections of Scaliger,

Vossius, and other celebrated professors, whose labors have also enriched the cabinets of anatomy, natural history, and natural philosophy.

A most extensive and invaluable botanic garden, enriched with a vast variety of exotic plants, is attached to the university, and contains many things to gratify curiosity. It occupies a space of seven acres, contiguous to the city wall, and extending out upon the ramparts so far, that one of the bastions is made into a beautiful arbor, from which you see the broad fosse, and the delightful walks which extend around without the city. What adds to the attractiveness of the garden, is the principle on which the plants are arranged, it being the system of Jussieu, instead of that of Linnæus, and of course giving a more national and interesting appearance to the whole, as the plants of each family are grouped together. You are shown a large tree which was planted by the hand of Boerhaave; and among the decorations of the garden are busts of Linnæus, of Clusius and Rombertus Dodonæus, early professors in the university; and of Bregmans, who recently enlarged and beautified it.

Of the churches, that of St. Peter's is the most interesting, being considered in fact one of the finest in all Holland. The vaulted roof, sustained by three rows of large pillars, is distinguished for its height. Its organ is comparatively small, but not unbecoming to the church. It contains various monuments which deserve to be mentioned. On the left side of the organ is a brass plate in memory of Clusius, and a stone tablet for Joseph Scaliger. They were buried at the time of their death in an old French church, which having fallen into ruins, these tablets were transferred hither, and placed in a conspicuous situation upon the wall. The monuments of many other eminent scholars are also seen here, among which, those of P. Camper and of Brugmans, are in particularly fine taste, consisting each of a bust, with a simple inscription. That of Boerhaave is very beautiful. Six figures, representing the seven ages of man, and the sciences of medicine and chemistry, are grouped around an urn, which stands upon a pedestal of black marble, bearing a medallion of Boerhaave, with his motto: *SIMPLEX SIGILLUM VERI*. Beneath is the brief, and somewhat quaint inscription: *SALUTIFERO BOERHAVII GENIO SACRUM*. On the other side of the organ are very beautiful marble monuments, erected in memory of the two Meermans, father and son. That of the son, erected in 1820, exhibits a statue of his widow sitting upon a cenotaph, and holding a medallion with his bust carved upon it; that of the father consists of an obelisk. In the church of St. Pancras, you see the tomb of Vander Werf, the heroic burgomaster, who defended the city in 1574, during the memorable siege by the Spaniards under Francisco Valder.

Other memorials of this remarkable individual, and of the siege, are pointed out at the Stadhuis, an ancient structure, with a small steeple, and an ornamented balustrade in front of the roof. On the pavement in the street before this building, is a circle, like that which I have before described at Delft, made by means of stones of different colors, in imitation of mosaic, with the words '*NIETS SONDER GODT*, 1586.' In one of the apartments is a fine portrait of the king by Vander Kooy, together with seven portraits of the house of Orange,

and a celebrated picture of the Last Judgment, by Lucas Van Leyden. In another are some fine pictures, illustrative of incidents during the siege. A large one by Van Bree, representing the Self-devotion of Vander Werf, is exceeded by few historical paintings of the contemporary masters, either in the selection of a subject, or in splendor of execution.

I made diligent inquiry here for the shop-board and other relics of John of Leyden, the ferocious leader of the Anabaptists in the sixteenth century, which are said to be preserved in the Stadhuis of his native city; but I did not succeed in finding them, if indeed they still exist. The female who exhibits the curiosities of the Stadhuis, told me that she and her mother had together been in charge of it half a century; and although strangers often inquired for these things, she had never been able to discover where they were. My guide, a very intelligent man, who had attended strangers in this capacity for five years, confirmed this statement; adding that Germans who visited Leyden were particularly curious on this subject. He had often conducted them to the house in which the tailor-king had lived; but all their researches for any relics of him at the Stadhuis had proved unsuccessful.

Leyden contains of course many other public buildings, but none of very great interest to the traveller. In going from this city to Haarlem, I took the diligence, which differs in form somewhat from our stage-coach. It contains, like our public coaches, but one apartment, in which the seats are so arranged that every passenger faces the horses. The sides and seats are all neatly stuffed and covered; but the carriage has not the light and tasteful aspect of ours, although it is equally removed from the heavy bulk of the French diligence. It was drawn by three horses abreast, and managed as usual by two persons, the postillion and a conductor. Each place is numbered, and of course you buy a seat to which you have an exclusive right for the journey, there being no privileged places for ladies, as in this country. It starts precisely at the hour fixed, with undeviating punctuality; and therefore a stranger need be acquainted with the absurd usage which prevails in Holland, of causing the hour to be struck more than once. Thus, at every half hour it is customary to strike the hour which is coming, in defiance of convenience and common sense. But if the diligence is exact in setting out, it is equally faithful to the hour of arrival; and therefore in both respects the punctuality deserves to be commended.

The post road from Leyden to Haarlem passes through the villages of Sassenheim, of Lisse, and of Hillegom, and shows to the traveller some of the best parts of the Rhyndland. In pleasant weather, it forms a ride altogether enchanting. Near Leyden there is a vast number of pretty villas and farm-houses of the better sort; and farther on, the country is rich with cultivation. The road is not so wide nor so straight as the avenues in the vicinity of the Hague; but it is more natural in appearance, and quite as pretty, winding just enough to be diversified. Tracts of meadow and pasturage are seen covered with large herds of cows, or fields of waving grain, ripe for the sickle. Generally the fields are separated from the road and from one another by verdant hedges, which are seldom left to grow naturally, but are

trained and clipped into every variety which fancy can invent. Occasionally a wide ditch forms the boundary of the road, or divides the lands of different proprietors; in which case a row of trees generally extends along the line of the ditch. Indeed, trees are planted by the wayside nearly the whole distance, and sometimes, where the road is narrow, their branches meet over the middle, so as to cover it with a beautiful green canopy of leaves. As you approach the small towns or villages, you find the rows of trees more carefully planted, with a well-trodden foot-path under them; and so it is near the country-seats of wealthy individuals. Sometimes you pass amid extensive fields of wheat or barley, or of potatoes and various garden vegetables, contiguous to the very road; at others a long range of meadow ends in a grove of trees, with here and there buildings, and perhaps an antique looking steeple peeping out from the bosoms of the dense foliage.

As we came nearer to Haarlem, the beauty of the grounds and the number of villas and neat country-seats increased. The Haarlem-meer, or lake, was visible on the right, animated with small vessels or boats. Nothing, indeed, in a champaign country, can be more beautiful than the environs of Haarlem. Charming villages lie on all sides of it; Heemstede, on the borders of the lake; Bennebroek, near which is the estate of Hartekamp, where Linnæus lived when he devised his botanical system; Overveen, and especially Bloemendaal, in the downs to the eastward of the city, affording fine views of the North Sea, and the rich lands extending from thence to the Haarlem-meer and the Y. Just without the city is the famous Wood of Haarlem, before entering which, you pass the various grounds of Meerburg, Groenendaal, Bosch en Hoven, Eynden Hout, with its two beautiful sphinxes, and other villas, but all yielding to the palace called Hope's Pavilion. This princely residence stands on the right of the road, among the gay walks of the wood. It was built by Mr. Hope, the head of the great banking house at Amsterdam, and sold by him to Louis Bonaparte; since which it has become a domain of the state, and is now occupied by the princess dowager of Orange.

Proceeding a little farther, you cross the extensive walks which have been laid out around the ramparts, and passing a handsome gate, find yourself in the city of Haarlem, which I shall endeavor to place before the reader in another number.

M E M O R Y .

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

As the soft shower at summer eve descends,
 And, with fair arch, the painted rainbow bends;
 When rolling clouds flit o'er the twilight scene,
 And deeper tinge the landscape's freshened green;
 Mark the bright tints of soft reflected light,
 That gild the tempest, o'er its brow of night;
 Thus *MEMORY* brightens, with divinest hue,
 The gloomiest scenes of retrospective view;
 And mildly shining on a world of strife,
 The lovely rainbow to the storms of life,
 Can, if mild *Virtue* but sit smiling there,
 Gild e'en the darkest clouds of deep despair.

PASSAIC:

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM.

TALE SECOND.

THE LAST LOOK.

'She van-! he !, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She passed serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death !'

DRYDEN.

MORN slowly lifts the curtain of the night,
And shows to man earth's glorious scenery:
Who stand, a pair, on yonder rocky height,
To watch the brightening of the eastern sky?
Arm linked with arm, in fond security,
He clad in black, and she in robe of snow:
Noble his mien, and soft her honoring eye,
That worships his, and fair her cheeks that glow
With th' awakening east, where roses bud and blow.

Lovers they seem, and ne'er have lovers' feet
A fairer spot at fairer season trod:
All round is poured a solemn voice and sweet,
For Nature here is talking with her God.
'Tis where Passaic leaps with all his flood,
Trampling the vale with heavy-thundering tread,
That the stout rocks all stagger with the load:
Yet are there sweet delights as well as dread;
Wild-flowers and shady trees the rugged cliffs bespread.

With hearts long-linked, their fates are newly bound:
Love's port is gained, all storms of courtship o'er;
The chill of pride, the sharp and jealous wound
Of rivals' favored eyes, so galling sore,
The rack of absence following smiles before,
The idly-anxious day, the feverish night,
Now lash the billows of their breasts no more:
Calm as a level lake, the currents bright,
Deep, clear, and brimming, sleep in dreams of golden light.

Oh! softest ray that cheers benighted earth!
The moon among our twinkling starry beams:
The sweetest flower is marriage, that found birth
Within the rich first garden's wide extremes.
Young hearts, Passaic, like thy mountain streams,
In frolic morn shout on awhile and leap;
Till tired at length of sports and noisy screams,
They drop into each other's arms asleep,
And wake like thee more fit to tug with danger's steep.

But danger's steep by these is rapture found:
Their eyes are fed with such indwelling light,
That the rent rocks and dizzy cliffs around,
Seem smiling gardens to their happy sight.
Love makes the rough place smooth — illumines the bright,
New-gilds the sun, and even the rose makes red;
And from all tears and vapors, by his might,
Gives out such hues as on yon mists are spread:
See! how they cling and smile — have I not truly said?

His was the mighty sway of eloquence;
 His throne the pulpit, whence his power he dealt;
 Strange, mastering power, of energy intense,
 That more than music knows to rouse and melt:
 'Twas not the strength of reason in him dwelt —
 His thoughts, when written, failed — but oh! when heard,
 All hearts, like seas the tempest's breath that felt,
 Quick into wild tumultuous life were stirred,
 Then rolled in billowy waves, submissive to his word.

How did that voice our bosom-tides upraise —
 How, drunk with music, on its tones we hung,
 When met our freedom's stormy birth to praise,
 Of all our fathers' woes his faltering tongue
 Told the sad tale; and tears like rain-drops sprung
 Down drouthy cheeks, long strangers to their flow:
 But when with trumpet-note he told the young
 Theirs for defence henceforth must be the blow,
 How did our spirits leap, and long to find a foe!

But hark! — he speaks — he calls his happy bride:
 'Look up! sweet love — the moon-set hour is nigh,
 The pallid queen, long sick, at length has died,
 And stars, ashamed of rival brilliance, fly;
 For the young east is winning every eye:
 See! yon rose cloud that sails so sweetly there,
 Bound like a ransomed spirit to the sky:
 Up the blue deep it fades — it melts in air!
 Such be thy gentle fate, when death no more will spare!'

The drowsy morn is stirring from his dream —
 Lo! on his cheek the waking blushes play,
 Through lash of trees now peeps his trembling beam,
 Now opens his awful eye upon the day!
 From peak to peak, bright rushing far away,
 The scattering sunbeams chase the flying gloom;
 Signals of light, with telegraphic sway,
 To spire and hill-top, met with as they roam,
 News-telling, that the king of light and life is come!

'He comes! far-flashing in his car of gold!
 Waken, ye clouds! put on your crimson dies;
 Ye mists! haste up the hill-side to behold!
 Ye winds! call up the slumbering leaves with sighs:
 Rouse, droning water-falls! salute the skies,
 And wreath the fresh rainbows round your brows of spray!
 Ye beasts! — birds! — insects! — all awake! arise!
 To greet the coming of the lord of day:
 Thou, too! oh, man, shouldst wake — but wake to praise and pray!

'God of this wondrous scene! whose iron hand
 Tore ope the lion-jaws of chasms — this strait
 Of warring waters, this high mountain-land,
 Yon flaming globe, all tell me thou art great:
 And oh! with all my raptures, this dear mate
 To share and sweeten, shows me thou art good.
 I cannot thus unthankful bear thy weight
 Of unbought bounties: oh! then let this flood
 Of happy tears say all my failing accents should!'

Long do they kneel, and pour their silent prayers,
 Awed by the roar of falls, and dizzy brow
 Wheron they rest — still showering April tears:
 When hearts are full, the eyes will overflow,
 Be the deep burthen one of joy or wo:
 But soon those eye-born dew-drops the breezes drink,
 Sooner than those which on the mosses glow:
 And now he leads her to the slippery brink,
 Where ponderous tides headlong plunge down the horrid chink.

Shuddered the solid frame-work of the rock,
 Down the black gulf the waters, crushed, amazed,
 Shivered to snowy atoms by the shock,
 Shrieked dreadful : that her giddy head, half-crazed,
 Hid in his sheltering bosom while he gazed.
 Strong with the scent of beaten flint, the spray
 Rushed like a wind, and high in air was raised ;
 Drenching the lovers on its drizzling way :
 And now it soars a cloud, and glitters in the day.

' Ope thy sweet timid eyes ! ' he cries : ' behold
 One smile of peace mid all the discord's roar !
 A dreamy arch of azure, flame, and gold,
 Now bridges wide the gulf from shore to shore :
 Heaven's early mark of promise, that no more
 The ruin past the wearied earth should wear :
 Proof to the stream its trial-storm is o'er ;
 The seal of God set o'er the waters there,
 To stamp the act as his, and bid them not despair.

' Nor need they groan ; soon, guided by his hand,
 Through rocky perils to yon flowery vale,
 Long shall they journey through a pleasant land ;
 While freighted barks upon their bosom sail :
 And briny tides their welcome face shall hail,
 Sent half-way up the coming guests to greet :
 Soon at their sea-home, whence they did exhale,
 The kindred streams once more in peace shall meet :
 Oh ! thus through storms to rest, our God will guide our feet !'

Now down the hill-side, o'er the valley-bridge,
 Their venturous feet the wildest paths pursue ;
 They cross the village ; near the southern ridge,
 They pass the gap, whence, startling to the view,
 Tall cliffs wide-parted brightly bursting through,
 The whole wild beauty of the fall is seen :
 Gray rocks, black pools, and foam of snowy hue,
 And far away, the cloven crags between,
 The fleecy waters curve, with amber striped, and green.

They seek cool shelter from the sunny glow,
 Where trees, leaf-thatched, an emerald roof have made,
 Whose mottled shadow spots the turf below :
 For quivering heat and dazzling glare pervade
 All save the woodland's ever-evening shade :
 There by the bank they rest, above the foam,
 On tufted moss, thick sown with blossoms, laid ;
 Around, the laurel showers its rosy bloom,
 Wreathes the bare-headed crags, and lights the forest-gloom.

Clear-throated birds sing loving songs, and leap,
 Sweetest of all, wood-robins' bell-notes peal ;
 While dainty bees, that under flower-bells peep,
 Give honied sounds for honied sweets they steal.
 Coolness from streams, with odors from the vale,
 The breezes bring, and yield them with a kiss :
 Songs, odors, blossoms, breezes, all they feel —
 All breathe of Eden, and impart its bliss,
 Wild bliss ! like that too tasted o'er a dread abyss !

Oh Love ! — no starry jewels of the night,
 No breezy blessing of the balmy spring,
 No thrill that gives to mortal sense delight,
 Such dreamy rapture as young Love, can bring,
 When first he fans us with his downy wing :
 Love on ! — love on ! young revellers, while ye may !
 Life o'er your dim, benighted path can fling
 No light more glorious than his moonlight ray,
 Till love immortal breaks, and blends it with the day !

Now gently gliding from his twining arm,
 To pluck, and bring him forest-flowers she goes;
 He bids her mark the *Kalmia's* changing charm:
 Red starry buds, and whitely opening blows,
 How each bent stamen, as it loosens, throws
 With sudden spring its quickening powder there.
 'Beware the cactus-flower!' he cries: 'it grows
 Thick-set with stings that guard its blossom fair:
 'I would not have thee harmed, even by the tiniest hair.'

Sweet smiled her eyes, fair shone her happy brow,
 Soft stirred her tresses in the gentle blast;
 His doting eye still watched — as, playful now,
 Bright flowers and branches in the tide she cast;
 To mark their fatal voyage, sailing fast
 From peace to ruin, in the swallowing foam.
 He muses on the stream calm-gliding past:
 Sweet stream, asleep, unconscious of its doom —
 Perchance himself might sleep, nor dream of wreck to come!

Wearied at length, she seeks once more his side,
 To list his accents, leaning on his breast:
 'Oft have I dreamed, by some such stilly tide,
 Ere age comes on, we'll build our cot of rest;
 Of love, of peace — oh! then of all possessed,
 With happy children, sporting, or asleep —
 With daughters, blooming as their mother, blest;
 Thus stream-like gliding to the solemn steep,
 To wake in happy fields, where storms no more shall sweep.'

She answered soft: 'The picture is most bright,
 But oh! with thee all scenes alike I prize!
 Love, like the sun bedazzling all with light,
 Alike to bloom and desert blinds my eyes;
 The din of towns, that once I did despise,
 Would charm like mellow music, heard with thee:
 And 'neath thy step would verdure ever rise!
 Though sweet these birds we hear, these flowers we see,
 Still would I meet them all, wherever thou shouldst be!'

Thrilled to the quick, he clasps her with a start,
 And straining, fastens on her lips a kiss,
 That seemed to suck the life-blood from her heart:
 She pales! she droops in those dear arms of his!
 But oh! 't is nothing but excess of bliss:
 She dreams she floats mid girdling rainbows, driven,
 Half-whirled, half-wafted, glancing down th' abyss;
 Buoyed by the foam to spirit-shores forgiven:
 He speaks — an angel-voice confirms her shadowy heaven.

'Come, dearest heart! we waste our golden time;
 Day is advanced, and duty bids us go.'
 Not yet, she cries; 'from yonder brink sublime,
 One long, last look still let me cast below!'
 He guides her there with cautious feet and slow;
 Across a chasm they step, of blackest frown,
 So deep, so strait, as if with sudden blow
 Split by the axe of thunder; on the crown
 Stands a lone starving pine, where, clinging, they look down.

'Awful!' he cries: 'how the bewildered tides
 Stunned, battered, frightened, madly, vainly flock,
 Now here, now there, along their prison's sides;
 Where towers of square-hewn and intruding rock,
 That rear their fronts, all outlet seem to block.
 Some, angry-black, slink sidelong in a bay,
 Sullen, or palsied by the dreadful shock:
 At length, o'er heaps of tumbled fragments gray,
 Out of the hideous pit they make their hurried way.'

'Close down beneath our feet, now bend thy sight,
To yon black underlying lake; so clear,
It seems a floor of marble, veined with white:
Upon whose polished glass almost appear
Our overhanging faces mirrored there.
Cling closer now! How deep! — yet still more deep
Sinks the full pool; what sharp rocks, never bare,
What caves, there lurk! Come hence! the frightful steep
Dizzies my steadier brain, and numbs my will to sleep.'

They leave the brink: 'And now,' he cries, 'for home!
Follow my steps! — this narrow path we take!
He moves before her, trusting she will come,
When sharply is his ear stabbed by a shriek!
He turns — he stares — he gasps — he cannot speak;
For she is — *where?* — swift to the rocky brow,
Where late they stood, he springs, he flies, to seek
Horrors too wild for thought! — there, in the lake below,
Sees the last sinking flutter of her robe of snow!

'She's fallen! — oh she's fallen!' with a shout,
Bewildered, stunned, he hurries to and fro;
Maddening at length, as each repeated thought
Confirms his ruin with its hammering blow;
With ringing brain, and eyes all blind with wo,
On to the brink he rushes with a bound,
That soon had quenched his torments far below,
Had not a stranger's hand by Heaven been found,
To drag him back to life, and force him from the ground.

Oh! why not leave him to that easier fate,
Sweetly to death within her arms to yield;
Safe from his present torture, and more late
His reason's strain, which never wholly healed!
That inky lake no cavern had revealed
More drear to him than life's lone wilderness;
The flintiest fragment of sunk rock concealed
Within its dankest, jaggiest recess,
Were downier bed, alas! than he again shall press!

I never look upon that fiendish pool
Without a thrill, though years have rolled away;
With smile so grim, with glance so deadly cool,
It seems still watching with hushed voice for prey.
Down to its shore they wound — and there it lay,
Unbroke by wave or bubble on its gleam,
As though its breast no murder hid from day:
Like the false smile, of calm yet treacherous beam,
That cunning Guilt puts on, when guiltless it would seem.

Now frantic threats of rash self-sacrifice,
Now sobs and prayers his frame alternate shake:
Oh! 't were enough to thaw a heart of ice,
To mark his sorrows like a flood o'ertake,
And on his head in pitiless masses break!
Soon gathering friends, with ready kindness, flew;
Long for the corse they searched that fatal lake,
At last, all dripping on the shore they drew —
Oh! agonizing sight, for lover's eyes to view!

Still as a dreaming statue, there she lay,
In all the sweet abandonment of sleep;
Her clinging robes her marble limbs display,
As nature chiselled in their graceful sweep:
Still round her cheeks her damp locks closely creep,
Where a smile hovers, like a sweet surprise,
One charm unstrangled by the heartless deep.
He sees — he kneels — he clings, with sobbing cries;
All feel his choking pangs, and hide their brimming eyes.

Weep not, poor mourner ! o'er those perished charms :
 She fell not wholly with her falling clay,
 For underneath ' the everlasting arms '
 Caught soft and bore her better part away,
 Where treacherous steeps no more shall fright or slay.
 Bear well this cutting trial of his dart,
 And God thy patience with her sight will pay :
 Patience, the fragrance of the bruised heart,
 Incense best loved of Him, who knows to heal the smart.

Oh ! blessed knowledge, that all tears that shower
 Enrich the heart, and make its harvest sure ;
 That all our sighs, like gales of favoring power,
 Waft the soul's bark to starry port secure :
 Then let each groan He dooms us to endure,
 Be of his voice indwelling deemed the call
 To guard our steps when danger's snares allure ;
 And every bruise be deemed, howe'er it gall,
 The close grasp of his hand that would not let us fall.

Now from his fever dull collapse ensued,
 With chill and torpor, both of heart and brain ;
 Oh ! better far, than such cold, deadly mood,
 His frenzy's fire were kindled there again :
 They bear her on ; he follows with the train,
 And all unconscious quits the fatal ground :
 Friends give him words and tears — but all in vain ;
 Earth has no balsam for a heavenly wound :
 He only finds the balm that the fell weapon found.

They bear the lovely ruin to the grave ;
 He follows still, with measured step and slow ;
 Oh ! who can watch unmoved, however brave,
 His precious jewel sunk in earth below !
 While heaps on heaps of heavy clay they throw,
 All rescue closing with the load profound ?
 But there he stood, with stony heart and brow,
 Nor shuddering once, though others wept, was found ;
 Save when the first-dropped clod sent up its dull cold sound.

They lead him to his home—oh ! dismal scene !
 There is the hearth, and there the vacant chair :
 The empty cup of joys that late had been,
 The blooming garden, desert now and bare :
 No child, no image of his lost one, there !
 And this is home—oh ! mockery of home !
 Lone, dark, he sits, the prisoner of despair ;
 Without a ray to cheer his dungeon-gloom,
 Save the pale star of hope that shines beyond the tomb !

Passaic ! ever when the generous sun
 Unprisons Nature from her wintry gloom,
 Waking young brooks to praise him as they run,
 Winning all flowers to offer grateful bloom,
 And pour their gushing worship in perfume ;
 Gay hearts shall haunt the wild and fatal steep
 Where thy brave current, rushing to its doom,
 Grows instant famous by a dazzling leap,
 And shuddering on the brink, pause o'er the murderous deep.

There young Romance the deepness shall look down,
 Sacred to passion, and to passion's wo,
 And thrill with pangs and trials not his own :
 And Mirth, light-tripping on the fatal brow,
 Shall hush for her whose joy was quenched below :
 And Love, lone-wandering in his sweet unrest,
 Or linked with Beauty, there shall overflow,
 At the sad tale, with sorrows unexpressed,
 And clasp his treasure close and closer to his breast !

END OF 'THE LAST LOOK.'

THEODORIC: OR THE SIEGE OF ROME.

His desert speaks loud; and we should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion.'

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

IN the reign of the Emperor Justinian, on the banks of the Euphrates, retired and alone, lived Ecebolus, once governor of the African Pentapolis, a province of the Eastern empire.

At the time this story commences, he lay sick of a fever. It was midnight, and the light from an untrimmed lamp threw a twilight shade over the spacious room. By his side sat a youth, his head resting on his hand, as he gazed with anxiety and fear on the form which lay before him. The raven locks of the sufferer were scattered in ringlets over his pillow, and his noble features were distorted, as if restlessness and pain weighed heavily upon him. But he was silent; and it was evident that the struggle between life and death had commenced, and was well nigh completed. The youth who sat by his side, seemed to watch with deep interest the evidences of returning consciousness, as if there was some secret in the bosom of the dying man, which deeply concerned himself, and which he could learn from no one else.

'It is all over!' he exclaimed, as he fancied he saw the last struggle of expiring nature; and bursting into tears, he rose from his seat and moved toward the door. A noise in the direction of the couch caught his ear, and hastening back, he found that the sick man had revived, and was looking him full in the face.

'Come near,' he whispered faintly; and the youth placed his ear close to the faltering lips of the speaker. For a moment he remained in this position, trying to catch the struggling speech of the dying man. He stood listening, even after the sufferer had ceased to articulate; when he had said all his strength would permit, he quietly pushed the youth aside. Summoning what vital energy remained, Ecebolus drew from his bosom a rich miniature, and extending it toward the young man, exclaimed, in faltering accents, 'Beware!'

But the arm which was held forth, was stricken with death, before the youth could grasp the rich treasure which it held, and the miniature fell upon the floor. It sprung open, and he found within evidence which rendered certain all that had been obscurely gathered from the broken speech of the corse before him. 'God of the Christian, is it so!' exclaimed the youth, as he smote his breast, and hastened from the apartment.

Theodoric, for such was the name of the youth who attended the last moments of Ecebolus, was a native of Tyre. At the age of ten, he was removed to the hills of Yemen, in Arabia. The history of his birth was both a secret and a mystery, to himself and the world. When hurried into the mountains of Yemen, it did not escape his notice, notwithstanding his youth, that the forced retirement had some object other than to rescue him from the vices and temptations of a profligate city. He was protected and guided by Gilimer, the nurse

and friend of his youth, who, with no other friend than Theodoric, sought security under the name of happiness, in an obscure part of the mountains.

But the life of a hermit did not suit his restless and daring spirit. He complained bitterly that in the bloom and freshness of youth, he should be made to anticipate and feel the inactivity of age. The use of the bow and the javelin, the excitement of the chase, and the study of the arts of war, were in turn resorted to, to soothe his spirit, and occupy his time. From childhood he had manifested a predilection for arms, and he early familiarized his mind with the history of the first Romans. But the mystery of his birth sat heavy upon him, and all he could extort from his nurse, was, that he was of noble parents, but that farther knowledge might be the prelude to his destruction. The care with which his existence was concealed from the world ; the mystery which hung over him ; and the obscure hints which increased rather than diminished his anxiety, all preyed upon his mind, and added to the miseries of his situation.

Twice each year Theodoric and Gilimer visited the banks of the Euphrates, and always met a hearty welcome at the hands of Ecebolus. But they were now received with caution as well as affection ; and after a few days' sojourn, were dismissed with anxiety. Twice during these visits, Theodoric was awakened in the night, and hurried away to the mountains.

When he had attained his twentieth year, the restraints by which he was surrounded became insufferable ; and he determined to force every barrier, and make his way into the world. ' I have been guilty of no crime ; I have wronged no man ; I have done the world no injustice ; then why should I,' exclaimed the noble youth, ' be shut up in the mountains, like a robber ! No,' he continued, as he wiped a tear from his eyes, ' I will seek the camp, and win my way to death or glory, under the eagles of the empire !'

The youth departed stealthily from his solitary abode, and after many vicissitudes, arrived safely in Italy, at that time the theatre of a bloody war. Theoditus, the king of the Goths, after a feeble struggle to maintain a crown which he purchased with crime, and which he afterward proved himself unworthy to wear, had been defeated and slain by the legions of Belisarius, who were then in possession of Rome. But the Goths were not disheartened by the loss of their capital ; and Vitiges, a successful general in the Illyrian war, was raised by the voice of the soldiery to the head of the nation. A spirit of resistance animated the barbarians ; and in a short time Vitiges could boast, that one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men marched under his banner to the siege of Rome. Theodoric, pursuing the Appian Way, which, after a lapse of nine centuries, still preserved its primitive beauty, came in sight of the capital, a few days before the besieging army crossed the Tiber, and commenced the attack upon the city.

As he entered the Asinarian gate, he heard the shouts of the soldiers in the direction of Hadrian's Sepulchre, and with rapid steps he hastened thither. He felt his heart beat quick, as he approached and beheld the eagles under which Cæsar, Pompey, Scilla, Scipio, and others, carried among the nations of the earth the terror and glory

of Rome. The army was formed into a hollow square, and in the centre sat a commanding figure on a bay horse, whom the quick eye of Theodoric recognised at a glance as the immortal Belisarius, of whom Rome might have been proud in the days of Cæsar. He was surrounded by his officers, and was in the act of addressing the army. His frame was large, and formed both for activity and strength. A dark complexion was rendered still darker by the effects of an African sun, during his early campaigns; and a countenance in which there was an expression of energy and decision, wisdom and benevolence, was lit up by a black piercing eye, in a 'front like Mars, to threaten and command.'

'For sixty years,' exclaimed the hero, 'have the barbarians of the North defiled by their presence the tombs of our ancestors. You have rescued them by your valor; you cannot now surrender them, without the loss of your honor. Already has Vitiges, with his hosts, pitched their tents at the foot of the Milvian bridge, and threaten Rome with a siege. How long will you,' continued he, addressing the veterans who had fought under his standard in the wars of Persia and Africa, 'how long will you suffer the ignorance of the Goth to eclipse the glory of Rome? Could I have been persuaded that the Roman people had so far degenerated, that death would be more painful than to surrender to the barbarians the ashes of their ancestors, Theoditus would not have been dethroned, for no greater ignominy could befall him, than to reign over such subjects. If there be one among you who fears the arms of the Goths more than he does the loss of his honor, let him depart for the camp of the barbarians! Let him forsake the eagles, that he may not incur disgrace beneath the same banners under which, in other countries, he covered himself with glory!'

Here the veterans hung their heads, evidently wounded by the suspicions which they imagined lurked under the speech of their general. Belisarius observed it, and continued: 'No, veterans! you need but to *meet* the enemy, to prove yourselves worthy of your former glory, and the name of Roman soldiers!' The air was now rent with shouts, and Belisarius galloped off, his ears deafened with the cries of the people and the army.

At the time Theodoric entered Rome, he had attained his twentieth year. Nature had cast him in her choicest mould; and notwithstanding his ten years' seclusion from the world, he excelled in the natural graces of mind, as he did in the elegance and dignity of his person. He was large and muscular, the bloom and freshness of youth were his, and his whole bearing was that of one whom nature intended for command. Yet the mystery which surrounded him gave a serious cast to his thoughts and actions; and upon his countenance, which was of a dark olive hue, there was always an expression of touching melancholy. Such was Theodoric, at the period of which we have been speaking. Where there were not more than forty thousand men to defend a wall twelve miles in circumference, against one hundred and fifty thousand barbarians, it was no difficult matter for one like our hero to obtain permission to join the army. Familiar from his boyhood with the bow, the javelin, and the sword, he felt himself equal, in the use of these weapons, to the oldest veterans;

and he took upon himself with delight the rank and services of a common soldier.

The walls of Rome, owing to the negligence of the Goths, were to a great extent a heap of ruins. The genius of Belisarius was busily at work to place them in a condition to resist the powerful force which was soon to be brought to bear against them. In a short time all was repaired, except a chasm, still extant, between the Pincian and Flaminian gates, which the prejudices of the Goths and Romans left to the effectual guard of Saint Peter the Apostle. Bastions were constructed; a ditch broad and deep protected the ramparts, upon which were stationed archers and military engines; a chain was drawn across the Tiber; the aqueducts were repaired; the granaries were stored from the fields of Tuscany, Sicily, and Campania; and in fact every thing was done which the quick sight of the general detected as necessary, either to repel an enemy, or subsist an army.

The Gothic general was no less active in preparing to advance the siege, than his great adversary was to repel it; and he held forth the most liberal promises to those who should distinguish themselves in the great struggle which was about to commence. Moving his army along the Flaminian way, he hastened his steps until he arrived at the Milvian bridge, two miles distant from Rome. A tower which commanded the narrow passage, was thought by Belisarius sufficient to detain the enemy until another could be constructed; and believing that Vitiges was still on the opposite side of the Tiber, he marched out of the Flaminian gate, at the head of one thousand horse, which had been selected for the occasion, to mark the ground, and survey the camp of the barbarians. But he soon found that the soldiers to whose charge the tower had been intrusted, had disappointed his expectations by their unmanly flight, and that he was surrounded by the squadrons of the enemy. Encompassed on all sides, he was recognised by the deserters; and a thousand voices were heard to exclaim, '*Strike at the bay horse!*' Every bow was bent, and every javelin directed to the fated object; until the guards by whom he was surrounded bowed like grass under the breath of the tempest. The barbarians rushed in to fill up the space, and in a short time Belisarius stood almost single-handed in the midst of the enemy. The foremost of the host fell pierced with thirteen wounds, which truth or fiction has ascribed to the general himself.

'Where are my guards!' he exclaimed, as, almost exhausted, he defended himself against the fearful odds.

'They are dead!' said a youth at his side, as he dealt destruction at every blow. At a moment when the barbarians were confident of triumph, he had darted into the midst of the struggle, like a swooping eagle, and so quick and powerful was his arm, that they fell back in awe, believing for an instant that the protecting spirit of Belisarius had come to the rescue. A moment was given the general to breathe, and rally his remaining strength, when, by the side of the youth, both charged in the direction of another portion of the guards, which were hastening to their relief. But before they could effect their object, the horse of Belisarius sunk under repeated wounds, and being entangled in the trappings, he was dragged down and fastened to the earth. Twenty spears were at once aimed at his life, upon whom all

Italy depended, when the youth leaped upon the ground, and with a sword that Hercules might have been proud to wield, shivered them into a thousand pieces; and slaughtering some, he kept the rest at bay, until both were rescued by the guards.

The general was soon remounted, and concentrating his forces, the death of a thousand Goths, and their complete overthrow, was the effect of a vigorous charge. In the ardor of pursuit, the Romans rushed near the enemy's encampment, when the latter receiving reinforcements, the former were compelled in turn to retreat behind the ramparts. But as they retreated before superior numbers, Belisarius and the youth, side by side, maintained their station in the rear, to check the fury of the Goths, and were the last to enter the city.

'Where,' inquired Belisarius, so soon as order was restored, 'is the youth, whose arm seemed to-day endowed with more than mortal power, and whose life appeared guarded with a charm?'

Theodoric stood before him; for he it was who had performed such prodigies of valor.

'Who art thou?' said the general, fixing his piercing eyes upon him; 'from what country art thou sprung? — and why hast thou sought the camp of the Romans?'

With an easy and martial dignity, Theodoric replied, that he had sprung from Tyre, but of late was from the mountains of Yemen; and that his object in coming to Rome was to learn from the first general of the age the art of war.

'You have practised your first lessons nobly, and have set a good example, even to my veterans, young man,' said Belisarius. 'Rome,' he continued, 'will have need for your services, before this bloody war is ended; and your deeds of to-day will not be forgotten.'

Giving special directions touching the care of Theodoric, the general now took his departure, to satisfy himself, from an examination of the outposts, whether or no it would be safe, after the fatigues of the day, to take a few hours' repose.

Theodoric was now in a fair way to fortune and honor. His name was in the mouth of every soldier, and his exploits against the Goths reached the ears of Antonina, the extraordinary wife of the Roman general, who alike delighted in the honors and disgrace of her husband. In writing to the empress, she said: 'He is a youth, exceedingly fair, and well proportioned; and as for a noble courage, and deeds of daring, he far exceeds all other young men of the army. Should he,' continued Antonina, 'escape the Goths — which seems hardly possible, as every day he seeks some new exposure — and visit the capital of the East, you will then judge how far all you have heard of this handsome youth falls below what your eyes will then behold.' Antonina remembered the youthful frailties of Theodora, and could not but persuade herself that the subject which would be listened to with pleasure by the lascivious actress of Constantinople, would be equally pleasing to the Empress.

A few days after the affair at the Milvian Bridge, the whole army of the Goths crossed the Tiber, and began to environ the city. But of the fourteen gates, only seven were invested, and Vitiges divided his troops into six camps, each of which was fortified with a ditch and a rampart. On the Circus of the Vatican, a seventh encamp-

ment was formed, to command the bridge and the river. For eighteen days, the besiegers collected and prepared every instrument of attack which antiquity supplied, or the occasion suggested, for a successful assault. Belisarius assigned to each of his lieutenants the defence of a single gate, and his simple instructions were, that whatever might be the confusion, each should adhere to his post, and 'trust to their general for the safety of Rome.' To Theodoric was assigned the guard of the Prænestine Gate, a post of danger and honor, for which he was indebted to the confidence of his commander.

On the morning of the nineteenth day, seven Gothic columns, with military engines, advanced to the assault, and made a general attack, from the Prænestine Gate to the Vatican. As the solid mass of the besiegers advanced, the Romans stationed on the ramparts watched with breathless silence the moment when the enemy should come within reach of the bow; and it was not till two of the Goths fell pierced by arrows from the bow of Belisarius, that they were suffered to hurl destruction on their foes. By the command of the Roman general, the oxen which moved the towers were shot down, which threw the whole plan of attack into disorder. The Gothic columns faltered for an instant, when the besieged overwhelmed them with arrows, and other missiles, which soon completed their confusion. Vitiges, defeated in the principal attack upon the walls, feigned an assault on the Salarian Gate, while the main force of his army was pointed to the Prænestine, and the Sepulchre of Hadrian. The Goths approached with fascines to fill the ditches, with ladders, turrets, and battering-rams, of immense size and power, as if they had determined that at these points should be decided the fate of Rome.

Theodoric stood high upon the rampart, and with calmness and silence awaited the attack. 'Death to the Goths!' he shouted; and this was the signal to the besieged to begin the work of death. In an instant the heavens were darkened with the flying missiles. The ditch was soon filled with the dying and the dead, and the advancing columns were mowed to the earth by the javelins and the 'ballista,' or powerful cross-bow. Huge rocks were thrown by the 'onagri,' which, like the cannon balls of modern times, swept away every thing that stood in their way. Still the barbarians advanced, and climbing over the dead bodies of their slaughtered countrymen, attempted to scale the walls.

In the meantime the battering-rams, worked by fifty men, began to shake the walls to their foundation; and the turrets, moved on wheels or rollers, by those who were protected from danger, approached so near, that those who occupied the platform could almost touch the lances of the besieged. Burning pitch, and combustibles of all kinds, soon covered the machinery of the Goths, and they were either deserted or destroyed. While the fury and desperation of the barbarians were confined to these two points of attack, owing to the strict commands of Belisarius, neither could receive assistance from the other divisions of the army. But amidst the tumult and dismay, every thing was distinctly present to the mind of Theodoric. He lost no advantage which his own situation or that of his enemy presented, and encouraged his men by words and deeds, as if the safety of Rome depended alone upon his arm.

For four hours the Goths continued their incessant assault ; but after the sixth repulse, they evinced a disposition to retreat, when Theodoric made a vigorous sally, and put them to a total rout. About the same time the barbarians were repulsed and defeated at the Sepulchre of Hadrian, by Belisarius, when their whole line fell back in dismay and confusion toward their encampment. Thirty thousand slain, and as many wounded, closed the disasters of the Goths, in their first attack upon the city ; and such was the consternation which the result inspired, that from that time to the abandonment of the enterprise, the siege was converted into a blockade. But the dulness of the blockade was enlivened and diversified by frequent sallies, and by the exhibition of individual prowess and bravery. If an eye-witness is to be believed, one third of the barbarians perished in these bloody contests, under the walls of the city.

Having seized two important points, which commanded the port, and the country on the right of the Tiber, they were in a fair way to effect by famine what they had failed to do by the sword. But the genius of Belisarius had foreseen and provided against all difficulties ; and while it was yet in his power, he dismissed the useless multitude, not excepting the women and children ; and if he limited the allowance of provisions to his soldiers, the deficiency was made up in money. As adversity pressed upon the Romans, treason began to make its appearance ; and in a short time the brave general of Rome had not only to contend against famine and the Goths, but the treachery of his subjects. Amid his multiplied calamities, he wrote to the Emperor, and while he announced his victory, he demanded succors. But the efforts of Justinian were not equal to the wants of his lieutenant ; and only sixteen hundred Sclavonians and Huns were sent to his relief. A large sum of money was landed at Anxur, for the payment of the troops ; and as Euthaleus cautiously proceeded along the Appian Way, his movements were discovered by the vigilant Goths, who, suspecting the character of the convoy, made a furious attack upon the escort. The movements of the enemy were discovered by Theodoric, who sallied forth with a chosen band, and throwing himself and his forces between the barbarians and their prey, a desperate battle was the result. The squadrons met at the utmost speed of their horses, and as the opposing columns of a thousand men on either side encountered, both recoiled for a moment, and more than one half of both parties were unhorsed, and hurled to the earth.

A singular scene of confusion ensued ; and each of the combatants seemed more eager to remount, than to encounter or slaughter his adversary. But the truce soon ended ; and no sooner had the surprise and confusion of the first shock subsided, than the battle was renewed, with fury on both sides ; each man selecting his foe, and fighting as if his arm alone could decide the fate of the day. In some instances, the Romans forced their way into the dense mass of the Gothic forces, and in others, the barbarians made similar inroads into the ranks of their enemy ; so that it was difficult to tell, by those who looked on at a distance, the true situation of either party. Such was the impetuosity with which Theodoric charged at the head of a column, that he forced his way through the opposing squadrons,

strewn his path with the dead and dying, and reached the rear of the enemy. He shouted aloud, 'Death to the Goths!' in a voice that was distinctly heard amid the clash of swords and lances; and the barbarians, seeing his standard in their rear, imagining themselves surrounded, sounded a retreat. They were pursued, with great slaughter, to the very lines of their encampment, when Theodoric drew off his forces, amid the shouts of thousands who beheld the struggle from the walls.

In the midst of the strife, the convoy safely entered the Carperian Gate. Succors now flowed in from different quarters to the relief of Rome; and the heroism and skill of Antonina afforded seasonable supplies of men and provisions from Isauria, Thrace, and Campania. The miseries of famine were now in turn inflicted on the Goths; and the seven camps of the besiegers were gradually encompassed with the calamities of a siege. To complete the misfortunes of Vitiges, a messenger informed him that his country, from the Appenines to the Hadriatic, was laid waste by the sword; and the fidelity of his wife endangered, by the arts of John the Sanguinary. A fruitless attempt to intoxicate the guards, at the Aurelian Gate, was the last effort of the King of the Goths upon the capital of Italy. One year and nine days after the commencement of the siege, at the hour of midnight, the flames of ten thousand tents announced the despair and retreat of the enemy. As Theodoric stood on the walls, gazing upon the burning camp, his arm was grasped by one who seemed anxious to withdraw his attention from the scene of ruin, which he beheld with delight and wonder.

'Young man!' said the intruder, whom Theodoric recognized at a glance, as Gilimer, 'I have found you at last! Your prowess in arms has spread far and wide; but while I rejoice at your success, I tremble lest the giddy height on which you stand, will only render your destruction more certain. If you would know the secret of your birth, and the dangers which surround you, you may learn it from the lips of Ecebolus, who is now ill of a lingering fever, and is anxious, in his last moments, to impart to you that which from *his* lips you alone can learn.'

'From none other can I learn this?' inquired Theodoric.

'From no mortal, but him!' replied Gilimer, with an emphasis, a solemnity of tone and manner, which left neither room for doubt or reply.

'Then will I go!' exclaimed the youthful hero. 'A hasty summons to a sick friend,' excused him to the Roman general; and in a brief space he was on his way to the Euphrates, whither we shall follow him, in the second division of this historical narrative of his eventful fortunes.

TRUE TALENT.

True talent is the ray that sings
A novel light o'er common things;
And those who, dead, most followers boast,
Alive, with others differed most.
Think with the crowd, and present blame
Thou shalt escape — and future fame.

THE OAK AND THE APPLE-TREE.

BY T. BARLOW.

AN Oak, standing lone on the side of a hill,
A mile from the farm-house, or more,
Whose branches with verdure o'ershadowed the rill,
Meandering down to the door:

Once said to himself: 'How unhappy am I,
On this barren hill to have grown,
Where tempests which darken the earth and the sky,
Are spent on my branches alone!

'O had I but grown where the Apple-tree grows!
Dressed gaily in elegant flowers;
Where the violet smiles, and the jessamine blows,
And Beauty reclines in her bowers!

'I'll propose to the Apple-tree,' then said the Oak,
'To exchange our condition to-day';
And bowed his rich verdure in gloom, as he spoke,
That verdure to barter away.

On a broad rugged leaf he wrote then in haste,
And the leaf he let fall on the stream,
Which bore it away to the rude rocky waste,
Ere the garden had waked from its dream.

The bright sun arose, and the Apple-tree there
Waved proud in the glory of spring,
As free from all cankering trouble and care,
As a bird on its sun-glancing wing.

A nymph, who in sandals bespangled with dew,
Was dancing 'neath rose-bush and vine,
Gave the note to the tree, as she tremblingly flew
To the grove, dark with cedar and pine.

And she sighed her first sigh, as she timidly fled,
A sigh like the first one of youth;
For with maidenly instinct she hoped to have read
Some tale of affection and truth.

The Apple-tree gazed on the message in green,
Read the words it so freely expressed,
And blushed in a million of blossoms, a queen,
Whose beauty and pride are addressed.

The garden was hushed as the breath of a bird,
Mute the zephyr's Æolian song;
While the Apple-tree read, and the flowers all heard,
The Oak's tale of sorrow and wrong.

'Fair Queen of the Garden! my tale shall be brief,
(The dew must this letter adorn,)
I write with a heart and a story of grief,
Unnoticed, unfriended, forlorn!

'I feign would exchange my condition for thine,
Leave this hill and its solitude drear,
For the yard where the ivy and holly-branch twine,
And the rose and the lily are near.

'O could I but dress in thy mantle of flowers,
And vie with the lily and rose,
Have the nightingale sing her sweet song in my bowers,
And the nymph seek my shade to repose!

'Then say, canst thou change, with no sorrow, nor sigh?
If this thy approval but meets,
I'll grow a bouquet for each star in the sky,
And load every zephyr with sweets!'

The Apple-tree read the epistle with care,
And hastened to answer it then;
She wrote on a blossom all glowing and fair,
That a favorite blossom had been.

The wind was now coming away from the lake,
(It had slept on the lake all night,)
And it skipped up the fields, over bramble and brake,
As free as a sun-beam or light.

It took the epistle from off the gay bough,
As joy doth a tear from the cheek,
And carried it safe to the Oak, who had now
Prepared for a merrisome week.

A moment the wind seemed to flirt with the leaves,
And sing of the Spring on its lute;
Then went like the smile of a lover, who grieves
That smiles are so transient and mute.

The Oak took the letter, in raptures of joy,
Perused its fair lines o'er and o'er;
Now deeming no sorrow could sadden or cloy
His pleasures, oft saddened before.

'Proud King of the Forest! forgive my surprise;
Dost *thou* truly sorrow and pine?
Alas! I had thought thee contented and wise,
And had wished thy condition were mine.

'There is pleasure in solitude; oft have I longed
To escape from this cluster of trees,
Where branches and blossoms are hidden and thronged,
To grow in the sun and the breeze.

'Where zephyrs which kissed the pure dew from my flowers,
Could sing on my branches alone,
And stars looking down through the moon's silver showers,
Could watch but the slumbers of one.

'I'll change with thee gladly! — the hill shall be mine!
(Farewell, little wild rose, farewell!)
Come down, if thou scornest that glory of thine,
And with the pale jessamine dwell.'

At the root of the Oak, a moss-covered Stone
Heard both of the letters read o'er,
And his honest old heart impatient had grown,
Till he could be silent no more.

Like the words of some spirit, who rides on the breeze,
To keep note when sad mortals complain,
These words of the Stone to the listening trees
Were spoken — alas ! but in vain.

'Ye trees who repine at the verdict of fate,
Who would barter your stations away,
Give ear to a Stone, who has envy nor hate,
To hear his monitions to-day.

'Does the face give its joy to the rapturous heart,
Or the heart throw its smile to the face ?
Can nature be gay with the tinsel of art,
Or change with the changes of place ?

'I remember a flower, a beautiful flower,
A wild rose, that grew by the stream,
And she longed to blow forth while the evening sun
Set in twilight's effulgent gleam.

'So scorning Aurora and all her array,
Of pure air, sweet perfume, and light,
She opened her charms at the close of the day,
And was killed by the frost of the night.

'Ah ! could she have known what the winter-green knows,
That the night-frost no pity could show,
She had passed a gay life, as a sweet morning rose,
Nor had longed in the twilight to blow.

'The Apple-tree planted where flourished the Oak,
When the first mountain storm should assail,
Would be stripped of her verdure, uprooted, and broke,
By the force of the pitiless gale.

'O then would she value her fellowship fair,
With violet, daisy, and rose,
And learn, when too late, that her station was there,
That her pride was the worst of her foes.

'But how would the Oak in the garden appear,
With her flowing robe, gorgeous and gay ?
Alas ! every dew-drop would turn to a tear,
Each blossom a sign of decay.

'Slow, slow would he sicken for sun-light and blast,
The strength of his own native air ;
And branch after branch would fall piece-meal at last,
Till he stood in his lone ruin there !

'And then what to him were the nightingale's song,
The odor and bouquet so fair ?
He would learn that the heart bears its canker and wrong,
That we smile, when no sorrow is there.

'As soon should the tear say it loved not the eye,
The song that it loved not the lute,
As the Apple-tree envy a station so high,
Or the Oak sigh for blossom or fruit.

'Be wise then, ye trees, nor seek elsewhere to find
Those joys that bloom only at home ;
The sun of all bliss is contentment of mind ;
The heart is its cradle and tomb !'

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'Ah who can hope his line should long
Live in a daily-changing tongue?
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, as the tide, our work o'erflows.'

IN closing the first division of the present paper, it was observed, that another and concluding number would be devoted to a consideration of the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with the English language; the danger of corruption to which it is exposed from innovation; with some allusion to British criticism upon the manner in which the English language is written and spoken in America; and an examination of its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension. In reference to the first branch of the subject, we may remark, that undoubtedly the first place is to be assigned to a careful perusal of the best authors, with a special attention to their peculiar turns of thought, and modes of expression. A good style, like good manners, must be formed by frequenting good company, not for the purpose of imitating any particular individual, but of catching the nameless graces of all. A correct taste in regard to fine writing can only be formed, like taste in the fine arts, by the careful inspection of good models. Different writers have different excellencies; and he who would form a correct taste and a good style, must not confine his attention to a few favorite authors; but must suffer his mind to roam, somewhat at large, over the fields of English literature.

A frequent reference to a standard dictionary, in connexion with extensive reading, is also of great importance, in order to the maintenance of purity and propriety of composition. Without such a help, always at hand, and frequently resorted to, there are few persons who would not be in danger of using unauthorized words, or of giving to legitimate words an unauthorized meaning.

In selecting a dictionary as a standard, great judgment and discretion should be exercised. Johnson's dictionary, with its latest improvements, particularly his quarto, possesses many advantages over any others which have ever been written. The idea of supporting and illustrating the meaning of words by quotations from distinguished authors, was a peculiarly happy conception; and this feature in Johnson's dictionary will be highly valued by every critical scholar. The meaning of words is more accurately ascertained by inspecting the manner in which they have been used by good authors, than it can possibly be from any definition. The authority of some authors is superior to that of others; and a means is afforded by this dictionary for distinguishing between words of modern use, and those which must be considered as well nigh obsolete.

Next to a careful perusal of the best classical English writers, with the aid of a good dictionary, the greatest help to a thorough acquaintance with the English will be found in a knowledge of the Latin language. The English has derived more words from the Latin, than from all other foreign sources; and these words are some

of the most expressive and forcible in the language. The Latin language possesses peculiar advantages as an expositor of the English. The words which have been derived from the French, have been taken with little change of form; and to trace them back to their source, furnishes little or no clue to their meaning. It is not so with words derived from the Latin. Those words which are simple in the English, are often compound in the Latin, and the simple Latin words of which they are compounded, often furnish the best interpretation of the English word which has been derived from them.

To give a few examples: what better definition can be given of *circumambient*, than is derived from the Latin words, *ambio*, to encompass, *circum*, around; of *circumjacent*, than *jacio*, to lie, *circum*, around; of *suburbs*, than *sub*, around, *urbs*, the city; of *circumlocution*, than *loquor*, to speak, *circum*, around; of *omniscient*, than *omnis*, all, *scio*, to know; of *consanguinity*, than *con*, together, *sanguinis*, from *sanguis*, blood; of *pusillanimity*, than *pusillus*, weak, *animus*, soul, or mind: of *retrospect*, than *retro*, backward, and *specto*, to view? The same is true in hundreds of cases. And even where the Latin word is not a compound, it will furnish a clue to the primary meaning of the English word which has been derived from it, more definite than can be derived from any other source. To the Latin scholar, the words in the English which have been derived from the Latin, have a peculiar precision and force, since they thus become their own interpreters; and in his knowledge of the Latin, he carries around with him, at all times, a most convenient portable dictionary.

The Greek language, also, from which many valuable English words have been derived, possesses, to a great degree, the same advantages as the Latin, and is highly worthy of the attention of the English scholar. If the same attention were bestowed upon this language which is extensively given to the French, many young ladies might learn to read with facility the New Testament in the original language. They would thus not only be able to understand the criticisms on the original Scriptures, which they will frequently meet with, and be able to form a judgment of their correctness, and would become acquainted with the most beautiful language of antiquity, but they would furnish themselves with a valuable means of an extended acquaintance with their own rich tongue. Lady Jane Grey, in whom the Christian may glory, and of whom, if pride were ever admissible, every female might be proud, who, at the early age of seventeen, was cut down by the hand of violence, was familiarly acquainted with this language. The New Testament was a part of her daily reading; and she generally read it in the original Greek, and with the same facility with which she read the English.

The French deserves only the third place among foreign languages, as an auxiliary to English literature. It is a help, however, which is by no means to be contemned; for the English is indebted to it for many of its words, and the French has received a high degree of cultivation by the labors of many distinguished scholars, and embodies much valuable literature and science.

Languages, like nations, have had their rise, their glory, and their decline. The sun of English literature has risen in peculiar brightness, has ascended the heavens in majesty, and is shedding its

meridian splendor on the world. Who would not regret to behold it descending toward the horizon, even though it should scatter brilliancy over a hemisphere in its setting glory? It is interesting to inquire what are the dangers of corruption to which the English language is exposed, and how they may be avoided.

The greatest danger of corruption to which it is exposed is innovation. In the earlier state of a language, when it is progressing in improvement by the labors of genius and taste, innovation is the prime source of its advancement. But when a language has received the finishing touch of improvement, and become substantially settled, innovation is to be steadily frowned upon. With the models of Grecian sculpture and architecture before him, where is the artist who will pretend that excellence is to be attained in these fine arts by innovation, and not by imitation? There is nothing more beautiful than simple beauty itself. The Italians attempted to improve the Corinthian, the most elegant order of Grecian architecture, by combining the beauties of the Ionic and of the Corinthian; but in the judgment of all good taste, they marred what it was their purpose to adorn.

When a language becomes substantially settled, innovation must be considered a kind of literary treason. A language becomes settled when no authors may be expected to arise in it, more distinguished than those who have already arisen. In this view of the subject, must not the English language be considered as settled? When will more illustrious authors arise, than those who have already shed a glory on English literature?

There is, indeed, cheering proof that the English language is not on the decline. The later writers in every department of literature and science are not inferior to their predecessors. Campbell, and Rogers, and Montgomery, and Scott, and Byron, and many others, have adorned the fields of poetry. Reed, Stewart, and Brown, are scarcely inferior to Locke in metaphysical authorship. Webster, as a lexicographer, is no unworthy successor of the illustrious Johnson. If natural philosophy and physical astronomy have made little advancement since the time of Newton, other departments of physical science, and particularly chemistry, have been signally advanced; and the latter has been beautifully illustrated by Sir Humphrey Davy, and a multitude of others. In fictitious writing, no former author, for beauty of description and elegance of language, will bear a comparison with Sir Walter Scott. And for a pure, classical, and elegant style, nothing in the whole range of the English classics will surpass that of Washington Irving, the American. Theology has been elegantly as well as forcibly illustrated by Blair and Campbell, Porteus and Dwight.

The progress of science, among those who speak and write the English language, is undoubtedly onward. New discoveries are making, and new terms will be required to express them. But, with this exception, innovation is the bane of the English language. New words which are unnecessary only encumber a language, and increase the difficulty of learning and of writing it. To borrow the similitude of an elegant author, 'Of what use is it to introduce foreigners for the defence of a country, when its native citizens are abundantly suffi-

cient for its protection ? Language is the common property of those who speak and who write it ; and it is of great consequence that they use the same words, and in the same senses, and even that they write them with the same orthography. No single man, and no small body of men, have a right to interfere with the common property of all. It has required the labor of ages to bring the English language to its present perfection and uniformity ; and he who attempts, by bold innovations, to trespass upon its laws, and to break up its foundations, should be regarded as the foe of English literature.

This subject addresses itself with peculiar force to American writers. While it is undoubtedly true that the English language is more correctly spoken by the great body of the people of the United States than by those of Great Britain, it is also to be confessed, that American writers are less distinguished for their purity of style than English scholars. While the eloquence of the American Congress is fully equal to that of the British Parliament, and American statesmen may claim, without arrogance, to be the instructors of the world in political science ; while American divines have a pathos and force which can scarcely be found on the other side of the Atlantic ; while medical writers have risen in the United States, on whom the collected learning of Great Britain has conferred the highest literary honors ; while American poets and miscellaneous writers have commanded wide transatlantic approbation ; it is still true, that elegance of style is not a prominent characteristic of American writers. It is from those who make literature and authorship a profession, that we are principally to expect a careful attention to the niceties of language. Such characters are not often to be found in the United States. This circumstance is not to be attributed to a poverty of genius, nor to a destitution of knowledge, but to the peculiar condition of the country.

To all that is old and all that is new in British literature and science, the American public has an easy access. Book-sellers can obtain and print these works without the expense of paying for a copy-right, and they can therefore poorly afford to be patrons of American literature. Authorship in the United States, with the exception of the department of school-literature, has generally been a poor trade. Dr. Noah Webster has received more from the avails of his spelling-book, the work of a year's employment in early life, in the midst of other avocations, than he can ever expect to receive from the avails of his great dictionary, the learned effort of no small part of a long and laborious life. Other employments have held out the prospect of wealth and of fame, which literature has been unable to present. The consequence has been, that comparatively few authors have arisen in the United States to adorn English literature, and to cultivate the refinements of the English language. A carelessness in regard to the use of words, as to purity and propriety, has been the inevitable result. The octavo volume by John Pickering, of Salem, a distinguished American scholar, the object of which is to detail the words which have been used by American writers which are not sanctioned by good authority, presents a formidable host of intruders, that have invaded the purity of the English language, and that are to be driven from the country by the combined exertions of American scholars.

Dr. Noah Webster is one of the few men in the United States, who have made literature a profession; and in one department he has attained to distinguished eminence. His name is not to be mentioned but with respect; yet he has attempted innovations in the language, which the literary public have refused to sanction. In early life, he started with the idea of spelling the language as it is pronounced, and published an octavo volume, consisting of dissertations on the English language, which was written in this manner. That work is a literary curiosity. He who has fallen upon it for the first time, may have conjectured, for the moment, that it was Dutch, or some other foreign language; but would hardly have thought that it was none other than his mother tongue. This experiment failed; but the author of it was not discomfited. In subsequent publications he attempted minor alterations; and as a proof of the absurdity of the scheme, he sometimes spelled the same word differently in different parts of the same volume. These alterations were not adopted by the literary public. In the publication of his great dictionary, Dr. Webster has opened a powerful battery for the defence of his favorite scheme. This work, while it undoubtedly possesses great merit, and is probably the most learned etymological dictionary in the language, contains many innovations in orthography, and in some other respects, which it is believed will never be sanctioned by the great body of scholars in Great Britain or America; and if they are not expunged from the work by some friendly hand after his death, (for he would not probably suffer it to be done during his life,) they will prevent it from becoming an authoritative standard of the language.

On no subject is American scholarship more vulnerable by British critics, than in regard to purity and propriety of language, and on none have their animadversions been more unsparing. Even if they were actuated only by jealousy and rivalry, it would be wise to listen to their remarks. The maxim should be adopted,

‘*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*’

but the language in which their criticism is expressed, as well as other circumstances, often forbids the idea that they are chiefly governed by such unworthy motives. The following extracts from some of their best reviews, may be considered as expressing the general sense of the literary public in Great Britain on this subject.

The British Critic for February, 1810, in a review of Bancroft's *Life of Washington*, says: ‘In the style we observe with regret, rather than astonishment, the introduction of several *new* words, or old words in a *new sense*; a deviation from the rules of the English language, which, if it continues to be practised by good writers in America, will introduce confusion into the medium of intercourse, and render it a subject of regret that the people of that continent should not have an entirely separate language as well as government of their own. Instances occur in almost every page.’ The same Review, in April, 1808, in its account of Marshall's *Life of Washington*, says: ‘In the writings of the Americans, we have discovered deviations from the purity of the English idiom, which we have been

more disposed to censure than to wonder at. The common speech of the United States has departed very considerably from the standard adopted in England; and in this case it is not to be expected that writers, however cautious, will maintain a strict purity. Mr. Marshall deviates occasionally, but not grossly.'

The Eclectic Review for August, 1813, in noticing the Sketches of Louisiana, by Major A. Stoddard, remarks: 'For an American, the composition is tolerable; but the Major has a good share of those words and phrases which his literary countrymen must, however reluctantly, relinquish, before they will rank with good writers. The standard is fixed, unless it were possible to consign to oblivion the assemblage of those great authors on whose account the Americans themselves are to feel a complacency in their language to the latest ages.'

The Edinburgh Review for October, 1804, has the following remarks: 'If the men of birth and education in that other England, which they are building up in the West, will not *diligently study* the great authors, who purified and fixed the language of our common forefathers, we must soon loose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity.' The same reviewers, in their remarks on Marshall's and Ramsay's Life of WASHINGTON, observe: 'In these volumes we have found a great many *words and phrases*, which English criticism refuses to acknowledge. America has thrown off the yoke of the British nation, but she would do well for some time to take the laws of composition from the Addisons, the Swifts, and the Robertsons of her ancient sovereign. These remarks, however, are not dictated by any paltry feelings of jealousy or pride. We glory in the diffusion of our language over a new world, where we hope it is yet destined to collect new triumphs; and in the brilliant perspective of American greatness, we see only pleasing images of associated prosperity and glory of the land in which we live.'

The writer can hardly forbear to interrupt the course of these quotations, by contrasting the above generous professions with a contemptuous article in this same review, on American authors. The reviewer says: 'They have had one Dwight, whose baptismal name was Timothy, who wrote a book of poems.' A work on Theology, by this same Dwight, 'whose baptismal name was Timothy,' has since been published, which has had a more extensive circulation, and been in higher estimation in their own island, than any work on a similar subject by a native author. Five sets of stereotype plates, in different parts of the kingdom, were at the same time throwing them off, at a rapid rate, to meet the public demand. 'Nor,' says a critic of their own, 'is the reputation of the work likely to be ephemeral. It is evidently the production of one of the master-spirits of the christian church.'

But let us turn from these foreign critics, to an authority less liable to suspicion. I refer to Doctor Witherspoon, the learned President of Princeton college. He was a scholar and a writer of no mean rank, before he came to America; and was prepared, by his long residence in the United States, to make correct observations on this subject, and would be better qualified to detect departures from the English idiom in American writers and speakers than a native citizen.

Let it not be imagined that his remarks were the offspring of prejudice. A man who magnanimously breasted the storm of the revolution, and fearlessly set his name to the Declaration of Independence, is not to be suspected of being the foe of American literature. He says: 'I shall also admit, though with some hesitation, that gentlemen and scholars in Great Britain speak as much with the vulgar in common chit chat, as persons of the same class do in America; but there is a remarkable difference in their public and solemn discourses. I have heard in this country, in the Senate, at the bar, and from the pulpit, and see daily in the dissertations from the press, errors in grammar, improprieties and vulgarisms, which hardly any persons of the same class in point of rank and literature would have fallen into in Great Britain.' In connexion with this quotation, it ought, however, to be observed, that literature has made signal advances in the United States, since the time of Witherspoon.

These remarks, while they should stimulate American scholars to the diligent cultivation of the English language, and to the formation of a pure and elegant style, should by no means be suffered to produce despondency. After all reasonable abatements are made, it is still true that American literature, from the planting of the first log on the rock of Plymouth to the present time, has never been contemptible, and has been regularly and gradually advancing in respectability. The first fathers of New-England were many of them from among the literati of the mother country; and in less than twenty years from the time that the first tree was felled, and the first log hut was erected in the wilderness, Cambridge College was founded. From the earliest times, America has had her Fellows of the Royal Society of London, an honor which has been bestowed on provincialists and foreigners with no unsparing hand.

The United States are beginning to pay the literary debt which they owe to the mother country, and may yet become a main pillar in the support of the English language. When the sun in the heavens is approaching to his setting to the inhabitants of Great Britain, he is shedding his meridian splendor on the western world. And perhaps when the sun of literature and science in England may be hastening to its going down, it may be shedding on the people of the United States the broad effulgence of its noon-tide glory. Such an event, however, is neither to be desired, nor to be confidently expected. The greater probability is, that both nations, at a future period, will run an equal race of literary distinction.

A servile imitation of distinguished writers, who amidst great excellencies have prominent defects, is another source of danger to the purity and beauty of the English language. An eminent writer occasionally arises, whose majesty of thought and splendor of diction attract a general admiration, and whose distinguished excellencies throw a mantle over his minor defects. It requires great judgment and taste to separate the excellencies from the defects of such a writer; a judgment and taste which are not always possessed and exercised. Such writers are sure to have many imitators. Such an author, among others is, Chalmers. While the greatness of his thoughts and the splendor of his imagery attract universal admiration, he is far from

being a good model of style. Many a youthful theologian, after he has interlarded his discourse with the quaint peculiarities of this distinguished writer, fancies that he has put on the splendid robe of Chalmers, when in fact he has only stolen his rags.

A rage for new works, and original authors, constitutes another danger to which the English language is exposed. A love of novelty is, indeed, a characteristic of an ingenious people. All the Athenians, we are told in the volume of inspiration, spent their time in nothing else but to hear and to learn some new thing. No doubt authors may be expected from time to time to arise, who will be an ornament to English literature. But after all, it is undoubtedly true, that the most valuable literature and science in the English language is from half a century to a century and an half old. This is the mine which must be explored and wrought by him who would bring forth the treasures, and display the riches, of the language.

A few remarks on the future prospects of the language, as to its extension and prevalence, will bring this paper to a close. The English language, it may be confidently asserted, embodies more valuable literature and science than any other that was ever written or spoken. This circumstance will be sure to attract to it the regard of the learned and enlightened of every country. The butterflies of fashion, that flutter around the courts of modern Europe, may prefer the French. Let it, if they please, have the honor of being the court language of Europe. But the learned in these countries will always set a higher value on the English. Nor will they be content to derive a knowledge of English authors merely from translations. The spirit of English literature would extensively evaporate in a translation.

The British empire, although it has its seat in a few small islands of the ocean, has its colonies in the four quarters of the world. In Canada and the West Indies, in Western and Southern Africa, in Hindostan and New-Holland, the English language has a firm establishment, and every prospect of an extension. Among the millions of India, a broad field for its conquests, the English is perpetually trenching upon the languages of the natives. The United States, stretching through the breadth of a continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, which is yet to be spread over with a vast number of enlightened freemen, furnishes a distinguished theatre where the English language may extend its triumph, and rear up the monuments of its glory.

The English is the language of two of the most commercial nations on the globe; and British and American commerce cannot fail to carry it, as on the wings of the wind, to the utmost ends of the earth. The two nations that speak this language are also, more extensively than all others, engaged in missionary operations, and appear to be destined to be the principal instruments in the diffusion of christianity to every nation of the world. Wherever missionary establishments are formed by these people, the English language is likely to be gradually introduced. No doubt missionaries will extensively learn the languages of those to whom they are sent; and translations of the Scriptures, and other valuable works, will be made into these lan-

guages, especially for the use of the adult population. But much of missionary effort will be expended upon the young; and the children in schools will be likely to be taught the English language, that an access may be opened to them, without the labor of translations, to the great fountain of English literature and science.

Though the English can scarcely hope to become the universal language, no other language has an equal prospect of becoming nearly so. The author who can produce a work in this language, which is worthy to go down to posterity, knows not to what a vast congregation it may be his privilege ultimately to speak, and how many unborn millions it may be his high honor to entertain and to instruct.

L I N E S

T O A W O U N D E D S E A - G U L L I N A F L O W E R - G A R D E N .

I.

Lo ! on the thunder-rifted height,
The lonely eagle stands,
And gazing solemnly around,
His fearless wing expands :

II.

And higher, higher up, again
He cleaves the cloudy sky,
To revel where the sleet, and rain,
And stormy treasures lie !

III.

Now earthward, over mount and stream,
O'er vale and woodland green,
O'er lake, and hill, and desert wild,
His floating form is seen.

IV.

All that earth hath of beautiful,
Or terrible, or grand,
Which man may never hope to view,
His fiery eye hath scanned !

V.

Soar on, thou strong and free of wing,
My country's emblem fair ;
Long may our flag to distant seas
Thy noble image bear !

VI.

The wild duck breasts the wooded lake,
Her murmuring brood beside ;
The black-bird, with his long cohort,
Hath to the corn-field hied.

VII.

The night-hawk, in the twilight dim,
Is circling in the sky,
And plunging down with chorus quaint,
Where folded cattle lie.

VIII

And welcome, in the thickets shade,
When other sounds are still,
And earth is wrapt in moon-light pale,
Pipes the lone whip-poor-will.

IX.

By all our rivers' reedy sides,
And on our mountains hoar,
In forest, field, and moorland wild,
By ocean's sounding shore :

X.

All in their native stations there,
In joyous ranks appear ;
Then what, amidst these flowrets fair,
Old Sea-Gull ! dost thou here ?

XI.

Say, hath the plaintive nightingale
A rival found in thee ?
Or lov'st thou more the city's din,
Than the booming of the sea ?

XII.

Than the anthem of the waters,
When stormy winds are out,
And tempests howl, and banners dark
The upper regions flout ?

XIII.

In the boudoir of the humming-bird
'T is not for thee to stay ;
Grim robber of the waste and sea,
Haste upward, and away !

XIV.

Away ! — where, by the sedgy brink,
Thy comrades all the day
Alternate dive, and sail, and sink,
And splash amid the spray !

X.

THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINS SOME GRAVE REMARKS ON HISTORIES IN GENERAL; AND ALSO RELATES HOW MR. TREMLETT WAS RELIEVED FROM HIS EMBARRASSMENT BY THE ASSISTANCE OF TWO BENEVOLENT LADIES.

HOWEVER prolix and tedious histories in general may be, I am persuaded that historians have often done violence to their inclinations, by curtailing and consigning to irretrievable oblivion many interesting particulars concerning their favorite heroes; well knowing that due regard must be had, in the composition of a book, to the duration of human life, and the capacity for reading of mankind in general; as very few men would be likely to undertake the perusal of a work with the prospect of being compelled to leave the last chapters for his descendants to finish. And notwithstanding we have it in the words of inspiration, that there is never to be an end of making books, I am well aware that every individual book must have an end of its own. It will therefore be necessary for me, in arranging the materials out of which this history will be composed, to throw aside a vast quantity of matter that it would gratify my feelings to embody in these chapters, particularly the early records of our hero's life, which to me have a peculiar charm; but if too much space should be devoted to his boyish acts, there would not be room to detail the traits of his maturer years; and in consequence, the reader would not have that perfect insight into his character and fortunes, which it is my intention to give. I shall however endeavor to make such a judicious selection of the copious materials before me, that while the reader shall be enabled to form a just conception of our hero, he will rather wish that something had been added, than that a part had been left out. I have thought it necessary to make these remarks, on account of the manner in which this history is given to the world, so that the reader will be able to form some idea of its probable length and duration.

MR. TREMLETT heard nothing in relation to our hero at the Asylum, but what the reader has already been made acquainted with; indeed, he did not learn quite as much, for all that he found out, or cared to know, was, that the boy was destitute, beyond dispute, of either father or mother, and that there was not the slightest probability of any relations ever appearing to claim him, or to interfere with the management of him. The managers of the institution very cheerfully acceded to Mr. Tremlett's offer to take the young runaway, and he was accordingly bound over in due form. Upon inspecting the books of the establishment, it was found that the boy really had a surname, although he did not know what it was, having never heard himself called by it. But Mr. Tremlett meant to call the lad after himself, and henceforth he will be distinguished as John Tremlett, for so he was ever after called and known.

It was some weeks after Mr. Tremlett took our hero into his family, and adopted him as a son, before the circumstances became known to Mr. Tuck and the rest of the world. All the clerks in the counting-house of Tremlett and Tuck, from the head book-keeper down to the youngest boy in it, had observed a change in the senior partner; and even Mr. Tuck at times had suspicions that he was engaged in secret speculations. He stayed longer at his meals, and left his desk earlier than he had ever been in the habit of doing; and several times he had been seen to rub his hands together and smile, apparently with great internal satisfaction, although nobody could guess at the cause, notwithstanding there were a good many shrewd wits set to work to find out. Two or three times when a drum of figs or a frail of dates had been opened in the counting-room, for a sample, he had been seen to take a handful and wrap them up in part of a newspaper, and put them into his pocket. And as a matter of course, particular note was taken of all such hitherto unheard-of doings. The younger clerks said he was going to get married, while the head book-keeper surmised that he 'had got religion;' and the head salesman guessed he was going to dissolve the firm, and form a special partnership, which awakened brilliant ideas in the minds of the cash-keeper and the book-keeper, and even the guesser himself, that one or all of them might be taken into the concern. Although there was a great variety of opinions on the subject, there was but one as to the fact of something very wonderful having happened.

The truth was, that Mr. Tremlett felt like a man who indulges himself in forbidden pleasure; for although he had done something which both his conscience and his inclinations approved, he could not muster fortitude enough to tell his partner of it. He had several times made the attempt, when they were alone together, but his heart always failed him; and the longer he delayed, the more embarrassed he felt. At last he determined to leave to chance to reveal what he was so desirous and yet so afraid of doing; and it was not long before the fond old merchant was relieved of his embarrassment, in a most unexpected manner.

One morning a dashy carriage, with the driver and footman dressed up in very uncomfortable-looking great-coats, stopped at the door of Tremlett and Tuck, out of which stepped two very beautiful ladies — or if they were not beautiful, there is no truth in the adage that 'fine feathers make fine birds' — who entered the counting-room, where they caused an immense sensation among the clerks.

'Is the head of the firm in?' asked one of the ladies, in a very sweet voice.

'Very much so; that is, he is rather absent; I mean, I believe he is,' replied Mr. Bates, the book-keeper, who was quite bewildered at having such a question put to him by a lady of such appearance.

'Yes, Madam, he is in his office,' promptly replied one of the younger clerks.

'Can I see him?' asked the lady.

'Certainly, Madam,' replied the clerk; and slipping off his high stool, and giving a wink to his companions, he showed the two ladies into the private office; and as he closed the door upon them, he put his hand to his breast, made a mock theatrical bow, and exclaimed

'Demme!' Upon which every body laughed, except Mr. Bates, who would not have laughed at any thing a junior clerk might say or do, if he knew it would save his (the clerk's) life.

Mr. Tremlett and Mr. Tuck were both writing at their desks, when the ladies entered their private office; but Mr. Tremlett's being placed in a recess, with a green silk curtain before it, they only saw the junior partner, who looked at the fair intruders with great amazement.

'You are the head of the establishment, I presume,' said the speaking lady, addressing Mr. Tuck.

'Yes, Madam,' he replied, trying to make a bow; 'please to sit down.'

There was a prodigious rustling of silks, as the ladies seated themselves; and after a moment's pause, the one who had thus far done the talking, drew a little green-covered pamphlet from her reticule, and advancing to Mr. Tuck's desk, she put the little book very gracefully into his hands.

'What — what — what is this?' exclaimed Mr. Tuck.

'It is our annual report,' said the lady, smiling very sweetly, and displaying a set of teeth as white and beautiful, that Mr. Tuck could not help wondering in his mind how much they cost.

'Report of what?' asked Mr. Tuck, who by this time perfectly well understood the object of the ladies' visit, for he had been similarly honored before.

'The report of our proceedings for the last year,' replied the lady.

'O, yes, I see,' replied Mr. Tuck; 'proceedings in picking up children. I suppose, Madam, you have got none of your own, or you would not have time to look after the public's!'

'O, yes, I have five of my own,' replied the lady, smiling as sweetly as before; 'and that is the reason why I take such an interest in the poor little creatures, who have nobody to care for them.'

'It is better for them,' replied Mr. Tuck; 'I never had any body to care for me, when I was young. I find it is a mighty selfish world we live in, and I think the best way is for every body to take care of themselves.' Mr. Tuck hoped, by almost insulting the ladies, that they would courtesy themselves out of the office, without asking him for any thing. But ladies who go a-begging for the benefit of charitable institutions, make up their minds beforehand to pocket all the insults, as well as the shillings, that are offered them.

'Now, I am sure,' said the lady-beggar, 'that is one of the very best arguments you could possibly make in our favor. We are trying to collect a small sum of fifteen hundred dollars; and we shall be very thankful for the merest trifle. Your neighbors, Messrs. Dribletts and Pickings, gave us fifty dollars. They are very gentlemanly, kind-hearted, and Christian-like merchants.'

But Mr. Tuck had no ambition to be called either kind-hearted or gentleman-like, particularly at so high a cost as fifty dollars. Therefore, instead of drawing his check for that munificent sum, he felt in his pantaloons pocket, and very deliberately reached the lady a shilling. At the same time he looked very hard at a dazzling cross, which was fastened upon her forehead by a slender gold chain; from which he glanced at a very large and beautiful cameo breast-pin.

with which her satin cloak was fastened; and then his eyes rested upon her delicate pocket-handkerchief, which was trimmed with very rich lace. And his cold glances seemed to say, 'Why was not all this finery sold, and the price of it given to the poor for whom you are begging?' And so the ladies probably interpreted Mr. Tuck's thoughts; for the spokes-woman blushed very deeply, and the other let fall her black lace veil. They whispered together a moment, and then the one who had before remained silent, approached Mr. Tuck's desk, and said:

'We thought, as you had evinced a compassionate disposition in adopting one of our little reclaimed rogues, that you would be glad to be numbered among the patrons of our institution, or we should not have applied to you.'

'Me, Madam!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck, 'I never heard of such an operation before.'

'Are you not Mr. Tremlett, then?' inquired the lady.

'No,' replied Mr. Tuck, with growing astonishment.

'Then, Sir,' said both the ladies, speaking together, with a wonderful coincidence of thought, 'you are not the gentleman we thought you were.' And making two very low courtesies, the two benevolent ladies suddenly vanished, leaving behind them a strong smell of Eau de Cologne.

'What on earth did them there two female individuals mean!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck, as he thrust his astonished countenance behind the green curtain that screened his partner's desk.

Mr. Tremlett was trying very hard to look quite abstracted and indifferent; but Mr. Tuck saw at a glance that he was guilty.

'I suppose their remark about the boy was intended for me,' said Mr. Tremlett, looking very meekly upon a sheet of blank letter paper.

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck.

'The truth is,' said Mr. Tremlett, 'I met the youngster accidentally, and I thought I might do a worse thing than to give him a home and an education. So I have taken him into my house, and I intend, if possible, to make something of him.'

'You do n't say so!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck, slowly and solemnly.

'Yes, I do,' replied Mr. Tremlett.

'Well, all I can say is,' replied Mr. Tuck, putting on his hat, 'it is a strange world we live in!' And having delivered himself of this original remark, he left the office to go on 'Change, where he related the astounding events of the morning to several merchants of his acquaintance, each of whom made his own particular comments, accompanied with a great many very mysterious winks. But it was a little singular that not one of them had the charity to give Mr. Tremlett credit for the slightest feeling of benevolence in adopting the boy.

But the good old merchant felt very happy in reflecting on what he had done; and although he knew that his motives would be misrepresented, and his fame aspersed, in consequence, he never once repented of the act. He felt very queerly while the ladies were talking to his partner; and as he foresaw at the first that his secret must come out, he had ample time to fortify himself against its development. And now he felt more at his ease than he had done for a

fortnight; and it appeared to him that a great load had been removed from his breast. As soon as Mr. Tuck had left the office, he called in Mr. Bates, the head book-keeper, to consult with him about a school for our hero. Mr. Bates was perfectly thunderstruck at the nature of his employer's communication; but he reserved all his notes of exclamation for another occasion, when it would be more becoming in him to indulge in them. As to a school, he could not impart any very valuable information, as his own children went to the district school; but he said he would ask the opinion of Professor Dobbins, his wife's brother, who was great in that department of knowledge. Mr. Bates returned to his ledger, considerably elevated in his feelings at receiving such a signal mark of confidence from his employer; and when one of the younger clerks asked him what 'the old fellow' wanted, he gave a very mysterious answer, which, like all mysterious matters, had no particular meaning in it. He always tried very hard to check undue familiarities from every body in any way beneath him, either by years or station; but somehow or other, it so happened that all his efforts had an effect directly opposite to what he aimed at, and nobody ever manifested any particular dread in his presence, excepting very small boys. Mr. Bates rarely paid any attention to any body who was either poorer or younger than himself; but there was one person who was both, to whose judgment he submitted, and whose commands he obeyed, with the meekest grace possible. This was no other than his wife, who was not only his better, but also his larger half. He was short and round-faced, with two little sneaking black whiskers on his cheeks; and she was tall and thin, with long sandy-colored ringlets dangling down hers. She had the tact to discover, when she was first married, that unless she tyrannized over him, he would tyrannize over her; and of course she followed the line of conduct which spirited women do in such cases.

Mr. Bates soon shut up his ledger, and hurried home as fast as possible, to tell his wife about the important matter that Mr. Tremlett had made known to him, and to ask her opinion about it.

'What do I think about it?' said Mrs. Bates, when her husband imparted the matter to her; 'why, I think he is a wicked old wretch, and I only wish I had the will of him!'

'Why the fact is, dear,' said Mr. Bates, 'I thought something was wrong myself, I must confess.'

'Men deserve hanging!' said Mrs. Bates.

'Well, I do believe, dear,' said Mr. Bates, 'that he is a sly old fellow, after all; but I must say, I always thought, that is, I never knew any thing to the contrary, before; but I have said, you know, dear, that he was a very nice sort of an old gentleman.'

'And pray who is the mother of the boy?—what is the creature's name?' said Mrs. Bates.

'I declare, dear, that is something I never inquired about; and in fact he never said a word to me on the subject; and it would not have appeared well in me to speak of it first.'

'Just like you,' said Mrs. Bates; 'you always do things by the halves; you never was good for any thing. I only wish I was a man!'

'Why the fact is, dear,' said Mr. Bates, soothingly, 'it would not have did for me to done any thing like that.'

'Do go 'long, you bald-headed old thing!' said Mrs. Bates, 'and attend to your business, if you have got any to attend to; for my part, the life is almost worn out of me with work. I must go and dress myself to return some calls.'

It was very cruel of Mrs. Bates to call her husband a 'bald-headed old thing,' for although his hair was rather scant, his head was all covered, except a small spot about the size of a dollar on the crown. Mr. Bates, however, did not show any anger, if he felt any; but quietly putting on his hat and gloves, he returned to his duties at the counting-room, while his wife put on her showy satin hat and feathers, and walked with all possible speed to Mr. Tremlett's house, where she inquired for Mrs. Swazey; and the good house-keeper being at home, the two ladies, after despatching a few unimportant matters, began to impart to each other their guesses and surmises in relation to our hero and his kind benefactor, until they were mutually agreed that 'some folks were not quite so deep as they thought for; and that some people could see quite as far in the dark as some other folks.'

It does not often happen that when two ladies meet together for the express purpose of scandalizing a third person, that the result of their labors is beneficial to any body; but it was so in this instance. For Mrs. Bates having convinced Mrs. Swazey that Mr. Tremlett was moved by a stronger principle than benevolence in adopting our hero, the feelings of that excellent house-keeper underwent a complete revolution. For she very naturally concluded that the surest way of ingratiating herself into the good graces of her employer, would be by treating his favorite with kindness. And to do the good woman justice, she was in truth glad of an excuse for treating him with consideration; for he was every day winning over her affections; in spite of her former animosity to him. And Bridget, seeing that her superior in station had changed her mode of treatment, gave a loose to her feelings, and almost devoured the youngster every time he came within her reach.

CHAPTER VII.

INTRODUCES TO THE READER THE LEARNED PROFESSOR DOBBINS.

MR. TREMLETT had delayed sending our hero to school from day to day, until he had become so accustomed to his lively prattle, and affectionate ways, that he could not bring himself to think of even a temporary separation.

'Alas, alas!' said the old gentleman, one night, as he retired to his bed, after having stolen quietly into the chamber, which adjoined his own, where his adopted son was sleeping, 'ah, me! that I should have let the best years of my existence flit away without ever having tasted of those pure streams of delight which flow from the domestic fountains! If I can feel such an attachment for a nameless young vagabond, after a few days' acquaintance only, what would be the warmth of my affections, if I could call the dear child my own! But he *shall* be my own, and I will treat him with a father's tenderness, if I cannot love him with a father's love; and if any thing short of the promptings of instinct can command it, he shall love me with the love of a child.'

And he determined at last to have a private tutor for the boy; having succeeded in convincing himself that he was afraid to trust the youngster in a public school, lest his morals should be corrupted. But as he doubted his own fitness for selecting a competent person for this high trust, he concluded to take the advice of the brother-in-law of Mr. Bates, Professor Dobbins, who of course could not be otherwise than competent, because he was a professor.

It fortunately happened that the professor was staying at the house of Mr. Bates for a few days; and when Mr. Tremlett signified to the book-keeper that he wished to consult with his brother-in-law on such an important occasion, that gentleman extolled the learning and accomplishments of his relation to such a degree, that the kind-hearted old gentleman resolved to see him that very night, and insisted on accompanying Mr. Bates, when he went home to his tea. The book-keeper could not refuse such an honor, of course; but he would have been very glad to have had an opportunity of getting his wife's consent first; but as the time would not admit of it, he made a very desperate resolution not to care for any thing that she might say or do.

When they entered the house, Mr. Bates left his employer in the parlor, and went into the kitchen to acquaint his wife with what he had done.

'The fact is, dear,' said Mr. Bates, 'he wants to consult with the professor, about a tutor for the young gentleman.'

'He shall do no such thing!' said the lady, 'and do you go and turn the old sinner out of my house: my brother shall not keep company with such people; if *you* see fit to do so, you may; but *my* family shall not disgrace themselves!'

'Why, the fact is, dear, we must treat him respectfully, you know, because I expect one of these days to be taken into the firm. And beside, every body is liable to do wrong, sometimes,' added Mr. Bates.

'Now do n't provoke me, do n't!' said the lady; 'the land knows I have trials enough already. But what do you stand there for? Why do n't you go and talk to him, till the professor comes home? Do go and leave me, or I shall fly out of my skin.'

Mr. Bates returned to the parlor, to entertain his employer; and Mrs. Bates immediately began to wash the children's faces, and to give the most imperative orders to her servant about setting the tea-table. It was surprising to see with what earnestness and dexterity she set herself to work to snug up the tea-room; and with what a lavish hand she dished out preserved plumbs and quinces from earthen pots, which were tied up and labelled in the most careful manner. Such racing up and down the back stairs, and such a commotion in the kitchen, had not been known before. One would have thought that the lady was making preparation to entertain a very distinguished guest, instead of one whom she held in such utter abhorrence. But if the exertions of Mrs. Bates, in her preparations for tea, were calculated to excite surprise, after the scene between her and Mr. Bates, what will the reader think, when he is informed that that virtuous lady not only dressed her person in her most elegant dress, but that she clothed her face in the sweetest smiles of which it was capable, as

she entered the parlor, and requested Mr. Tremlett and her husband to walk out to tea. And as she took her seat at the table, she apologized for every thing upon it, and declared that 'there was nothing fit to eat, but that if she had only known Mr. Tremlett was going to honor her with his company, she would have endeavored to get *something* for him.'

The professor did not come home until they had arisen from the tea-table; but as he was engaged to deliver a lecture that evening on the early settlement of Byefield, he did not take any tea. He was a tall young man, with high cheek bones, and a pointed chin. His hair was very light, and there was but little of it. As soon as he was informed of the object of Mr. Tremlett's visit, he broke out in a discourse on education, and particularly self-education, in which he made a display of the most thrilling eloquence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bates listened with the most profound admiration, and Mr. Tremlett appeared to be very much puzzled, if he was not very much pleased.

'Education, Sir,' said the professor, 'is like a river; while it is made up of innumerable little springs, insignificant in themselves, it flows on with majestic grandeur, irresistible in its might, self-acting, independent, fertilizing in its course, and bearing upon its bosom the meanest and the mightiest things: increasing in might and in magnitude as it flows, it suddenly becomes lost in the wide ocean, and its end is as insignificant and obscure as its rise. So with the human mind, or what we call education; at first, it is but a little rivulet of reason, but every day the springs of life rush in and swell its volume and its capacity, until it increases in might, so that it begins to weigh the stars, and grasp at the hidden things of nature; when suddenly, just as its flood is the strongest, it becomes swallowed up in the wide ocean of eternity, and is seen no more. But the places through which it has flown, will bear witness of its presence; and the banks it has fertilized will yield a full harvest of rich fruits and bright flowers. That, Sir, is my view of education; and, Sir——'

'It is very correct, no doubt,' said Mr. Tremlett; 'but is there no particular system that you would recommend?'

'The system that I would recommend,' said the professor, 'is the system of nature; follow nature.'

'But it is not a very easy matter to determine what nature is,' said Mr. Tremlett.

'Nature is every where!' replied the professor; 'listen to her; she speaks to you in the hoarse cataract, in the gently-falling dews; the stars, the sun, the moon, all speak to you; the fierce flashes of the electric fluid, and the pale tints of the lowly violet—all, all speak to you!'

'Very true,' said the merchant, 'but they do not speak an intelligible language; and I have generally observed, that they who associate most with Nature, have the least knowledge of her.'

'Then study the works of men's hands,' replied the professor; 'a noble cathedral speaks a sublimer language than any poem, satire, or painting; all men can read it.'

'But we have no cathedrals,' replied the merchant.

'Then build them,' said the professor, 'instead of buying books.'

‘But do you not consider books essential in educating youth?’ asked Mr. Tremlett.

‘Books are well enough,’ replied the professor; ‘Hesiod, Homer, Horace, and Heraclitus; Plato, Plutarch, Pliny, and Polybius; So-crates, Simonides, Sophocles, and, and — Smollet; all contain some-thing. The languages, too, it is well enough to know something about; study Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, and Persian; read all the English classics; in short, read every thing; the German is a very good language; read a plenty of that; then read Spanish, French, Italian, and Portuguese authors; even Dutch — something may be learned from the Dutch; they have several valuable works on the cultivation of cabbages and tulips. Practice engineering and sur-veying; speak in public assemblages; cultivate the soil; play on the violin and organ; deliver lectures; mingle with your fellow crea-tures; something may be learned from them; frequent the society of women —’

‘The fact is,’ said Mr. Bates, interposing, ‘the professor has got so much learning himself, that he —’

‘I hope you are not going to pretend to correct the professor,’ said Mrs. Bates, scornfully, for she began to feel that she had played the amiable long enough.

‘I was only going to observe, dear,’ replied Mr. Bates, meekly, ‘that —’

‘Then I desire you just won’t!’ said the lady; upon which her obedient husband suspended his opinion.

The professor, thinking no doubt that he had sufficiently impressed Mr. Tremlett with a high idea of his abilities, very generously offered to resign his situation as Professor of Belles-lettres and Penmanship in the Byefield Academy, and undertake the education of our hero himself, for a reasonable compensation.

‘I will give you a specimen of my manner of teaching,’ said he.

‘Peter, step out and answer a few questions.’

This was addressed to Mr. Bates’ eldest son, who immediately stepped out in front of his mother, and made a bow.

‘The fact is,’ said Mr. Bates, ‘it is only three days since the pro-fessor took Peter in hand, and I think he has learned astonishing.’

‘Now, Peter,’ said the professor, ‘what is existence?’

‘Existence is a word,’ answered Peter.

‘Very good,’ said the professor; ‘what idea does the word convey to the mental perception?’

‘It is a word signifying to be, to be done, and suffer,’ replied the pupil.

‘Peter!’ exclaimed the professor, sternly, ‘consider what you are saying!’

‘The fact is, Peter is a little confused,’ said the father, turning to his employer; ‘he is a very remarkable child, when there is nobody by.’

‘O, now I know!’ said Peter; ‘existence is a troglodyte.’

‘Merciful powers!’ exclaimed the professor, ‘I believe the child has lost his senses.’

‘The boy is only in his ninth year,’ interposed the father.

‘But never mind existence,’ said the professor; ‘we will ascend to the higher branches. Now, what is man?’

'A man — a man — is a brute!' answered Peter.

'How, my nephew!' exclaimed Professor Dobbins.

'A man — a man — is a beast,' replied the remarkable child.

'How exceedingly annoying,' said the agitated professor.

'That is what mother says,' replied Peter.

'To be sure I say so,' said the lady, turning crimson; 'and why do n't you teach him, brother, to say that a man is a nonsensical, hypocritical, wicked creature?'

'Because, sister,' said the professor, with forced calmness, 'that is the definition of woman.'

At this the lady, who had been waiting for an opportunity to show off, burst into tears, and catching up her son Peter, rushed out of the room, leaving the professor and Mr. Tremlett overwhelmed with astonishment; but Mr. Bates followed after her, to soothe her. Mr. Tremlett immediately took his hat, and bidding the professor good night, walked home.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES AN ACCIDENT WHICH ALMOST BRINGS THIS HISTORY TO A CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Tuck loved money, and was, of course, extremely parsimonious, he was not entirely destitute of human feelings; and if he was rarely generous, he was always just. His younger brother had died a few years before the commencement of this history, and left but limited means for the support of his family; and Mr. Tuck had, perhaps in an unguarded moment, when the sluices of his heart were forced open by a flood of grief, promised to educate his children, two boys and a girl. Both of the boys were older than our hero, but the girl was about his age, or rather his apparent age, for the precise period of his birth was unknown.

When Mr. Tremlett related to his partner the terrible occurrences at Mr. Bates', and told him of the embarrassment he was under in relation to a tutor for his son, (for by that name he began to call our hero,) Mr. Tuck advised him to send the youngster to the same school with his nephews; it being but a short distance from Mr. Tremlett's house, he agreed to do so, and young Tremlett was accordingly put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hodges, who found the young gentleman quick to learn, extremely docile, and although by no means lacking in spirit, yet almost girlish in his gentle and affectionate manners. And as he was beautiful in person, and presumptive heir to a fortune, it will not be accounted a strange matter that the school-master conceived a great liking for his new pupil, nor that he took great pains, as well as pride, in instructing him. And under his tutelage our hero learned a good deal of Latin, and something about fluxions and decimal fractions; but under the instruction of the two young Tucks, he acquired a knowledge of a good many matters which boys generally learn at school, but for which no extra charge is made. In those days, young ladies' seminaries and female colleges were not as common as they are at the present enlightened period of the world; and little girls generally received the rudiments of their education under the same roof with little boys. It was the case in the present instance; and little Julia Tuck was always accompanied to school by one or both of her

brothers. But she no sooner saw our hero, than she declared a decided preference for him, over either of her brothers; and she would call him her beau, notwithstanding her mother threatened to punish her for it. And although our hero joined in all her hilarious frolics with great glee, he did not manifest that strong regard for her that she did for him.

The attachments of children are seldom lasting: they easily accommodate themselves to the company of whatever companions chance throws in their way, and as easily forget them when separated; they are seldom capricious in their tastes, and rarely show decided preferences. But sometimes attachments formed in early childhood continue through life, because the same sympathies would have attracted the same individuals at any period of their existence.

Julia Tuck was by no means a beautiful child: she had a dark complexion, and regular features; her hair was black and luxuriant, but her forehead was low, and her figure slight; there was a peculiar charm in her voice, and she always appeared joyous and happy, and was somewhat of a romp. But she was very passionate, and when her inclinations were opposed, she showed a stubbornness of purpose uncommon in a girl of her years. Her brothers, Tom and Sam, could both boast of more personal beauty than their sister. Tom Tuck was a forward boy; he was a favorite both with his mother and his teacher, and indeed with all elderly people who knew him; and although he was known among the boys to be the greatest rogue in school, he always contrived to escape punishment, and was very rarely found out in any of his misdoings. Sam Tuck was the youngest of the brothers, and although not a whit more virtuous than Tom, yet he had such an innocent manner, that nobody ever believed him to be intentionally guilty whenever he was detected in any mischief that he undertook, and he was always sure to be found out, let him do what he would. He was for ever poring over a book, but it never happened to be the one that contained his lesson. If Robinson Crusoe and Rinaldo Rinaldini had been elementary works in the Rev. Mr. Hodge's school, there can be no doubt that Sam Tuck would have been the best scholar in it; but as they were not, he was perhaps the very worst. He was very fond of history, that is, the history of impossible personages and improbable events; and he would sit in his mother's kitchen, of a winter's evening, and listen to the tales of rebellions and fairies, related by an old Irish servant, until the purring of the cat would make him start with fear, and he would not have looked behind him for all the world. He was a comely boy; he had a fair round face and a clear complexion, light blue eyes, and soft curly hair. These two boys took young Tremlett under their protection as soon as he made his appearance at school. Whether it was that they took compassion on his lone condition, or that they discovered he had more money to spend than themselves, does not appear; but they would not allow any body else to be intimate with him; and whenever there was a fight, which was once a day at least, the three boys were sure to be found ranged on one side. But for some cause or other, the mother of these children declared hostilities against our hero as soon as she heard of him. She not only would not allow him to enter her house, but she commanded her children not to speak to him. Per-

haps it was some excuse for Mrs. Tuck, that she came from a very good family, and like all descendants of good families, she held in utter scorn every body that was base-born or vulgar, unless they were rich; the genuine aristocratic principle being, that wealth can atone for the want of birth and talents, or that birth can atone for the want of both, but that talents cannot atone for the want of either. Children, however, are not apt to be aristocratic in their ideas; and as the young Tucks could not enter into their mother's feelings, they did not pay the least regard to her commands, but continued to cultivate a very good understanding with our hero.

It was almost a year since he had been at school: he had made great improvement, and all effects of his early associations had disappeared. He was the pet and the darling of a little circle, where there was no one to contend with him for empire in the hearts of those who loved him. Mrs. Swazey, from at first appearing to love him, had got to loving him in reality, and Mr. Tremlett every day discovered some fresh cause for admiration. He had become essential to the old man's happiness, and he began to feel that life would be a burden without him. But an event soon occurred, which for a time threatened to sever all those ties which had become so closely drawn together, and to deprive the fond old merchant of his chief solace and source of pleasure, and to drive our hero into the world again, to encounter all its trials and privations.

'MY FAIREST AND MY FIRST.'

'I had once
A babe, that in the early spring-time lay
Sickening upon my bosom, till at last
When earth's young flowers were opening to the sun,
Death sunk on her meek eyelid, and I deemed
All sorrow light to mine.'

MRS. HEMANS.

WHEN to my youthful bosom
An infant bud was given,
A pure and fragrant blossom,
The first sweet gift of heaven,
I felt that all life's pleasure
Had been a name before,
So rich was then the measure
With which my cup ran o'er.

And from the heart's recesses
Such grateful incense rose,
As she whom God thus blesses,
An offering only knows:
But soon its charms unfolding,
Its winning cherub smile,
So firm my love was holding,
Did so my heart beguile:

That long my thoughts would linger
Upon the floweret fair,
From Him whose skilful finger
Had traced such beauty there:
And the lips forgot their offering
Of praises to renew,
And the heart no more was proffering
Its grateful incense due.

And so God broke the quiet,
The joy that had been mine,
And called that spotless spirit
From its beauteous infant shrine:
For ah! the opening blossom
At noon began to fade,
And soon on earth's cold bosom
My lily-bud was laid!

And then I thought all sorrow
Had been a name before;
That my breast no balm could borrow,
Which healing might restore!
But He whose hand had wounded,
Did meek submission bring,
And came in love unbounded,
'With healing in his wing.'

Again the note of praising
From my heart was sent above,
Where my angel babe was raising
Her endless song of love.
For I knew that God had riven
The idol from its throne,
That the heart might hence be given
To Him, and him alone!

A POET TO HIS SISTER.

BY F. W. THOMAS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' ETC.

HEART of my hope! in many an hour,
When Passion some dark impulse gave,
Which seemed to have that fearful power
That makes a victim of a slave —
Heart of my hope! I've turned to thee,
And bade the maddening demon flee!

Heart of my hope! when wild excess
Has made me what I will not name,
The thought of the beloved caress
That to my careless childhood came,
And cometh still, in tones that bless,
Without a single word of blame —
Has crossed me like the sunny ray
That to a dungeon finds its way,
And wildly I have wept to know
That I have given grief to her,
Whose blessings go where'er I go,
Who is my very worshipper.

Why say that tears unmanly be,
When they are shed for evils done;
And when they flowed so fast and free
From God's atoning, holy Son?
O, no! there is a joy in tears;
The wayward fate of darkened years
May wash its furrows deeper then,
But 't is to make us better men;
Those furrows changing to a smile,
And waywardness to playful wile,
And what was once fierce Passions' path,
Where it held sway with stormy wrath,
To hills and vales of pleasant ways,
And daily deeds of better days.

O! woman, woman! we should cherish
More faithfully thy gentle powers,
When we reflect how often perish
Thy hopes, in reckless acts of ours:
How often, when those hopes are greatest,
The bark that bears them must not be
Trusted with more than what thou freigest
For sun-lit hour and summer sea:
Who, when the waves are high and dark,
Could steer, if freighted deep, such bark?
And yet thou load'st it down, till death
Comes booming in the breeze's breath:
A suppliant then, upon the deck,
A plant thou pluck'st from that frail wreck,
On which again those hopes are given
To stormy wave and frowning heaven:
Alas! how often thou and they
Both perish on that trackless way!

But when within one zone are bound
A Christian's faith and woman's heart,
Though angry billows burst around,
Above the lurid storm-clouds part,
And brightly, to thy trust and tears,
The Star of Bethlehem appears;
While he, the wanderer from thy side,
With thee to lead, and that to guide,
Sees clearer still the light expand,
And finds with thee the better land!

LEGEND
OF THE ENGULPHED CONVENT.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GLMT.

AT the dark and melancholy period when Don Roderick the Goth and his chivalry were overthrown on the banks of the Guadalete, and all Spain was overrun by the Moors, great was the devastation of churches and convents throughout that pious kingdom. The miraculous fate of one of those holy piles is thus recorded in one of the authentic legends of those days.

On the summit of a hill, not very distant from the capital city of Toledo, stood an ancient convent and chapel, dedicated to the invocation of Saint Benedict, and inhabited by a sisterhood of Benedictine nuns. This holy asylum was confined to females of noble lineage. The younger sisters of the highest families were here given in religious marriage to their Saviour, in order that the portions of their elder sisters might be increased, and they enabled to make suitable matches on earth, or that the family wealth might go undivided to elder brothers, and the dignity of their ancient houses be protected from decay. The convent was renowned, therefore, for enshrining within its walls a sisterhood of the purest blood, the most immaculate virtue, and most resplendent beauty, of all Gothic Spain.

When the Moors overran the kingdom, there was nothing that more excited their hostility, than these virgin asylums. The very sight of a convent-spire was sufficient to set their Moslem blood in a foment, and they sacked it with as fierce a zeal as though the sacking of a nunnery were a sure passport to Elysium.

Tidings of such outrages, committed in various parts of the kingdom, reached this noble sanctuary, and filled it with dismay. The danger came nearer and nearer; the infidel hosts were spreading all over the country; Toledo itself was captured; there was no flying from the convent, and no security within its walls.

In the midst of this agitation, the alarm was given one day, that a great band of Saracens were spurring across the plain. In an instant the whole convent was a scene of confusion. Some of the nuns wrung their fair hands at the windows; others waved their veils, and uttered shrieks, from the tops of the towers, vainly hoping to draw relief from a country overrun by the foe. The sight of these innocent doves thus fluttering about their dove-cote, but increased the zealot fury of the whiskered Moors. They thundered at the portal, and at every blow the ponderous gates trembled on their hinges.

The nuns now crowded round the abbess. They had been accustomed to look up to her as all-powerful, and they now implored her protection. The mother abbess looked with a rueful eye upon the treasures of beauty and vestal virtue exposed to such imminent peril. Alas! how was she to protect them from the spoiler! She had, it is true, experienced many signal interpositions of providence in her

individual favor. Her early days had been passed amid the temptations of a court, where her virtue had been purified by repeated trials, from none of which had she escaped but by miracle. But were miracles never to cease? Could she hope that the marvellous protection shown to herself, would be extended to a whole sisterhood? There was no other resource. The Moors were at the threshold; a few moments more, and the convent would be at their mercy. Summoning her nuns to follow her, she hurried into the chapel; and throwing herself on her knees before the image of the blessed Mary, 'Oh, holy Lady!' exclaimed she, 'oh, most pure and immaculate of virgins! thou seest our extremity. The ravager is at the gate, and there is none on earth to help us! Look down with pity, and grant that the earth may gape and swallow us, rather than that our cloister vows should suffer violation!'

The Moors redoubled their assault upon the portal; the gates gave way, with a tremendous crash; a savage yell of exultation arose; when of a sudden the earth yawned; down sank the convent, with its cloisters, its dormitories, and all its nuns. The chapel tower was the last that sank, the bell ringing forth a peal of triumph in the very teeth of the infidels.

Forty years had passed and gone, since the period of this miracle. The subjugation of Spain was complete. The Moors lorded it over city and country; and such of the Christian population as remained, and were permitted to exercise their religion, did it in humble resignation to the Moslem sway.

At this time, a Christian cavalier, of Cordova, hearing that a patriotic band of his countrymen had raised the standard of the cross in the mountains of the Asturias, resolved to join them, and unite in breaking the yoke of bondage. Secretly arming himself, and caparisoning his steed, he set forth from Cordova, and pursued his course by unfrequented mule-paths, and along the dry channels made by winter torrents. His spirit burned with indignation, whenever, on commanding a view over a long sweeping plain, he beheld the mosque swelling in the distance, and the Arab horsemen careering about, as if the rightful lords of the soil. Many a deep-drawn sigh, and heavy groan, also, did the good cavalier utter, on passing the ruins of churches and convents desolated by the conquerors.

It was on a sultry midsummer evening, that this wandering cavalier, in skirting a hill thickly covered with forest, heard the faint tones of a vesper bell sounding melodiously in the air, and seeming to come from the summit of the hill. The cavalier crossed himself with wonder, at this unwonted and Christian sound. He supposed it to proceed from one of those humble chapels and hermitages permitted to exist through the indulgence of the Moslem conquerors. Turning his steed up a narrow path of the forest, he sought this sanctuary, in hopes of finding a hospitable shelter for the night. As he advanced, the trees threw a deep gloom around him, and the bat flitted across his path. The bell ceased to toll, and all was silence.

Presently a choir of female voices came stealing sweetly through

the forest, chanting the evening service, to the solemn accompaniment of an organ. The heart of the good cavalier melted at the sound, for it recalled the happier days of his country. Urging forward his weary steed, he at length arrived at a broad grassy area, on the summit of the hill, surrounded by the forest. Here the melodious voices rose in full chorus, like the swelling of the breeze; but whence they came, he could not tell. Sometimes they were before, sometimes behind him; sometimes in the air, sometimes as if from within the bosom of the earth. At length they died away, and a holy stillness settled on the place.

The cavalier gazed around with bewildered eye. There was neither chapel nor convent, nor humble hermitage, to be seen; nothing but a moss-grown stone pinnacle, rising out of the centre of the area, surmounted by a cross. The green sward around appeared to have been sacred from the tread of man or beast, and the surrounding trees bent toward the cross, as if in adoration.

The cavalier felt a sensation of holy awe. He alighted and tethered his steed on the skirts of the forest, where he might crop the tender herbage; then approaching the cross, he knelt and poured forth his evening prayers before this relique of the christian days of Spain. His orisons being concluded, he laid himself down at the foot of the pinnacle, and reclining his head against one of its stones, fell into a deep sleep.

About midnight, he was awakened by the tolling of a bell, and found himself lying before the gate of an ancient convent. A train of nuns passed by, each bearing a taper. The cavalier rose and followed them into the chapel; in the centre of which was a bier, on which lay the corpse of an aged nun. The organ performed a solemn requiem: the nuns joining in chorus. When the funeral service was finished, a melodious voice chanted, '*Requiescat in pace!*' — 'May she rest in peace!' The lights immediately vanished; the whole passed away as a dream; and the cavalier found himself at the foot of the cross, and beheld, by the faint rays of the rising moon, his steed quietly grazing near him.

When the day dawned, the cavalier descended the hill, and following the course of a small brook, came to a cave, at the entrance of which was seated an ancient man, clad in hermit's garb, with rosary and cross, and a beard that descended to his girdle. He was one of those holy anchorites permitted by the Moors to live unmolested in dens and caves, and humble hermitages, and even to practice the rites of their religion. The cavalier checked his horse, and dismounting, knelt and craved a benediction. He then related all that had befallen him in the night, and besought the hermit to explain the mystery.

'What thou hast heard and seen, my son,' replied the other, 'is but a type and shadow of the woes of Spain.'

He then related the foregoing story of the miraculous deliverance of the convent.

'Forty years,' added the holy man, 'have elapsed since this event, yet the bells of that sacred edifice are still heard, from time to time, sounding from under ground, together with the pealing of the organ, and the chanting of the choir. The Moors avoid this neighborhood,

as haunted ground, and the whole place, as thou mayest perceive, has become covered with a thick and lonely forest.'

The cavalier listened with wonder to the story of this engulfed convent, as related by the holy man. For three days and nights did they keep vigils beside the cross; but nothing more was to be seen of nun or convent. It is supposed that, forty years having elapsed, the natural lives of all the nuns were finished, and that the cavalier had beheld the obsequies of the last of the sisterhood. Certain it is, that from that time, bell, and organ, and choral chant, have never more been heard.

The mouldering pinnacle, surmounted by the cross, still remains an object of pious pilgrimage. Some say that it anciently stood in front of the convent, but others assert that it was the spire of the sacred edifice, and that, when the main body of the building sank, this remained above ground, like the top-mast of some tall ship that has been foundered. These pious believers maintain, that the convent is miraculously preserved entire in the centre of the mountain, where, if proper excavations were made, it would be found, with all its treasures, and monuments, and shrines, and reliques, and the tombs of its virgin nuns.

Should any one doubt the truth of this marvellous interposition of the Virgin, to protect the vestal purity of her votaries, let him read the excellent work entitled '*España Triumphante*,' written by Padre Fray Antonio de Sancta Maria, a bare-foot friar of the Carmelite order, and he will doubt no longer.

L I F E ' S J O U R N E Y .

I.

Oh, blessings on thee, Caroline!
May kind affection's ray
For ever o'er thy prospects shine,
For ever o'er thy way!
Not only in thy girlhood's hour,
And in thy beauty's prime,
But when the gloomy shadows lower,
Of *Agé's* evening time.

II.

This world is not, ah, Caroline!
The Eden it appears;
Though brightly all its pleasures shine,
'Tis but a vale of tears:
For listen to the history,
The travel of a day,
It will unfold the mystery
Of *Life's* uncertain way.

III.

We rise up in the glorious light
Of *Spring's* enchanting dawn;
The sun is shining clear and bright,
The dew is on the lawn;
We see no cloud, we fear no storm,
We think not of decay;
And with affections pure and warm,
We hasten on our way.

IV.

And step by step the prospect grows
More beauteous to our sight:
And hour by hour the sunshine glows,
More glorious and more bright;
And though a few companions dear
Have wander'd from our side,
We shed for them no passing tear,
As onward still we glide.

V.

But suddenly another land
Hath burst upon our sight:
The breeze that fans us is more bland,
The sunshine is more bright;
We miss the friends that with us press'd
Across that dewy plain,
For some have laid them down to rest,
And others cold remain.

VI.

But other travellers join our band,
And newer hopes are ours;
And still we travel in a land
Of sunshine and of flowers:
Hope and Ambition are before,
But Youth and Love behind;
And ah! the freshness as of yore,
We look in vain to find!

VII.

But yet our steps are firm and free,
Our spirits do not droop;
And filled with happiness and glee,
Still onward moves our troop;
And still th' horizon dim of Fame
Recedes, as we advance;
Nor yet is won the deathless name,
By genius or by lance.

VIII.

And now the orb that o'er us shone,
Hath sunk down in the West;
And cold, and cheerless, and alone,
We lie down to our rest:
No more we see Hope's cheering light,
Nor feel the zephyr's breath,
But onward come the shades of night,
The midnight shades of Death!

Savannah, (Georgia.)

IX.

Thrice happy *he*, oh, Caroline!
Who, ere he thus lies down,
Hath won a heritage divine,
An everlasting crown;
And happier still the forms that die,
Ere childhood's hour is o'er;
But ah! the tear is in my eye,
And I can write no more!

X.

But blessings on *thee*, Caroline!
And may affection's ray
For ever o'er thy prospects shine,
For ever o'er thy way;
Not only in thy girlhood's hour,
And in thy beauty's prime,
But when the gloomy shadows lower,
Of *Agé's* ev'ning time!

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

THOMAS À-BECKET: AN HISTORIC EPISODE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE FINE, D. D.

NEAR the town of Freitville, on the borders of Tourraine, appeared two monarchs, each with his magnificent retinue, and an exiled Archbishop. The king of France, Louis, with the hope of reconciling the prelate to his sovereign, Henry, King of England, proposed a meeting in the place just mentioned. As soon as the Archbishop (it was Thomas à-Becket) appeared, Henry spurred forward his horse, and uncovered his head. The Archbishop dismounted, and throwing himself at the feet of the king, 'To your decision, Sire,' he exclaimed, 'I commit the cause of our mutual disagreement, *saving the honor of God.*'

At these words, Henry turned pale. 'Whatever is displeasing to us both,' he returned, 'should be deemed contrary to the honor of God.'

After some private and familiar conversation, 'Before my reign,' he continued, 'there have been many kings of England: before your appointment, there have been many Archbishops of Canterbury. Now, my Lord, concede to me what the *greatest* among your predecessors conceded to the *least* of mine.'

A voice exclaimed: 'The King's demand is just, and must be respected.'

'My Lord Archbishop,' said Louis, not desecrating the snare that was laid under this captious proposal, 'do you pretend to be wiser or better than the saints? Peace is offered — you are bound to accept it.'

'My predecessors,' replied the Archbishop, 'were more holy than I am; but, it is my duty to imitate their virtues, not their foibles.'

The two monarchs abruptly mounted their horses, and rode off. The Archbishop followed. Henry threw back his eyes upon Becket with malignant satisfaction. 'To-day,' he cried, 'I have had revenge!'

After exhausting every artifice to prejudice the Pope against the prelate; after exposing his kingdom to the evils of an interdict, and his person to excommunication; Henry became at last convinced that the only means to rescue himself from the impending calamities, would be to effect a reconciliation with Becket. He therefore invited him to return to England, where he was received with apparent joy. But the King soon revoked all the concessions made, and evinced again a spirit of animosity, which proved that the prospect of peace had not yet dawned.

His arrival filled his enemies with consternation. One of them was heard to affirm, that 'before he eats a loaf of English bread, he shall lose his life!' At Sandwich, six miles from Canterbury, he was met by Roger, Bishop of York, Gilbert, of London, and Jocelin, of Salisbury, by whom he was conducted in safety to his See, where he was received amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

He was immediately surrounded by the royal ministers, commanding him, on the part of the king, to absolve the bishops who were suspended and excommunicated by the Pope; as the injury done them redounded to the person of the monarch, and tended to the subversion of the customs of England.

'It is not in the power of an inferior to remove the sentence of a superior,' was his reply. 'Nevertheless,' he added, 'for the sake of peace, and the reverence due the king, I will take upon myself to absolve them, provided they will swear to be obedient to the Holy See.'

'Such a step cannot be taken,' responded the Bishop of York, 'without first consulting the will of the king.'

A letter was immediately despatched to Henry, who was still in France, exaggerating the pretended evil, and arousing his passions to such a degree, that he exclaimed, in a fury: 'All who participated in the coronation of my son are excommunicated, eh! — then by the eyes of heaven! I am of the number!' He accused his friends of ingratitude, and lamented that 'of all who ate his bread, there was not a man courageous enough to rid him of a turbulent Churchman!'

Among those who heard this passionate expression of the king, were four knights, Hugh de Moresville, William Tracy, Reginald Fitzurse, and Richard Brito. They immediately entered on a conspiracy, and on Christmas night swore to despatch the Archbishop. They sailed forthwith for England, and arrived near Canterbury, for the festival of the Holy Innocents. The next evening they abruptly entered his apartments, and with the hope of intimidating him, commanded him to absolve the excommunicated prelates.

'It was with the royal permission,' he replied, 'I published the letters of the Pontiff. The case of the Archbishop of York was reserved to the Holy See. The others I am willing to absolve, on condition that they make oath to submit to the decision of the Church. I am surprised,' he continued, 'that you should threaten me in my own house.'

'We shall do more than threaten!' was their fierce and boding reply.

When they withdrew, he was advised to retire, for greater safety, to the church. The monks were now chanting vespers in the

choir. When he heard the doors close after them, 'Open them!' he said; 'the church should not be guarded like a camp!'

As he was ascending the steps of the choir, the four knights, followed by twelve companions, all in full armor, were led into the church. Instantly, his attendants, with the exception of Edward Grim, his cross-bearer, fled away.

'Where is the traitor?' vociferated Hugh de Horsea, a military deacon.

'Here is the Archbishop,' answered Becket, 'but no traitor. What do you wish, Reginald? If you come to take *my* life, I command you, in the name of God, not to molest my people.'

Then throwing himself upon his knees, and reclining his head, he recommended himself and the cause of the Church to God, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Denis. An assassin levelled a blow at his head. Grim parried it with his arm, which was broken. A second stroke felled him to the ground. Hugh de Horsea, planting his foot on the martyr's neck, drew out his brains with his sword, and scattered them over the pavement.

The month of December, Anno 1170, beheld this catastrophe. His body was interred by the monks in the vaults of the Cathedral.

THE BANKS OF MAUMEE.

'Since the Treaty, some of the Indians have said they will never leave this country; if they can find no place to stay, they will spend the rest of their days in walking up and down the Maumee, mourning over the wretched state of their people.'

VAN TASSEL'S JOURNAL.

I.

I stood in a dream on the banks of Maumee;
'T was autumn, and Nature seemed wrapt in decay;
The wind moaning crept through the shivering tree,
The leaf from the bough drifted slowly away;
The gray eagle screamed on the marge of the stream,
The solitude answered the bird of the free:
How lonely and sad was the scene of my dream,
And mournful the hour, on the banks of Maumee!

II.

A form passed before me; a vision of one
Who mourned for his nation, his country, and kin;
He walked on the shores, now deserted and lone,
Where the homes of his tribe, in their glory, had been;
And shade after shade o'er his sad spirit stole,
As wave follows wave o'er the turbulent sea;
And this lamentation he breathed from his soul,
O'er the ruins of home, on the banks of Maumee:

III.

'As the hunter at morn, in the snows of the wild,
Recalls to his mind the sweet visions of night,
When sleep, softly falling, his sorrows beguiled,
And opened his eyes in the land of delight:
So backward I muse on the dream of my youth;
Ye peace-giving hours! O, when did ye flee?
When the Christian neglected his pages of truth,
And the Great Spirit frowned on the banks of Maumee!

IV.

'Oppression has lifted his iron-like rod,
 And smitten my people again and again;
 The white man has said, 'There is justice with God;
 Will he hear the poor Indian before him complain?
 Sees he not how his children are worn and oppressed?
 How driven in exile? — O can he not see?
 And I, in the garments of heaviness dressed,
 The last of my tribe on the banks of Maumee!

V.

'Ye trees, on whose branches my cradle was hung,
 Must I yield ye a prey to the axe and the fire!
 Ye shores, where the chant of the pow-wow was sung,
 Have ye witnessed the light of the council expire!
 Pale ghosts of my fathers, who battled of yore,
 Is the Great Spirit *just*, in the land where ye be?
 While living, dejected I'll wander this shore,
 And join you at last from the banks of Maumee!'

THE COUNT VAN HORN.

DURING the minority of Louis XV., while the Duke of Orleans was Regent of France, a young Flemish nobleman, the Count Antoine Joseph Van Horn, made his sudden appearance in Paris, and by his character, conduct, and the subsequent disasters in which he became involved, created a great sensation in the high circles of the proud aristocracy. He was about twenty-two years of age, tall, finely formed, with a pale, romantic countenance, and eyes of remarkable brilliancy and wildness.

He was of one of the most ancient and highly-esteemed families of European nobility, being of the line of the Princes of Horn and Overique, sovereign Counts of Hautekerke, and hereditary Grand Veneurs of the empire.

The family took its name from the little town and seigneurie of Horn, in Brabant; and was known as early as the eleventh century among the little dynasties of the Netherlands, and since that time, by a long line of illustrious generations. At the peace of Utrecht, when the Netherlands passed under subjection to Austria, the house of Van Horn came under the domination of the emperor. At the time we treat of, two of the branches of this ancient house were extinct; the third and only surviving branch was represented by the reigning prince, Maximilian Emanuel Van Horn, twenty-four years of age, who resided in honorable and courtly style on his hereditary domains at Baussigny, in the Netherlands, and his brother the Count Antoine Joseph, who is the subject of this memoir.

The ancient house of Van Horn, by the intermarriage of its various branches with the noble families of the continent, had become widely connected and interwoven with the high aristocracy of Europe. The Count Antoine, therefore, could claim relationship to many of the proudest names in Paris. In fact, he was grand-son, by the mother's side, of the Prince de Ligne, and even might boast of affinity to the Regent (the Duke of Orleans) himself. There were circumstances, however, connected with his sudden appearance in Paris, and his previous story, that placed him in what is termed 'a

false position;' a word of baleful significance in the fashionable vocabulary of France.

The young count had been a captain in the service of Austria, but had been cashiered for irregular conduct, and for disrespect to Prince Louis of Baden, commander-in-chief. To check him in his wild career, and bring him to sober reflection, his brother the prince caused him to be arrested, and sent to the old castle of Van Wert, in the domains of Horn. This was the same castle in which, in former times, John Van Horn, Stadtholder of Gueldres, had imprisoned his father; a circumstance which has furnished Rembrandt with the subject of an admirable painting. The governor of the castle was one Van Wert, grandson of the famous John Van Wert, the hero of many a popular song and legend. It was the intention of the prince that his brother should be held in honorable durance, for his object was to sober and improve, not to punish and afflict him. Van Wert, however, was a stern, harsh man, of violent passions. He treated the youth in a manner that prisoners and offenders were treated in the strong holds of the robber counts of Germany, in old times; confined him in a dungeon, and inflicted on him such hardships and indignities, that the irritable temperament of the young count was roused to continual fury, which ended in insanity. For six months was the unfortunate youth kept in this horrible state, without his brother the prince being informed of his melancholy condition, or of the cruel treatment to which he was subjected. At length, one day, in a paroxysm of frenzy, the count knocked down two of his gaolers with a beetle, escaped from the castle of Van Wert, and eluded all pursuit; and after roving about in a state of distraction, made his way to Baussigny, and appeared like a spectre before his brother.

The prince was shocked at his wretched, emaciated appearance, and his lamentable state of mental alienation. He received him with the most compassionate tenderness; lodged him in his own room; appointed three servants to attend and watch over him day and night; and endeavored, by the most soothing and affectionate assiduity, to atone for the past act of rigor with which he reproached himself. When he learned, however, the manner in which his unfortunate brother had been treated in confinement, and the course of brutalities that had led to his mental malady, he was roused to indignation. His first step was to cashier Van Wert from his command. That violent man set the prince at defiance, and attempted to maintain himself in his government and his castle, by instigating the peasants, for several leagues round, to revolt. His insurrection might have been formidable against the power of a petty prince; but he was put under the ban of the empire, and seized as a state prisoner. The memory of his grand-father, the oft-sung John Van Wert, alone saved him from a gibbet; but he was imprisoned in the strong tower of Horn-op-Zee. There he remained until he was eighty-two years of age, savage, violent, and unconquered to the last; for we are told that he never ceased fighting and thumping, as long as he could close a fist or wield a cudgel.

In the mean time, a course of kind and gentle treatment and wholesome regimen, and above all, the tender and affectionate assiduity of his brother, the prince, produced the most salutary effects upon Count Antoine. He gradually recovered his reason; but a

degree of violence seemed always lurking at the bottom of his character, and he required to be treated with the greatest caution and mildness, for the least contradiction exasperated him.

In this state of mental convalescence, he began to find the supervision and restraints of brotherly affection insupportable; so he left the Netherlands furtively, and repaired to Paris, whither, in fact, it is said he was called by motives of interest, to make arrangements concerning a valuable estate which he inherited from his relative the Princess d'Epinay.

On his arrival in Paris, he called upon the Marquis of Créqui, and other of the high nobility with whom he was connected. He was received with great courtesy; but, as he brought no letters from his elder brother, the prince, and as various circumstances of his previous history had transpired, they did not receive him into their families, nor introduce him to their ladies. Still they fêted him in bachelor style, gave him gay and elegant suppers at their separate apartments, and took him to their boxes at the theatres. He was often noticed, too, at the doors of the most fashionable churches, taking his stand among the young men of fashion; and at such times, his tall, elegant figure, his pale but handsome countenance, and his flashing eyes, distinguished him from among the crowd; and the ladies declared that it was almost impossible to support his ardent gaze.

The Count did not afflict himself much at his limited circulation in the fastidious circles of the high aristocracy. He relished society of a wilder and less ceremonious cast; and meeting with loose companions to his taste, soon ran into all the excesses of the capital, in that most licentious period. It is said that, in the course of his wild career, he had an intrigue with a lady of quality, a favorite of the Regent; that he was surprised by that prince in one of his interviews; that sharp words passed between them; and that the jealousy and vengeance thus awakened, ended only with his life.

About this time, the famous Mississippi scheme of Law was at its height, or rather it began to threaten that disastrous catastrophe which convulsed the whole financial world. Every effort was making to keep the bubble inflated. The vagrant population of France was swept off from the streets at night, and conveyed to Havre de Grace, to be shipped to the projected colonies; even laboring people and mechanics were thus crimped and spirited away. As Count Antoine was in the habit of sallying forth at night, in disguise, in pursuit of his pleasures, he came near being carried off by a gang of crimps: it seemed, in fact, as if they had been lying in wait for him, as he had experienced very rough treatment at their hands. Complaint was made of his case by his relation, the Marquis de Créqui, who took much interest in the youth; but the Marquis received mysterious intimations not to interfere in the matter, but to advise the Count to quit Paris immediately: 'If he lingers, he is lost!' This has been cited as a proof that vengeance was dogging at the heels of the unfortunate youth, and only watching for an opportunity to destroy him.

Such opportunity occurred but too soon. Among the loose companions with whom the Count had become intimate, were two who lodged in the same hotel with him. One was a youth only twenty

years of age, who passed himself off as the Chevalier d'Etampes, but whose real name was Lestang, the prodigal son of a Flemish banker. The other, named Laurent de Mille, a Piedmontese, was a cashiered captain, and at the time an esquire in the service of the dissolute Princess de Carignan, who kept gambling-tables in her palace. It is probable that gambling propensities had brought these young men together, and that their losses had driven them to desperate measures: certain it is, that all Paris was suddenly astounded by a murder which they were said to have committed. What made the crime more startling, was, that it seemed connected with the great Mississippi scheme, at that time the fruitful source of all kinds of panics and agitations. A Jew, a stock-broker, who dealt largely in shares of the bank of Law, founded on the Mississippi scheme, was the victim. The story of his death is variously related. The darkest account states, that the Jew was decoyed by these young men into an obscure tavern, under pretext of negotiating with him for bank shares, to the amount of one hundred thousand crowns, which he had with him in his pocket-book. Lestang kept watch upon the stairs. The Count and De Mille entered with the Jew into a chamber. In a little while there were heard cries and struggles from within. A waiter passing by the room, looked in, and seeing the Jew weltering in his blood, shut the door again, double-locked it, and alarmed the house. Lestang rushed down stairs, made his way to the hotel, secured his most portable effects, and fled the country. The Count and De Mille endeavored to escape by the window, but were both taken, and conducted to prison.

A circumstance which occurs in this part of the Count's story, seems to point him out as a fated man. His mother, and his brother, the Prince Van Horn, had received intelligence some time before at Baussigny, of the dissolute life the Count was leading at Paris, and of his losses at play. They despatched a gentleman of the prince's household to Paris, to pay the debts of the Count, and persuade him to return to Flanders; or, if he should refuse, to obtain an order from the Regent for him to quit the capital. Unfortunately the gentleman did not arrive at Paris until the day after the murder.

The news of the Count's arrest and imprisonment, on a charge of murder, caused a violent sensation among the high aristocracy. All those connected with him, who had treated him hitherto with indifference, found their dignity deeply involved in the question of his guilt or innocence. A general convocation was held at the hotel of the Marquis de Créqui, of all the relatives and allies of the house of Horn. It was an assemblage of the most proud and aristocratic personages of Paris. Inquiries were made into the circumstances of the affair. It was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Jew was dead, and that he had been killed by several stabs of a poniard. In escaping by the window, it was said that the Count had fallen, and been immediately taken; but that De Mille had fled through the streets, pursued by the populace, and had been arrested at some distance from the scene of the murder; that the Count had declared himself innocent of the death of the Jew, and that he had risked his own life in endeavoring to protect him; but that De Mille on being brought back to the tavern, confessed to a plot to murder the broker,

and rob him of his pocket-book, and inculcated the Count in the crime.

Another version of the story was, that the Count Van Horn had deposited with the broker bank shares to the amount of eighty-eight thousand livres; that he had sought him in this tavern, which was one of his resorts, and had demanded the shares; that the Jew had denied the deposit; that a quarrel had ensued, in the course of which the Jew struck the Count in the face; that the latter, transported with rage, had snatched up a knife from a table, and wounded the Jew in the shoulder; and that thereupon De Mille, who was present, and who had likewise been defrauded by the broker, fell on him, and despatched him with blows of a poniard, and seized upon his pocket-book: that he had offered to divide the contents of the latter with the Count, *pro rata*, of what the usurer had defrauded them; that the latter had refused the proposition with disdain, and that, at a noise of persons approaching, both had attempted to escape from the premises, but had been taken.

Regard the story in any way they might, appearances were terribly against the Count, and the noble assemblage was in great consternation. What was to be done to ward off so foul a disgrace and to save their illustrious escutcheons from this murderous stain of blood? Their first attempt was to prevent the affair from going to trial, and their relative from being dragged before a criminal tribunal, on so horrible and degrading a charge. They applied, therefore, to the Regent, to intervene his power; to treat the Count as having acted under an access of his mental malady; and to shut him up in a mad-house. The Regent was deaf to their solicitations. He replied, coldly, that if the Count was a madman, one could not get rid too quickly of madmen who were furious in their insanity. The crime was too public and atrocious, to be hushed up, or slurred over; justice must take its course.

Seeing there was no avoiding the humiliating scene of a public trial, the noble relatives of the Count endeavored to predispose the minds of the magistrates, before whom he was to be arraigned. They accordingly made urgent and eloquent representations of the high descent, and noble and powerful connexions of the Count; set forth the circumstances of his early history; his mental malady; the nervous irritability to which he was subject, and his extreme sensitiveness to insult or contradiction. By these means, they sought to prepare the judges to interpret every thing in favor of the Count, and, even if it should prove that he had inflicted the mortal blow on the usurer, to attribute it to access of insanity, provoked by insult.

To give full effect to these representations, the noble conclave determined to bring upon the judges the dazzling rays of the whole assembled aristocracy. Accordingly, on the day that the trial took place, the relations of the Count, to the number of fifty-seven persons, of both sexes, and of the highest rank, repaired in a body to the Palace of Justice, and took their stations in a long corridor which led to the court-room. Here, as the judges entered, they had to pass in review this array of lofty and noble personages, who saluted them mournfully and significantly, as they passed. Any one conversant with the stately pride and jealous dignity of the French noblesse of

that day, may imagine the extreme state of sensitiveness that produced this self-abasement. It was confidently presumed, however, by the noble suppliants, that having once brought themselves to this measure, their influence over the tribunal would be irresistible. There was one lady present, however, Madame de Beauffremont, who was affected with the Scottish gift of second sight, and related such dismal and sinister apparitions as passing before her eyes, that many of her female companions were filled with doleful presentiments.

Unfortunately for the Count, there was another interest at work, more powerful even than the high aristocracy. The infamous but all-potent Abbé Dubois, the grand favorite and bosom counsellor of the Regent, was deeply interested in the scheme of Law, and the prosperity of his bank, and of course in the security of the stock-brokers. Indeed, the Regent himself is said to have dipped deep in the Mississippi scheme. Dubois and Law, therefore, exerted their influence to the utmost to have the tragic affair pushed to the extremity of the law, and the murder of the broker punished in the most signal and appalling manner. Certain it is, the trial was neither long nor intricate. The Count and his fellow prisoner were equally inculpated in the crime, and both were condemned to a death the most horrible and ignominious — to be broken alive on the wheel !

As soon as the sentence of the court was made public, all the nobility, in any degree related to the house of Van Horn, went into mourning. Another grand aristocratical assemblage was held, and a petition to the Regent, on behalf of the Count, was drawn out and left with the Marquis de Créqui for signature. This petition set forth the previous insanity of the Count, and showed that it was a hereditary malady in his family. It stated various circumstances in mitigation of his offence, and implored that his sentence might be commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

Upward of fifty names of the highest nobility, beginning with the Prince de Ligne, and including cardinals, archbishops, dukes, marquises, etc., together with ladies of equal rank, were signed to this petition. By one of the caprices of human pride and vanity, it became an object of ambition to get enrolled among the illustrious suppliants; a kind of testimonial of noble blood, to prove relationship to a murderer ! The Marquis de Créqui was absolutely besieged by applicants to sign, and had to refer their claims to this singular honor, to the Prince de Ligne, the grand-father of the Count. Many who were excluded, were highly incensed, and numerous feuds took place. Nay, the affronts thus given to the morbid pride of some aristocratical families, passed from generation to generation ; for, fifty years afterward, the Duchess of Mazarin complained of a slight which her father had received from the Marquis de Créqui ; which proved to be something connected with the signature of this petition.

This important document being completed, the illustrious body of petitioners, male and female, on Saturday evening, the eve of Palm Sunday, repaired to the Palais Royal, the residence of the Regent, and were ushered, with great ceremony, but profound silence, into his hall of council. They had appointed four of their number as deputies, to present the petition, viz : the Cardinal de Rohan, the

Duke de Havré, the Prince de Ligne, and the Marquis de Créqui. After a little while, the deputies were summoned to the cabinet of the Regent. They entered, leaving the assembled petitioners in a state of the greatest anxiety. As time slowly wore away, and the evening advanced, the gloom of the company increased. Several of the ladies prayed devoutly; the good Princess of Armagnac told her beads.

The petition was received by the Regent with a most unpropitious aspect. 'In asking the pardon of the criminal,' said he, 'you display more zeal for the house of Van Horn, than for the service of the king.' The noble deputies enforced the petition by every argument in their power. They supplicated the Regent to consider that the infamous punishment in question would reach not merely the person of the condemned, not merely the house of Van Horn, but also the genealogies of princely and illustrious families, in whose armorial bearings might be found quarterings of this dishonored name.

'Gentlemen,' replied the Regent, 'it appears to me the disgrace consists in the crime, rather than in the punishment.'

The Prince de Ligne spoke with warmth: 'I have in my genealogical standard,' said he, 'four escutcheons of Van Horn, and of course have four ancestors of that house. I must have them erased and effaced, and there would be so many blank spaces, like holes, in my heraldic ensigns. There is not a sovereign family which would not suffer, through the rigor of your Royal Highness; nay, all the world knows, that in the thirty-two quarterings of Madame, your mother, there is an escutcheon of Van Horn.'

'Very well,' replied the Regent, 'I will share the disgrace with you, gentlemen.'

Seeing that a pardon could not be obtained, the Cardinal de Rohan and the Marquis de Créqui left the cabinet; but the Prince de Ligne and the Duke de Havré remained behind. The honor of their houses, more than the life of the unhappy Count, was the great object of their solicitude. They now endeavored to obtain a minor grace. They represented that in the Netherlands, and in Germany, there was an important difference in the public mind as to the mode of inflicting the punishment of death upon persons of quality. That decapitation had no influence on the fortunes of the family of the executed, but that the punishment of the wheel was such an infamy, that the uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters, of the criminal, and his whole family, for three succeeding generations, were excluded from all noble chapters, princely abbeys, sovereign bishoprics, and even Teutonic commanderies of the Order of Malta. They showed how this would operate immediately upon the fortunes of a sister of the Count, who was on the point of being received as a canoness into one of the noble chapters.

While this scene was going on in the cabinet of the Regent, the illustrious assemblage of petitioners remained in the hall of council, in the most gloomy state of suspense. The reëntance from the cabinet of the Cardinal de Rohan and the Marquis de Créqui, with pale, down-cast countenances, had struck a chill into every heart. Still they lingered until near midnight, to learn the result of the after application. At length the cabinet conference was at an end. The

Regent came forth, and saluted the high personages of the assemblage in a courtly manner. One old lady of quality, Madame de Guyon, whom he had known in his infancy, he kissed on the cheek, calling her his 'good aunt.' He made a most ceremonious salutation to the stately Marchioness de Créqui, telling her he was charmed to see her at the Palais Royal; 'a compliment very ill-timed, said the Marchioness, 'considering the circumstance which brought me there.' He then conducted the ladies to the door of the second saloon, and there dismissed them, with the most ceremonious politeness.

The application of the Prince de Ligne and the Duke de Havré, for a change of the mode of punishment, had, after much difficulty, been successful. The Regent had promised solemnly to send a letter of commutation to the attorney-general on Holy Monday, the 25th of March, at five o'clock in the morning. According to the same promise, a scaffold would be arranged in the cloister of the Conciergerie, or prison, where the Count would be beheaded on the same morning, immediately after having received absolution. This mitigation of the form of punishment gave but little consolation to the great body of petitioners, who had been anxious for the pardon of the youth: it was looked upon as all-important, however, by the Prince de Ligne, who, as has been before observed, was exquisitely alive to the dignity of his family.

The Bishop of Bayeux and the Marquis de Créqui visited the unfortunate youth in prison. He had just received the communion in the chapel of the Conciergerie, and was kneeling before the altar, listening to a mass for the dead, which was performed at his request. He protested his innocence of any intention to murder the Jew, but did not deign to allude to the accusation of robbery. He made the bishop and the Marquis promise to see his brother the prince, and inform him of this his dying asseveration.

Two other of his relations, the Prince Rebecq-Montmorency and the Marshal Van Isenghien, visited him secretly, and offered him poison, as a means of evading the disgrace of a public execution. On his refusing to take it, they left him with high indignation. 'Miserable mau!' said they, 'You are fit only to perish by the hand of the executioner!'

The Marquis de Créqui sought the executioner of Paris, to bespeak an easy and decent death for the unfortunate youth. 'Do not make him suffer,' said he; 'uncover no part of him but the neck; and have his body placed in a coffin, before you deliver it to his family.' The executioner promised all that was requested, but declined a rouleau of a hundred louis-d'ors which the Marquis would have put into his hand. 'I am paid by the king for fulfilling my office,' said he; and added, that he had already refused a like sum, offered by another relation of the Marquis.

The Marquis de Créqui returned home in a state of deep affliction. There he found a letter from the Duke de St. Simon, the familiar friend of the Regent, repeating the promise of that prince, that the punishment of the wheel should be commuted to decapitation.

'Imagine,' says the Marchioness de Créqui, who in her memoirs gives a detailed account of this affair, 'imagine what we experienced, and what was our astonishment, our grief, and indignation, when, on Tuesday the 26th of March, an hour after mid-day, word

was brought us that the Count Van Horn had been exposed on the wheel, in the Place de Grève, since half past six in the morning, on the same scaffold with the Piedmontese De Mille, and that he had been tortured previous to execution !

One more scene of aristocratic pride closed this tragic story. The Marquis de Créqui, on receiving this astounding news, immediately arrayed himself in the uniform of a general officer, with his cordon of nobility on the coat. He ordered six valets to attend him in grand livery, and two of his carriages, each with six horses, to be brought forth. In this sumptuous state, he set off for the Place de Grève, where he had been preceded by the Princes de Ligne, de Rohan, de Croÿ, and the Duke de Havré.

The Count Van Horn was already dead, and it was believed that the executioner had had the charity to give him the coup de grace, or 'death-blow,' at eight o'clock in the morning. At five o'clock in the evening, when the Judge Commissary left his post at the Hotel de Ville, these noblemen, with their own hands, aided to detach the mutilated remains of their relation ; the Marquis de Créqui placed them in one of his carriages, and bore them off to his hotel, to receive the last sad obsequies.

The conduct of the Regent in this affair excited general indignation. His needless severity was attributed by some to vindictive jealousy ; by others to the persevering machinations of Law and the Abbé Dubois. The house of Van Horn, and the high nobility of Flanders and Germany, considered themselves flagrantly outraged : many schemes of vengeance were talked of, and a hatred engendered against the Regent, that followed him through life, and was wreaked with bitterness upon his memory after his death.

The following letter is said to have been written to the Regent by the Prince Van Horn, to whom the former had adjudged the confiscated effects of the Count :

'I do not complain, Sir, of the death of my brother, but I complain that your Royal Highness has violated in his person the rights of the kingdom, the nobility, and the nation. I thank you for the confiscation of his effects ; but I should think myself as much disgraced as he, should I accept any favor at your hands. *I hope that God and the King may render to you as strict justice as you have rendered to my unfortunate brother.*'

THE LAND OF FAME.

Few pierce this limbo-land of cloud,
But doff their armor for the shroud,
And leave, to cheer their comrades on,
Their trophies — and their skeleton !

Yet inroads on this gloomy realm,
That mists and shadows overwhelm,
Are made ; for all that Truth would hail,
Must force this frontier line, or fail.

And through this vestibule have passed
All master-minds ; the first as last,
And inch by inch, and day by day,
Have cut their road, or fought their way.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A VISIT TO THIRTEEN ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE IN EUROPE: WITH STATISTICS.
By PLINY EARLE, M. D. Philadelphia: ADAM WALDIE.

WE promised, in our January number, to advert thereafter more particularly than we were then enabled to do, to this unpretending but exceedingly interesting pamphlet. During a tour in Great Britain and on the European continent, the author visited several asylums for the insane, and he has here embodied the notes collected at those institutions; 'trusting,' and not, we may believe, without good reason, 'that some of the ideas might not be entirely useless.' He begins with the English public asylums, which he describes very satisfactorily; but makes no allusion to the *private* lunatic asylums of England, which have been represented to us as numerous, and as teeming with abuses of the most aggravated character. They are often established by private individuals, for purposes of pecuniary gain; the proprietor charging so much per week, month, or year, for each patient. Hence it is made an object to procure as many patients, and keep them as long, as they possibly can. Their very principle, it will be seen, opens a wide field for abuse. A wicked, unscrupulous man, for example, has a rich uncle, of whose property he desires to gain immediate possession. He may safely gain his object, by writing to a proprietor of one of these asylums, stating that he has a relation whom he wishes to place under his care, and requesting him to send, at a certain hour, a couple of stout keepers, and a doctor to certify, in order to save trouble. Nothing more is required. At the appointed time, down come the keepers, with the doctor, who perhaps find the victim preconceivedly excited by the nephew, or if not, the announcement of their errand accomplishes that object; the doctor certifies, and pockets his fee; and, armed with his authority, the keepers seize and drag the unhappy man away to their den, from which he seldom escapes, while the necessary payments are kept up. An English friend has told us, that hundreds are thus imprisoned in England, and have been for years; and although commissioners are compelled, by law, to visit such establishments four times a year, they seldom perform the duty more than twice during the term; and even then, so short is their stay, and so entirely do they depend upon the representations of the proprietors, that their visits are worse than useless to the persons confined. The victim, therefore, becomes lost to society, to which he can scarcely hope ever to return; he is beyond the reach of the law; he cannot communicate with those who would promote his restoration, but is treated at once as an incurable lunatic; guarded and kicked about during the day, and locked and chained, if a murmur should escape him, in a miserable cell at night; and if he can, by dint of the most galling brutality, be goaded on to absolute madness, it supersedes the necessity for any disguise on the part of the proprietors, and one of their chief objects is thereby attained. We observe, by a brief paragraph in the English intelligence, by late arrivals, that this iniquitous private mad-house system is to be brought formally before Parliament, at its next session. But we are forgetting the public asylums, where the great object is to *cure* the patients, instead of *keeping* them

as long as possible, and not curing them at all. Mr. EARLE, in his sketch of the Middlesex institution, relates the following striking anecdote :

"A workman at the Wakefield Lunatic Asylum left a chisel, more than three feet long, in one of the wards; a furious patient seized it and threatened to kill any one who approached him. Every one then in the ward immediately retreated from it. 'At length,' says the author referred to, 'I opened the door, and, balancing the key of the ward on my hand, walked slowly toward him, looking intently at it. His attention was immediately attracted; he came towards me, and inquired what I was doing. I told him I was trying to balance the key, and said, at the same time, that he could not balance the chisel in the same way on the back of his hand. He immediately placed it there, and extending his hand with the chisel on it, I took it off very quietly, and without making any comment upon it. Though he seemed a little chagrined at having lost his weapon, he made no attempt to regain it, and in a short time the irritation passed away.'"

Much commendation is bestowed upon the Retreat, near York, (Eng.,) which is made a *home* to each patient, by improved grounds and apartments, the encouragement of reading and labor, and the introduction of amusements, judiciously selected. How different the situation of the asylum at Amsterdam, Holland :

"The most glaring defects, at present, are, an insufficiency of room within doors, as well as without; a want of cleanliness, particularly in the men's wards, and an almost entire absence of either labor or amusements. A few of the women were either knitting or sewing; but the men, without exception, were unoccupied, lying on the floor, the ground, or the beds, standing in the stupidity of dementia and idiocy, or walking to and fro, raving with the unbridled fury of madmen. There was about the place an air of most indescribable melancholy. . . . As means of coercion and punishment, the hands and feet of patients are sometimes fastened, and the camisole, the straight-jacket, and imprisonment, are resorted to. For the last mentioned purpose, there are six dungeons, constructed three upon either side of a small apartment. One of these was occupied, at the time of my visit, by a woman, who was naked, raving, and filthy."

At the Utrecht institution, our author found several patients occupied in drawing, reading, etc. Among them was a physician :

"He conversed freely upon his situation, gave an account of his commencement of practice, and the success which attended his efforts, until his friends thought it best for him to take lodgings in the Lunatic Asylum. At length he asked me if I thought him deranged. He had talked so rationally, and this question was put so directly and so earnestly, that to avoid answering it was almost impossible. An evasive reply, if any, must be given. 'It is difficult to define derangement,' said I; 'and, if we should accept the definition given by some authors, we should include almost the majority of mankind.' He appeared satisfied with the answer, and only remarked, with a melancholy tone, '*Je crois bien que le plupart des gens sont des aliénés.*' Poor man! although reason was dethroned, it was evident from his conversation that the affections retained their empire."

In Mr. EARLE's account of the Bicêtre, at Paris, he relates an example of cruelty, in the administration of the '*douche*,' (a stream of cold water upon the head,) which reflects little credit upon the celebrated PINEL. The 'cool and cogent logic of cold water,' which our author enjoys with evident gusto, strikes us, in the case alluded to, as the argument of a tyrant. With what sort of conviction does Mr. EARLE suppose the unfortunate patient 'yielded his points?' A very revolting picture is given of the insane hospital at Constantinople, which our author visited, in company with two American gentlemen. How true is it, that there are no ruins like the ruins of the mind :

'We passed along the corridor to the first window. From between the bars of the iron grating with which this was defended, a heavy chain, ominous of the sad reality within, protruded, and was fastened to the external surface of the wall. It was about six feet in length; the opposite extremity was attached to a heavy iron ring, surrounding the neck of a patient, who was sitting, within the grating, upon the window-seat. We entered the room, and found two other patients, similarly fastened, at the two windows upon the opposite side of the room. It was a most cheerless apartment. A jug to contain water, and, for each of the patients, a few boards, laid upon the floor, or elevated three or four inches, at most, and covered with a couple of blankets, were all the articles

of comfort or convenience with which, aside from their clothing, these miserable creatures were supplied. Although in the latter part of December, they had no fire, nor were the windows glazed.' . . . 'There was but one who was not chained. He was an elderly man, though still retaining much of the vivacity of earlier years. His long and profuse hair and beard were nearly white, and his complexion very delicate. He was formerly a priest of the Islam faith. He has been deranged, and confined in this place, nearly fifteen years, during which time he has thrice broken the chain with which he was secured. He is now alone in his apartment, within which no one is permitted to enter. He talked and raved incessantly, threatening to kill those who were making him their gazing stock. Like those in the apartment first mentioned, all the patients, with one exception, were without fire. The person forming this exception, was one of the most hideous of undeformed human beings. He has been in the *Timar-haué*, as this Asylum is called by the Turks, more than forty years. His hair and beard, both naturally abundant, curly, and black as ebony, appeared as if they had not been cut or combed since his entrance. They nearly concealed his face, and the former hung in a profusion of literally 'dishevelled locks' about his neck and shoulders. His head would have been a *nonpareil* for an original to the figure of Cain, in David's celebrated picture of 'Cain meditating the death of Abel.' He lay crouched upon all-fours, resting upon his knees and elbows, and holding his head and hands over a *manghale* of living embers. Whatsoever was said, whether addressed to him or otherwise, could only induce him slowly to turn his huge head, and present his hideous face more directly to view.' . . . 'There was another, one of the finest looking Mussulmen that ever worshipped before the altars of Stamboul. His beard might acknowledge no rival in beauty, excepting that of Mahmoud the Second, and his eye possessed all the mingled fire and softness of the Orient. He was occupied in sewing. Upon being informed that I was an American, 'Please,' said he, 'turning toward me slowly, and without the slightest change of countenance; 'please, effendi, to give my respects to the Sultan of America!'

Who knows but this Turk may once have been the 'rose and expectancy of the fair state,' among the super-celestials? Great wit to madness is allied. Dr. RUSS, in an article some months since, in this Magazine, offered a remark, that has always forcibly impressed us. It was, that let any, the most sensible man, as he walks the street, express *all* the thoughts which pass through his mind, and he would be accounted as mad as a March hare. Pity the insane!

MEMOIRS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By MADAME TUSSAUD. Edited by FRANCIS HERVE, Esq. In two volumes. pp. 461. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE stiltish preface to these volumes, by the editor, is but a poor introduction to kindred stiltishness in the style of the work itself. 'Madame Tussaud saw,' 'Madame Tussaud remembers,' 'Madame Tussaud believes,' etc., strike the eye, in the commencement of nearly every paragraph in the work; and what the good lady saw, remembers, and believes, is not *always* of the utmost importance, or imbued with any very particular interest; nor can we here perceive the great improvement upon preceding pictures of the French revolution, which seems to be so apparent to the editor of these volumes. The authoress has doubtless given 'as accurate an account of what occurred during her residence in France, comprising a period of more than thirty years, at an important period, as her memory will permit;' but then, being nearly eighty years of age, and having passed so considerable a period of her life under a constant state of excitement, her recollections must sometimes be in a degree confused and impaired. In short, we cannot avoid thinking, that Mr. FRANCIS HERVE, Esq., has been pumping a very old lady, to obtain *matériel* for a gossiping work, whose sale should help to 'make the pot boil,' when the lean cut from the shambles was standing at a cold simmer; and his labors may not inaptly be compared to a dish of *soup maigre*, made after the most common Parisian recipe; 'four pails of Seine water to a turnip!' This is about the 'rate of interest' in these 'Memoirs and Reminiscences.'

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN, OR LIFE IN A STEAMER. By the Author of 'The Sayings and Doings of SAMUEL SLICK,' etc. In one volume. pp. 189. Philadelphia: LEE AND BLANCHARD.

THOSE who have read SAM SLICK's homely, gossiping volume, will probably need no incitement to the perusal of the one before us; in which, while there is much that is gross, and which will tend to exclude it from *audible* perusal by the parlor-fire, there are yet undeniable humor, and pleasant, lively description. We must enter our protest, however, against the constant striving after *puns*, which MR. HALIBURTON exhibits throughout his book. Some of them are well enough, in their way; but the great majority are positively shocking. They are *strained*, it is true, but can scarcely be considered 'fine' in any other sense; being bad, not in LAMB's sense of a *good* pun, but the 'worst kind of bad.' The reader will frankly confess himself of our opinion, before he is half through with the preface. Every body knows the custom which gives rise to the title of the book under notice. On board our packet-ships and ocean steamers, when two or three days out, the letter-bag is opened, and its contents assorted, on deck, in presence of the passengers. From this collection, our author has selected several imaginary epistles, which are as remarkable for their variety of style, as for the distinct peculiarity which is made to attach to each. Here is a slight imitation of MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER's Journal:

"A shout on deck; all hands rushed up; what a strange perversion of terms is this? It is a water-spout: how awful! The thirsty cloud stooping to invigorate itself with a draught of the sea; opening its huge mouth and drinking, yet not even deigning to wait for it, but gulping it as it goes! We fire into it and it vanishes; its watery load is returned, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, it leaves no wreck behind.' It is one of 'the wonders of the great deep.' That rude shock has dispelled it. Thus is it in life. The sensitive mind releases its grasp of the ideal, when it comes in contact with grossness. It shrinks within itself. It retreats in terror. Yet what a wonderful sight it is! How nearly were we engulfed, swallowed up, and carried into the sky, to be broken to pieces in our fall, as the sea-mew feeds on the shell-fish by dashing it to pieces on a rock. Oh that vile American! he too has imitated the scene: he has broken my train of thought, by his literal and grovelling remark: 'Well I vow, female, what an everlasting noise it lets off its water with!' I wonder if they hiss in America: surely not; for if they did, such fellows as this would learn better manners. Wrote journal; frightened my frock, to please the New-Yorkers; unbooted, unstay'd, and snuggled up like a kitten in bed."

Captain HALFRONT, in a letter to Lieut. FUGLEMAN, in Canada, draws an amusing sketch of a night-scene in the cabin of the Great Western. He has just called the steward; 'Steward, here.'

"Bring it directly, Sir.

"Nay, I called not for any thing; but come here; I wish to speak to you;.

"Have it in a moment, Sir; I am waiting on a gentleman.

"It is useless; I will inquire of my neighbor. Pray, Sir, (and I tremble for his answer,) pray, Sir, can you inform me whether we are to have supper?

"Why, not exactly a regular supper, Sir; there *should* be, though; we pay enough, and ought to have it: and, really, four meals a-day, at sea, are not at all sufficient. It is too long to go from tea-time to breakfast, without eating. But you can have any thing you call for; and I think it is high time to begin, for they close the bar at ten o'clock. Steward, brandy and water.' It is the signal; voice rises above voice, shout above shout. Whiskey, rum, cider, soda, ham, oysters, and herrings; the demand is greater than the supply. D— them, they don't hear! Why the devil don't you come? Bear-a-hand, will you! Curse that six-foot, he is as deaf as a post! You most particular, everlasting! almighty snail! do you calculate to convene me with them are chicken fixings, or not! I hope I may be shot, if I don't reciprocate your inattention, by a subtraction from the amount of your constitutional fees—that's a fact.' 'Blood-and-ounds, man, are you going to be all night? 'Hol dich der Teufel! what for you come not? 'Diable!—Dépêchez donc, bête!'"

There is another capital scene in the 'Letter from a Midshipman,' describing an intentional misunderstanding, wherein a conceited ass, who thought himself bound to

talk of nothing but steam and machinery, during the voyage, receives an unanswerable quietus. The 'Letter from an Abolitionist' closes with a paragraph from a Vicksburg paper, in such ludicrous juxtaposition, as to serve the double purpose of history, and 'a caution.' We must close our quotations with a short extract from a letter of ROBERT CARTER, an English servant, who caught the freedom of his class in this country, he says, before he was half way across the Atlantic. Here is a specimen of his 'making free, when opportunity hofferred :'

"Says the skipper to me one day, (he is a lieutenant in the navy,) says he, 'are you Captain Haltfront's servant?' Without getting up or touching hats, but setting at ease, sais I, 'I did n't know he had a servant, Sir.' 'Did n't know he had one, Sir?' said he; 'pray what the devil do you call yourself, if you are not his servant?' 'Why, Sir,' said I, cocking my head a one side, and trying to come Yankee over him, 'he receives the Queen's pay, Sir, and wears her Majesty's regimentals; he has an allowance for an assistant, which I receive, and wear her Majesty's cockade, too. We serve her Majesty, Sir, and I am under the Captain's command. Do you take, Sir?' 'Why you infernal conceited rascal!' said he, 'if you were under my command, Sir, instead of his, I'd let you know d——d quick whose servant you were.' 'Ah! very like, Sir,' said I, keeping my seat, and crossing one leg over the other, free and easy, and swinging my foot; 'very like, Sir, but you do n't happen to have that honor, Sir, and my passage money is paid to your masters, the owners of this boat, at Bristol, which happens to aker the case a bit; you can go, Sir.' 'Go, Sir!' said he; 'why d—— your eyes, Sir, what do you mean?—do you want to be triced up, Sir?' and he walked away in a devil of a hurry, as if he was going to do something, but he did n't honor me again with his company. I have put up with a good deal in my time, Tummus, but I puts up with no more. No man calls me servant again, unless at eight dollars a day, as a public one at Washington, or Van Buren, or Webster, or some of the large cities, where, as I here, no one lives, but every one passes through, and do n't no you again.'"

If it were not for certain equivoques, that go too near the edge, occasional gross double entendres, and indelicate hints, we could recommend this book to our readers.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS: AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF VERMONT. By the Author of 'May Martin, or the Money-Diggers.' In two volumes. pp. 536. Montpelier: E. P. WALTON AND SONS. New-York: ROBINSON, PRATT, AND COMPANY.

THESE volumes, as we gather from the author, embody and illustrate a portion of the more romantic incidents which actually occurred in the early settlement of Vermont with the use of but little more of fiction than was deemed sufficient to weave them together, and impart to the tissue a connected interest. It needed not the declaration of the writer to assure us of this fact; for there is a freshness in his descriptions, and a tone of reality about his incidents, which exhibit less of imagination than of nature. We have perused the volumes with interest and pleasure. We cannot, however, so much commend the 'thread of love' which runs through the work, as the lively and spirited sketches of daring adventure, and the more marked characters of 'the Scout,' Allen, and one or two others, which stand out in palpable relief. The compulsory 'cut-jacket' scene between Justice Prouty and the surveyor, before the presiding Judge Lynch of that period, is capital, and reminded us of the 'Skinner' and 'Cow-boy' court, in the barn, as described by COOPER. Without room to assign the evidence of the faith that is in us, we would yet express the conviction, that our readers will find these volumes pleasant companions; and hence we commend them cordially to their acceptance. The work is unlike a large proportion of American novels, in one respect. It is not 'all Indian, with but a sprinkle of white man.' We have become heartily sick of Indian talks, and 'red men' scenes. They have long been worn thread-bare. *Indian* has been our poor novelists' food for many a year. *Literarily* speaking, we have had it abundantly, in soft-puddings, boiled and baked; often in 'johnny' and 'hoe'-cakes; and time out of mind, in 'mush' and hominy. We are glad to see this hackneyed fault amended.

EDITORS' TABLE.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. — A paper of several pages in length, with the foregoing title, doubtless contrary to the author's anticipations, came into our hands at too late a period of the month for insertion in the body of the present number. We have taken the liberty, therefore, to condense a portion of its contents for this department of our Magazine. 'A few weeks only,' says the writer, near the commencement of his theme, 'have passed, and SAMUEL WARD, HENRY WYCKOFF, and ROBERT LENOX, are numbered with the dead. These are names familiar as household words to all old New-Yorkers: others, worthy and beloved, have also departed, but none more intimately associated with the history of our city, and its unexampled progress to prosperity, within the last fifty years, than these. The first, the worthy son of a worthy sire, reaped the fruits of a careful and useful life, and lived to restore to its mercantile preëminence that name on which the blight of adversity had fallen, while he was yet a youth. The second well maintained the respectability of an ancient family, and merited the general good will and esteem in which he was held. The last presents a striking example of what may be effected by frugality, prudence, forethought, and strict honesty. The world called ROBERT LENOX 'harsh,' 'severe,' 'parsimonious,' but never called him unjust. Many who have received his untold bounties, now mourn his loss, and feel that during life full justice was never done to those better qualities, which seemed crusted over with the harshness of the cynic. True it is, he *was* severe in manner, and a rude censor of the lax morality of the age. True it is, he *was*, in business matters, exactly rigid: but in these days of an awakened sense of our condition, what merchant does not feel that such exactness lies at the bottom of commercial integrity, and commercial success? What good citizen but feels that such strictness of precept and of example is required from all lovers of order, and of the well-being of society, to retrieve us from our downward path? . . . But it was not my purpose to write an epitaph, a eulogy, or a lament. It was the 'lucre of Mammon' that fixed my thoughts. 'How much was he worth?' is whispered round the funeral circle: '*Ohe jam satis*;' they all died rich; the last surpassingly so. Very few survive, in these United States, more wealthy than he. Among these very few, is JOHN JACOB ASTOR. Boy and man, I have known him five-and-thirty years; not much — sometimes more, sometimes less, as the changes and chances of life affected me — but always, and only, as 'the rich Mr. Astor,' who had, from the humblest beginnings, amassed the wealth of CROËSUS. I deemed him, as most of his fellow men who daily discourse of his fortunes still do, a modern Midas; an alchemist, at whose touch the base dross of earth turns to virgin gold. I did not dream that he was a great man, of large enterprise, and magnificent conceptions; of vast grasp of intellect, wonderful energy, and equal fortitude. Yet who can doubt it, after reading 'Astoria,' and reflecting on what he has read? 'Until the last month, I never perused this work: the publishers (or the author) have made it too dear for general circulation. . . . And while I am in the mood of fault-finding, let me ask you, Mr. Iving, why it is that you skip over, with such vague generalities, the earlier years of Mr. Astor's career; that 'day of small things,' when the force of circumstances bent his proud and aspiring spirit to endure the 'rich man's

contumely, the proud man's scorn?' I desire my boys to know more concerning those early days; to learn some practical lessons for youth in the way of honorable advancement in the world: to feel unscathed by the ridicule of the effeminate popinjays, who are now permitted to give a tone, or rather a lack of tone, to society; and to bear unruffled the sneers of well-meaning but not very judicious friends, who 'wonder such a fine young man can't be better placed,' than where he will learn, by honest means, to gain an honest livelihood. . . . But to return to JOHN JACOB ASTOR. Who that remembers some incidents of his earlier career, and contemplates the development of the powers of an original and capacious mind, as displayed in the plan of the Astoria expeditions, but must admit the conviction, that he is one of the 'nobility of nature;' of a mental calibre far beyond that of the politicians of the day, whose shortsighted neglect of the great interests which he placed within their reach, has already deprived us of a powerful dependency, and left to the doubtful issue of negotiation, perhaps of war, great national advantages, which he had in fact secured, and offered, without cost or hazard, to the acceptance of the government.

'Scarcely fifty years ago, a shipment of ninety-two pounds, a great adventure at that day, and for him, was made to Canton. Its results led his sagacious intellect and judicious forecast to jump at once to conclusions which would have staggered ordinary minds. A bold and masterly transaction with the North-West Company, in which he was frankly met, and fairly dealt with, by the kindred spirit of WILLIAM MCGILLIVRAY, placed him in the position which he sought; and presently the marts of Europe were enriched with his furs, while the seas of China whitened beneath the canvass of his ships. But the narrow prejudices of caste, of clan, of association, had striven to thwart him. Jealousies, partly mercantile, partly national, had opposed obstacles to his course; and he conceived the great project of liberating the United States from a detrimental dependence on the successful labors of a foreign company; and of founding on the shores of the Pacific a colony that would command all the fur trade of the Rocky Mountain region; should sustain Russian enterprise, yet keep in check Russian encroachment; should exclude, by means equally decisive and friendly, the British flag and influence from a territory which must belong to us, '*coute qui coute*;' should give assistance to our whalers, now almost driven from the northern seas by the Russian ascendancy; should facilitate our commerce with China, and afford, at a cheap rate, a valuable substitute for the precious metals required for that trade; should become the nucleus of an agricultural, mercantile, and maritime community, offering new resorts to American enterprise, and fresh incentives to individual exertion. . . . The foundation of all these great results was laid; and notwithstanding the disasters which befel his ships, the inefficiency of some of his agents, and the questionable fidelity of others, the superstructure would have been raised, had the government, after the Treaty of Ghent, caused the American flag to be again displayed at Astoria, thus restoring the '*status ante bellum*.' A colony of two hundred thousand freemen would now have extended along the coast, from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco. Our language, our arts, our religion, our power, would now have been firmly established, from the sea to the mountains; unquestioned by other nations, and without effort or expense by our own; and all this, and more, we should have owed to Mr. Astor. But we were too busy making presidents; and are we not so now?

'The elder РОТШИЛЬД was perhaps a richer man than Mr. Astor, but in other respects his inferior. Rothschild was a good arithmetician and a good banker. He wrought out, skilfully and successfully, the materials offered to his hand, by the social condition of his time: but his was not an original, an inventive, a creative mind. That of Mr. Astor, on the contrary, is strongly marked by such characteristics. All his bold and grand operations were in scenes before untried; carrying out combinations before unthought of; opening up mines of hitherto undiscovered wealth; and all tending not more to his own advantage, than to the prosperity of that country which had, by adoption, taken the place of his cherished Father-land. Talk not to me, then, of

'John Jacob,' as 'the rich Mr. Astor' only. Attributes of a higher character cluster thick around him. He is a man of whom New-York, of whom the United States, may be justly proud; and if ever we again meet, I shall greet him with feelings warm, cordial, respectful; feelings far different from those with which I have heretofore regarded him. But whither am I rambling? An inclement day, a warm stove, an unoccupied hour, and 'my pen in hand,' I have been scribbling, '*currente calamo*,' without alteration, correction, or copy, like a penny-a-liner, or a modern novelist; yet am I neither, but rather a very matter-of-fact and unimpressible person.

'Well, shall I burn what I have written? No! I will send it to old KNICKERBOCKER. He understands stops, and spelling, and grammar, and the scissors; and if he finds any thing that suits his purposes in this notice of some worthy kindred Knickerbockers, why he has my leave to print it. Perchance some thought may spring from it, that shall stimulate the young, encourage the struggling, cheer the desponding; and then it will not be without its use. We cannot all attain to the wealth of ASTOR or of LENOX; but industry, perseverance, integrity, may place many of us in the condition prayed for by that very sensible person, who of old exclaimed, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches;' which, in the year of our Lord 1840, means, as I understand it, one hundred thousand dollars, securely invested at six per cent., payable semi-annually.'

'PASSAIC: A GROUP OF POEMS.' — We need scarcely invite the attention of the reader to '*The Last Look*,' from the pen of a well-known correspondent, 'FLACCUS,' in the present number. Those who peruse it, will agree with us that its merits require no heralding. The tale relates to the melancholy death of Mrs. SARAH CUMMING, wife of the Rev. HOOPER CUMMING, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Newark. She died by a fall from the rocks at Paterson, on the morning of the 22d of June, 1812, in the twenty-third year of her age. She was born in Portland, Maine, and was married and removed to Newark a few weeks only previous to her death. Her person was agreeable, her manners simple, and her mind strong and ingenuous. She had gone with Mr. Cumming to spend the Sabbath at Paterson, where he was appointed to preach by the Presbytery. On Monday morning they took a walk to the Falls of the Passaic, which lie in the neighborhood. When they had finished their view of the wonderful scenery which this place affords, she fell from a high part of the western rock, an elevation of seventy or eighty feet, into the basin below. 'She had sat down with her husband at a little distance from the brink, having complained of dizziness; but wishing, previous to their departure, to take a last look of a scene so sublime, and to her so novel and interesting, she ventured again with her husband to the margin of the rock. When they had stood a few minutes, he said, 'It is time to return,' and requested her to accompany him. The path being narrow, he stepped back a pace or two, supposing she would follow. Alas! only a cry is heard. He turns, but she is gone from his sight for ever. In the dreadful agitation of his mind, he runs backward and forward along the brink, crying, 'She is fallen! she is fallen!' At this perilous moment, a lad about sixteen years of age flew to his aid, and once actually held him by the coat, when he seemed in the act of throwing himself down the precipice. They both descended by the usual passage to the foot of the rock; and again the agonized husband would have plunged into the abyss, but for the firm resistance of the youth, destined to preserve him during this paroxysm of unutterable grief. After a long search, the body was found, and the procession formed in conveying this lamented lady to the tomb, amounted to more than sixteen hundred persons, of both sexes.' It was our purpose to have accompanied the concluding canto of '*The Great Descender*' with a note, giving some particulars from the history of the immortal PATCH: but beyond his consorting with a pet bear, leaping three times into the Passaic, once into the Niagara, and twice into the Genesee, where he at last 'jumped the life to come,' his story presents little of romance or interest.

A TRUE POET. — There are indigenous literary examples, too well known to require particular mention, of merely respectable versifiers, who have obtained — by dint perhaps in the first instance of self-adulation, and subsequently through the reverberated 'puffing' of friendly presses — a sort of notoriety, which has come to be dignified with, and acquiesced in as deserving, the title of 'reputation.' These BALAAMS have continued to blow their trumpets, until the sonorous brattling of their brazen instruments sounds to their mistaken ears like the music of Fame. On the other hand, there are among us men devoted to the pursuits of an active business life — unassuming, distrustful of their powers, and averse to the pretension and clap-trap which they see around them — who are yet overflowing with poetical genius of the highest order. A rare example of the latter class, is WILLIAM PITT PALMER, Esq., of this city. Filling a toilsome and responsible situation in a public office, he gains leisure but seldom to embody his beautiful conceptions; but when we find at our desk a small slip of refuse office-paper, in the handwriting of Mr. PALMER, unaccompanied by ostentatious self-criticism, or solicitation of any kind, we always anticipate a rich intellectual treat, and are never disappointed. In this wise came the following; which in affluence of thought, beauty of imagery, and melody of language, we have rarely seen surpassed.

L I G H T .

'BRIGHT effluence of bright essence increate!
Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert.'

MILTON.

I.

FROM the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

II.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the Fiend's art on her trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

III.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

IV.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born —
Joy, joy to the outcast Man!

V.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
 On the just and unjust I descend;
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
 Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend:
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
 As the rose in the garden of kings;
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
 And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

VI.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
 Conceals all the pride of her charms,
 Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her bowers,
 And lead the young Day to her arms:
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
 In curtains of amber and rose.

VII.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from the sky;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

VIII.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in my matinal sheen.
 O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
 Ever bright with the DEIRY's smile!

W. F. F.

M. DE FONTANES. — The works of M. de FONTANES have lately been collected and published in Paris, preceded by a flattering letter of CHATEAUBRIAND, and biographical notices by M. ROGER, a member of the French academy, and one or two other eminent savans. FONTANES was somewhat distinguished in his day, both as a poet and an orator. He translated POPE's 'Essay on Man,' and was the author of several original poems, two of which, 'La Chartreuse,' and 'Le Jour des Morts,' are still admired. In one of his official harangues, he dared to offer the example of the American hero as a model to the First Consul; and upon other public occasions, although in his quality of Prefect of the Corps Législatif, or as Grand Master of the University, he glorified NAPOLEON in many official speeches, still he more than once offended the Emperor, by a manly resistance to his massacres, which at length led to his disgrace. Summoned by his master to give his public adhesion to the *coup d'état*, alias murder, of the Duke D'ENGHEIN, he nobly replied, 'Jamais!' and was inflexible. '*Pensez-vous toujours à votre Duke d'Enghien?*' said the Emperor to him, a long time after. '*Mais il me semble,*' replied he, '*que l'Empereur y pense autant que moi!*' Had NAPOLEON's counsellors been as fearless and honest as M. de FONTANES, many of his impulsive excesses might perhaps have been averted; and the lives of thousands whose bones glisten on the sands of Egypt, or whiten along the *steppes* of Russia, might have been spared for nobler purposes.

THE 'EMPIRE OF THE WEST.'—We would call the attention of our readers to a copious and able article in the January number of the *North American Review*, treating of 'Discovery beyond the Rocky Mountains.' It is a paper that should be read and meditated upon by every American. It gives a clear and compendious narrative of the progressive steps of discovery and occupation by which we acquired an indefeasible right to the Oregon territory, and places in a startling light the actual state of our affairs in that most important and interesting region. The reader will here find that our claim to a country 'equal in extent to the old United States, and stretching for nine or ten degrees along the great Pacific Ocean,' has become almost nullified, through the supineness of our own statesmen, and the wily and grasping policy of foreign traders. He will here find how Astoria, our original seat of empire, has been turned into a British fortified post and trading-house; how a foreign flag has been hoisted at the mouth of the Columbia, and how a mere trading company has seated itself at that great western portal of our empire, and actually locked it against our own citizens.

What are the petty questions which occupy Congress, and distract it with clamorous contention, in comparison with the adjustment of this great territorial right, which involves empire? What is the North-East Boundary question, which concerns a mere strip of forest land, to this, on which depends our whole territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and our great high-way to the Pacific? A little more delay on our part, and wily Commerce will have woven its web over the whole country, and it will cost thousands of lives, and millions of treasure, to break the meshes. We cannot help quoting some observations of the reviewer to the above purport:

"We have continual cause to lament the undue prominence in the public mind, which trivial and secondary questions, the petty issues of petty party controversy, are allowed to usurp, to the postponement or neglect of matters infinitely more important in reality. The topics of popular discussion in newspapers and in conversation, as well as in the more formal and serious public debates, and the action of the government, make the fact to be continually obvious. Thus, in Congress, for minutes occupied in things of true consequence, hours, nay, days are consumed on trivialities, which will speedily be forgotten, and pass away for ever, as transitory and as insignificant in themselves as the motes, which play in the sunlight of a summer's noon. It has been so under every administration, of whatever party or opinion, the United States have seen. Hence it was, that the intrigues of the British companies among the Indians of the United States, and their general intrusion into our territory in the region of the Upper Mississippi and Upper Missouri, though repeatedly the subject of complaint and remonstrance on the part of observant men, as in this case of Captain Lewis, did not engage due attention from the government, until those intrigues and that intrusion resulted in the conclusion to have been anticipated from them, a general Indian war, which ravaged and desolated the whole region of the United States on the Ohio, the Lakes, and the Upper Mississippi. Transferred to another part of the territory of the United States, the same British companies, we fear, are now preparing the same *dénouement* of a like tragedy, by the same means, which failed to arouse the active resistance of our government of old, until savage massacre and conflagration burst on our western settlements; but the operations of which, it is to be hoped, the government of the United States, warned by that example, will arrest by measures of suitable energy.

It is singular how practicable and easy the passage is across the Rocky Mountains. It seems as if Nature had provided a high-way for the caravans of commerce to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific regions of our immense empire. 'The gradual rise of the country, in the vast slope from the Mississippi to the foot of the mountains,' says Major Pitcher, in his report, 'makes considerable elevation, without perceptible increase, and then the gaps or depressions let you through almost upon a level.' Wagons and carriages may cross the mountains without difficulty, and with little delay in the day's journey. In fact, Captain Bonneville passed over to the western side of the mountains with wagons, several years since, and so easy and gradual was the ascent, that he was only made aware of the great elevation to which he had attained, by the wood-work of his wheels coming loose, through the rarity of the atmosphere. By the way, we should like to hear more of Lake Bonneville, that remarkable body of salt-water on the western side of the mountains, mentioned in the narrative of the Captain's expeditions. It

strikes us as one of the most singular phenomena in that vast region of curiosities and wonders. We are glad to see that the reviewer pays a passing tribute to Mr. NATHANIEL J. WYETH. We have ever admired the spirited attempt of that enterprising individual, 'to rear once more the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria, and to regain for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia.' We regret that his intrepid and persevering efforts could not have been aided and enforced by government, so as to enable him to maintain the foot-hold which he had effected in the country. He appears to have had an energy and decision of character, and a scope of thought, that fitted him to follow out the great plans of Mr. ASTOR. All he wanted was the purse.

ENGLISH REMINISCENCES OF 'THE WAR-TIME,' DECATUR, ETC. — A distinguished literary friend, whose name, were we authorized to announce it, would give additional interest and force to the following reminiscence, writes us, in a letter referring to the anecdote of Sir Admiral HARVEY, in the last KNICKERBOCKER, as follows: 'Shortly after our last war, I was in Liverpool, where I became acquainted with the officers of the Eighty-Fifth, then stationed in that town. This regiment had served in the maraud upon the city of Washington, and one of the officers, Major BROWN, had received promotion for his services in that affair, having been left by the British, among the rest of their wounded, on their rapid retreat, after having set fire to the public buildings. He was a frank, worthy fellow, and took no merit to himself for his share in the affray. 'He acted,' he said, 'under orders, but his heart revolted at the whole transaction.' When he was left upon the scene of maraud, and the people of Washington recovered from their confusion and consternation, he anticipated rough treatment at their hands. 'How can it be otherwise,' thought he, 'when they see their public buildings smoking around them, and catch one of the offenders among the very ruins he has created?' On the contrary, nothing could be more kind and humane than the treatment of the wounded. As to BROWN, being an officer, and a young man, he was treated with peculiar attention. He received the best of nursing and attendance; he was continually receiving presents of comforts and delicacies from the ladies of the place; and declared that if he had been among his own country people, he could not have been treated more tenderly. 'Egad!' said he, 'they punished me with kindness. It was heaping coals of fire upon my head. I almost wished they would treat me ill, for it made me feel like a culprit.'

From the same source as the above, we derive the subjoined original anecdotes, related to the writer by the brave DECATUR, whose memory is so justly dear to every patriotic American: 'The late gallant DECATUR was a sailor to the very heart's core, and loved to tell anecdotes of the common sailors. I recollect one which he used to relate, to the following purport: In one of the actions before Tripoli, while fighting hand to hand with the captain of a gun-boat, DECATUR came near being cut down by a Turk, who attacked him from behind. A seaman named REUBEN JAMES, who was already wounded in both hands, seeing the risk of his commander, rushed in and received the blow of the uplifted sabre on his own head. Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his reward. Sometime afterward, when he had recovered from his wounds, DECATUR sent for him on deck, expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him to ask for some reward. The honest tar pulled up his waist-band, and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what recompense to claim. His mess-mates gathered around him, nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear: 'He had all the world in a string, and could get what he pleased;' 'the 'old man' could deny him nothing,' etc. One advised this thing, another that; 'double pay,' 'double allowance,' 'a boatswain's berth,' 'a pocket-full of money, and a full swing on shore,' etc. Jack elbowed them all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward to which he aspired; it was, *to be excused from rolling up the hammock clothes!* The whimsical request was of course granted; and from that time forward, whenever the sailors were piped to stow away their hammocks, Jack was to

be seen loitering around, and looking on, with the most gentlemanlike leisure. He always continued in the same ship with *DECATUR*. 'I could always know the state of my bile by Jack,' said the commodore. 'If I was in good humor, and wore a pleasant aspect, Jack would be sure to heave in sight, to receive a friendly nod: if I was out of humor, and wore, as I sometimes did, a foul-weather physiognomy, Jack kept aloof, and skulked among the other sailors. It is proper to add, that REUBEN JAMES received a more solid reward for his gallant devotion, than the privilege above-mentioned, a pension having been granted to him by government. . . . On another occasion, *DECATUR* had received at New-York the freedom of the city, as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day, he overheard this colloquy between two of his sailors: 'Jack,' said one, 'what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the 'old man'? 'Why, don't you know? Why, it's the right to rollick about the streets, as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!' 'O ho!' cried the other; 'that's something worth fighting for!'

A PLEASANT PROSPECT. — We alluded, recently, to Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, a young sculptor and artist, whose bust and portrait of our esteemed friend, Governor SEWARD, and his accomplished lady, he had lately taken, together with those of other distinguished state officers, and citizens of Albany. We have just heard, and with much gratification, that, in company with a kindred mind, and an accomplished artist, Mr. ROTHERMEL, Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, for the more ample study of the better portions of human nature, and the gratification of a passion for scenery, is about to travel through the country, tarrying for a brief space at the different places on their route, to practice their profession. They will leave Philadelphia for a jaunt through Pennsylvania, on or near the first of March instant; and we take pleasure in cordially commending them to the courteous attention of our readers in the Key-stone State, as well as elsewhere.

To Readers and Correspondents.—Several articles, intended by the writers for the present issue, (among them an 'Olapodiana,' and a sixth letter from the 'American in Paris,') were received too late for insertion, the number being ready for press on the 17th of February. The following will receive immediate attention: 'The Cook, a Domestic Portrait;' 'Fowling,' by Alfred B. Street, Esq.; 'Winter;' 'Lines on the Death of Lieut. Hulbert;' 'The White Fish;' 'The City by the Sea;' with several other papers, concerning which the writers have had private advisement. We shall continue, in subsequent numbers, the amusing 'History of the Devil,' by the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' with 'other entertainments.' A review in detail of 'Carey on the Currency,' with notices of Mrs. Romeyn's Seminary, 'Albion' plate, 'Southern Literary Messenger,' Tyler's 'Universal History,' Willis's 'Romance of Travel,' 'The American Repository,' etc., are in type for the April number. . . . 'T. B. C.'s kind words are appreciated, but they are unfortunately not deserved. We cannot claim the honor of being a Yankee, having been born and reared ('raised' they say in Pennsylvania, and at the South, where they put a man on a par with a vegetable,) in the 'Empire State,' in which we have good reason to be proud, even while we remember the glory of New-England, which we may share only as an American. . . . We frequently observe, in the literary weekly journals of New-York, and her neighbor cities, attractive announcements of 'A new Tale by Washington Irving!' 'New Story by Geoffrey Crayon!' etc. It is proper to remark here, therefore, that Mr. Irving's communications appear originally in the Knickerbocker, and that he writes for no other work. Hence, the productions of Geoffrey Crayon will never be 'new' to any reader of this Magazine, in any other medium; as the work is now circulated to all our subscribers out of town a week before it is served in the city, although here it is delivered promptly on the first day of the month. Thus, before Mr. Irving's articles can reach the distant readers of the journals alluded to, they will have been perused a week or fortnight before, by every subscriber to the Knickerbocker. The present number, for example, is circulated to all its country readers a week previous to its punctual issue in town; and this arrangement will be steadily observed hereafter. . . . A word here, touching a very small matter: In a labored and otherwise rather smothering communication, penned over the signature of the late joint Proprietor of this Magazine, a portion of the public have been informed, that during the last six years, 'but eleven pages per annum have been furnished from the Editor's pen.' The Editor must be permitted briefly to reply, that during this period, there appeared in the original department of 'Literary Notices' and 'Editors' Table,' fourteen hundred and fifty pages of fine type, equal to two thousand and one hundred pages of the larger type, in the body of the work, in which also appeared some seventy additional pages from his pen. Take from these, at the very utmost, one hundred and forty pages, and there remain what would form two thousand seven hundred and sixty pages, in the type of the 'Original Papers,' contributed by the Editor to his own departments of the Magazine. Of the quality of these portions of the work, and the amount of originality which they exhibit, those of our readers who have perused twelve or thirteen volumes of the Knickerbocker, have probably formed a satisfactory estimate. The Editor can only regret that they were not better. It remains but to affirm, that the other statements of the communication alluded to, are just as true as the one we have cited, but no more so; and to repeat, that the services of the late joint proprietor were entirely confined to the business department; that no articles were ever accepted or declined by him, nor did a line of his composition ever enter the Magazine.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1840.

No. 4.

A BONE-PICKING WITH OLD GOËTHE.

FOR HIS CRITICISM UPON HAMLET.

IN perusing a late Review, containing a dissertation upon the works of the celebrated German writer, GOËTHE, I find quoted from them the following strictures upon Shakspeare's Hamlet. As all Americans, who are readers, and have some literary pretensions, are interested in the right interpretation of our favorite poet and dramatist, I am assured it will not be deemed a work of mere supererogation, that I should undertake to show the error into which Goëthe has fallen, in his attempt to sketch the character of Hamlet. In his 'Wilhelm Meister' may be found the subjoined criticism of Shakspeare's tragedy. Speaking of Hamlet, he says: 'Imagine to your self this youth, this king's son; figure to yourself accurately his position; and then observe him when he learns that the ghost of his father has appeared. Place yourself by his side, in that terrible night, when the venerable spirit itself appears to him. A prodigious horror seizes him; he addresses the wonderful apparition, sees it beckon to him, follows and hears. The terrible accusation against his uncle sounds in his ears the demand of vengeance, and the pressing and repeated supplication, 'Remember me!' And when the ghost has vanished, whom do we see standing before us? A young hero panting for revenge? A born prince, who rejoices that he is challenged against the usurper of his crown? No. Astonishment and despondency overcome the solitary youth. He is bitter against smiling villains, swears not to forget the departed, and concludes with the significant sigh:

'The times are out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right!'

In these words, methinks, lies the key to Hamlet's whole behaviour; and it is evident to me, that Shakspeare intended to depict a great deed imposed upon a soul which is not equal to the deed. And in this sense, I find the piece complete throughout. Here is an oak planted in a delicate vase, which was intended to hold flowers; the roots develop themselves, and the vase is shattered and destroyed.'

Such is GOËTHE's conception of the character of Hamlet, in which, as is evident to me, he is entirely mistaken, and in which he shows

that he never ascended to the dignity and even majesty of that hero's whole character. It was not because Hamlet was *below* the task assigned him by his father, that he discovered so much regret, chagrin, and even despondency, upon perceiving that the execution of it had fallen to his lot, but because he was *above* it. As modelled by the hands of Shakspeare, he is one of those fine, mercurial, and elevated spirits, who are capable of any enterprise which becomes a great and good man, who has the fear of God before his eyes, and the love of his fellow creatures in his heart; but it was with the deepest repugnance and inward horror, that by the revelations made to him from the ghost, he felt himself constrained to imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow creature, and that fellow creature his uncle, and now his king, and the husband of his mother. Were these the sensations of a man incompetent to the task of avenging a father's wrongs? Did they not rather characterize him as the very person to whom a noble spirited father would choose to intrust the redress of his injuries, and the punishment of an atrocious offender? Was it ever yet thought a disqualification for his office in a judge, that in pronouncing sentence of death upon a criminal, his heart melted with compassion, and his mouth reluctantly uttered the dreadful penalties of the law? How much more strong emotions of repugnance to the part he was performing, might he be indulged in feeling, when he was to become not only the judge, but the executioner? Hamlet is represented by Shakspeare, not only as a youth of the finest capacity, and of a proud, bold, and magnanimous spirit, but also of elevated moral worth, and of a delicate and scrupulous conscience, and acutely alive to the hopes and fears of his religion. These were the feelings that caused him to look upon the part he was compelled to perform in life, by the wickedness of an uncle, with such extreme disquietude and agitation of mind. A remorseless villain would have assumed the office, and then have executed it with satisfaction, and more especially, when by so doing, he would not only punish a relative for supplanting him in the empire, but prepare the way for his own more speedy ascent to it. This is the kind of personage which Goëthe more than intimates he would have regarded as equal to the task which the elder Hamlet imposed upon his son. Such a 'young hero, panting for revenge, or born prince, rejoicing that he is challenged against the usurper of his crown,' might, indeed, at once, and without pain or compunction of conscience, have plunged a dagger into the bosom of the king, and brought the conflict to a speedy close. But such a hero would not have been a Hamlet, nor have suited the pencil of such a painter as Shakspeare, who delighted not in the portraiture of such monsters as Meister, Faust, and Mephistophiles, but in blending the mixed lights and shades that enter into real and natural characters, with whom human beings can cordially sympathize, and in whose features they can trace, under diversified modifications, their own likeness. After quoting these lines,

'The times are out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right!'

Goëthe remarks: 'In these words, methinks, lies the whole key to Hamlet's behaviour; and it is evident to me, that Shakspeare intended

to depict a great deed, imposed upon a soul which was not equal to the deed.' A strange conception, indeed, that so consummate a master of his art as Shakspeare, would have selected as the hero of his drama a personage incompetent to the task allotted him in the action ! This interpretation is of a piece with that of another late commentator upon this author, who broached the opinion that Hamlet is not acting under the influence of a feigned but *real* insanity. Such critics would make sad work with this noble monument of human genius. To suppose Hamlet insane, or incompetent to the commission assigned him by his father, would disfigure the whole propriety, and blur the majesty of the performance. The misconception of the German writer would be fatal to that grandeur and magnanimity which are indispensable properties in a heroic character. The repugnance to the task allotted him, which is evinced by Hamlet, and a vexatious chagrin that it had fallen to his share to execute it, instead of furnishing any proof of timidity and weakness, are decided indications of moral superiority, and that delicate structure of heart and mind, that cannot brook the indignity of being constrained to perpetrate a deed which is odious and disgusting. But let it be remarked, in complete exoneration of Hamlet from this unjust imputation, that this inward reluctance to avenge a father by the condign punishment of an uncle and a mother, formed but a single ingredient in that complex feeling which at this time filled and disquieted his mind, and upon some turns of fortune, well nigh tossed reason and conscience from their throne. With this inward regret was connected all that virtuous indignation which was naturally awakened by atrocious guilt, together with a firm and steadfast determination to obey his father's solemn injunction, and bring the offender to a just retribution. Goëthe should have looked in other places to find the true key to Hamlet's conduct, and the great spring by which he was propelled. We would refer to the following passages of the drama, as more fully disclosing his state of mind to the reader. After the ghost has revealed to him the horrible circumstances of the murder, and solemnly enjoined upon him the punishment of the culprit, he exclaims ;

'Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe! Remember thee?
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
And thy commandment all alone shall live,
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.'

This passage is the one which furnishes the true key to all the subsequent deportment of Hamlet ; and to the purpose he here promulges he most inflexibly adheres, whatever may be the vacillations of mind to which he becomes subject afterward, on account of his doubts, difficulties, and scruples of conscience. It is this mixed character in Hamlet, and the lights and shadows that are alternately falling upon the scene, and perplexing his vision of the several objects presented, which give rise to all those interesting events and conversations, that render this production such a noble delineation of those divers affections and passions that actuate the human heart, and an unrivalled monument of human genius.

WARBURTON.

F O W L I N G .

BY ALFRED B. STREET, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'THE FOREST WALK,' 'SPEARING,' ETC.

'YET this great solitude is quick with life;
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here.'

BAYANT.

A MORN in September, the East is yet gray;
Come, Carlo! come, Jupe! we'll try fowling to-day:
The fresh sky is bright as the bright face of one,
A sweeter than whom the sun shines not upon;
And those wreath'd clouds that melt to the breath of the south,
Arc white as the pearls of her beautiful mouth:
My hunting piece glitters, and quick is my task
In slinging around me my pouch and my flask;
Cease, dogs, your loud yelpings, you'll deafen my brain!
Desist from your rambles, and follow my train.

Here, leave the geese, Carlo! to nibble their grass,
Though they do stretch their long necks, and hiss as we pass;
And the fierce little bantam, that flies your attack,
Then struts, flaps, and crows, with such airs, at your back;
And the turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your face,
Then ruffling so proud, as you bound from the place;
Ha! ha! that old hen, bristling up mid her brood,
Has taught you a lesson, I hope, for you good,
By the wink of your eye, and the droop of your crest,
I see your maraudings are now put at rest.

The rail-fence is leaped, and the wood-boughs are round,
And a moss-couch is spread for my foot on the ground:
A shadow has dimm'd the leaves' amethyst glow,
The first glance of Autumn, his presence to show:
The beech-nut is ripening above in its sheath,
Which will burst with the black frost, and drop it beneath.
The hickory hardens, snow-white, in its burr,
And the cones are full grown on the hemlock, and fir;
The hopple's red berries are tinging with brown,
And the tips of the sumach have darken'd their down;
The white brittle Indian-pipe lifts up its bowl,
And the wild-turnip's leaf curls out broad like a scroll;
The cohosh displays its white balls and red stems,
And the braid of the mullen is yellow with gems;
While its rich spangled plumage the golden-rod shows,
And the thistle yields stars to each air-breath that blows.

A quick startling whirr now burst's loud on my ear,
The partridge! the partridge! swift pinion'd by fear;
Low onward he whizzes, Jupe yelps as he sees,
And we dash through the brush-wood, to note where he trees;
I see him! his brown speckled breast is displayed
On the branch of yon maple, that edges the glade;
My fowling-piece rings, Jupe darts forward so fleet,
While loading, he drops the dead bird at my feet:
I pass by the scaurberries' drops of deep red,
In their green creeping leaves, where he daintily fed,
And his couch near the root, in the warm forest mould,
Where he wallow'd, till sounds his close danger foretold.

On yon spray, the bright oriole dances and sings,
With his rich crimson bosom, and glossy black wings;

And the robin comes warbling, then flutters away,
 For I harm not God's creature's so tiny as they;
 But the quail, whose quick whistle has lur'd me along,
 No more will recall his stray'd mate with his song,
 And the hawk that is circling so proud in the blue,
 Let him keep a look-out, or he'll tumble down too!
 He stoops — the gun echoes — he flutters beneath,
 His yellow claws curl'd, and fierce eyes glaz'd in death:
 Lie there, cruel Arab! the mocking-bird now
 Can rear her young brood, without fear of thy blow;
 And the brown wren can warble his sweet little lay,
 Nor dread more thy talons to rend and to slay;
 And with luck, an example I'll make of that crow,
 For my green sprouting wheat knew no hungrier foe;
 But the rascal seems down from his summit to scoff,
 And as I creep near him, he croaks, and is off.

The woods shrink away, and wide spreads the morass,
 With junipers clustered, and matted with grass;
 Trees, standing like ghosts, their arms jagged and bare,
 And hung with gray lichens, like age-whiten'd hair.
 The tamarack here and there rising between,
 Its boughs cloth'd with rich, star-like fringes of green,
 And clumps of dense laurels, and brown-headed flags,
 And thick slimy basins, black dotted with snags:
 Tread softly now, Carlo! the wood-cock is here,
 He rises — his long bill thrust out like a spear;
 The gun ranges on him — his journey is sped;
 Quick scamper my spaniel! and bring in the dead!

We plunge in the swamp — the tough laurels are round,
 No matter, our shy prey not lightly is found;
 Another up-darts, but unharmed is his flight,
 Confound it! the sunshine then dazzled my sight;
 But the other my shot overtakes as he flies:
 Come, Carlo! come, Carlo! I wait for my prize;
 One more — still another — till, proofs of my sway,
 From my pouch dangle heads, in a ghastly array.

From this scene of exploits, now made birdless, I pass;
 Pleasant Pond gleams before me, a mirror of glass:
 The boat's by the marge, with green branches supplied,
 From the keen-sighted duck my approaches to hide:
 A flock spots the lake; now crouch, Carlo, below!
 And I move with light paddle, on softly and slow,
 By that wide lily-island, its meshes that weaves
 Of rich yellow globules, and green oval leaves.
 I watch them; how bright and superb is the sheen
 Of their plumage, gold blended with purple and green;
 How graceful their dipping — how gliding their way,
 Are they not all too lovely to mark as a prey!
 One flutters, enchained, in those brown speckled stems,
 His yellow foot striking up bubbles, like gems,
 While another, with stretch'd neck, darts swiftly across
 To the grass, whose green points dot the mirror-like gloss.
 But I pause in my toil; their wise leader, the drake,
 Eyes keen the queer thicket afloat on the lake;
 Now they group close together — both bands — oh, dear!
 What a diving, and screaming, and splashing are here!
 The smoke-curles melt off, as the echoes rebound,
 Hurrah! five dead victims are floating around!

But 'cloud-land' is tinged now with sunset, and bright
 On the water's smooth polish stretch long lines of light;
 The headlands their masses of shade, too, have lain,
 And I pull with my spoil to the margin again.

Albany, February, 1840.

SPECULATION: OR PETER SNUG'S 'MOVEMENT.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.'

THERE is something, after all, in a name, that has always struck us forcibly, in matters involving dollars and cents, or what is commonly called *finance*; and it may be well, by way of preface, to call attention to this matter; although it may have but little to do with the facts about to be stated, farther than to carry conviction to the minds of the skeptical.

It is said, on very high authority, that 'a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.' This may be true, as regards roses; but so sure are we, as respects men, that a name given in infancy has much to do with the future worldly destiny of its owner, that we deem it of the utmost importance that parents should 'look to it,' especially those parents who hope to see their children prosper in the world.

We put the question to you, gentle reader, whether, in the wide range of your acquaintance, either personal or by hear-say, you ever knew or heard of a person by the name of Algernon, Mortimore, Egerton, Frederick-Augustus, Eugene, Alonzo, and the like, who ever proved capable of earning a dollar, or whose note, on his own credit, was ever discounted in a bank? There is neither 'credit' nor 'hard currency' in such names. They may answer very well in a ball-room, or in poems and novels, and thus far are found useful. But in Wall-street, on 'Change, in Banks, any where, in fact, where things are weighed accurately, they are not worth a cent, and never have been, within our memory; and we never expect to see any change in this estimate. To give a boy, then, a fair chance, don't *trammel* him with a name; call him, John, James, George, Thomas, Samuel, Joseph, Robert, or above all these, **PETER**. He may succeed with either of these names, and as he becomes old, slip into that metallic charm of recognition, 'as good as old 'Johnny,' 'Jimmy,' 'Tommy,' 'Sammy,' 'Josey,' and 'Bobby;,' but to make sure of entire success, give him a name that never has yet failed, to our knowledge: call him **PETER**; teach him the simple rules of arithmetic, as far as the 'Rule of Three;,' and that is all he will ask or require, in the shape of patrimony.

It may be that a lame foot, a cock-eye, a hump-back, or an extremely ugly face, from childhood, may answer nearly as well; but to make assurance doubly sure, by all means call one of your boys **PETER**, and if you have more than one, keep as near to Peter as possible; and if by accident Peter should die young, an instance, by the way, of rare occurrence, fill his place immediately, and never let a family grow to manhood without the advantages of that all-important name. So powerful is its influence on the energies of its possessor, that it will save even the most fanciful name from discredit, if permitted to stand first; that is, you may 'tack on' to Peter almost any name, from 'Augustus' to 'Alonzo,' and it will save it from disrepute. Peter, in fact, is like salt, preservative and conservative; even salt, with all

its claims, fails to perform the superior duties of *salt-petre*. But to our story.

It may be remembered that a few years since a serious misunderstanding arose between England and the Dutch, at the period when Antwerp was invested by the French, and when old CHASSE defended himself so nobly in the citadel. It will not be forgotten, that at that time, also, our banks were paying specie; NICHOLAS BIDDLE and the Bank of the United States were in full feather; and money, in fact, was 'as cheap as cat's meat,' and capitalists were put to their trumps to find profitable employment. Times, by the way, are never worse than when capital goes a-begging. It was at this particular period, that our eastern brethren were on the sharp look-out, and brushing the dust from their spectacles. Every arrival from Europe brought accounts of the 'siege of Antwerp.' The Scheldt was blockaded, and John Bull was bringing into port richly-laden Dutch ships from Batavia, and holding them in 'durance vile;' while at the same time several large frigate-looking vessels, under Dutch flags, and deeply freighted with coffee and spices, took refuge in New-York, to await coming events. Every body, in fact, looked forward with strong hopes that maritime difficulties were on the tapis; and Jonathan was 'wide awake.' Such events could scarcely be expected to pass him like a summer's cloud, and not excite his especial wonder. He thought he saw that good things were about to drop somewhere, and in such a case, he was unwilling that his dish should be bottom upward. At such a period, it is worth a journey on foot, to go 'down east,' and see how matters move among men; how a word, or question, or opinion, is turned, and twisted, and scanned. It is at such a period, in a word, when all the old Peters are watched by the young Peters, and when a wink is as good as a nod.

Well, it was at that identical time, when our hero, old 'Peter Snug, made 'a movement,' which furnished the matter for this history: we say *history*, not *story*, for it is all fact, and we pity the man who doubts it. Peter Snug had been, in his day, among the most active in his native city. He began when it was only a town, and lived to see it a city, and lives to hear it called, in its just pride, the 'Emporium.' Long may he live, and if farther honors are in store for it, may he live to enjoy them! Peter Snug was all his name implied. He was either born to it, or, thanks to his parents, he was most fortunately christened to it. He was rich, very rich; and of that happy class who acquire wealth without being charged by any with having obtained it by treading on other people's toes; a sure evidence that he obtained his riches by asking simply a contribution to his honest industry, prudence, and sagacity. Peter had a pretty country place a few miles from the city, and there, of late years, he passed a portion of the hours of his leisure, if so they might be called, for he was as busy there as in the city, which he visited daily, and was as early in his office as the resident citizen. He was not exactly engaged in commerce at the time, but he was recognized as ready for any thing that looked *reliable*, if not for himself, at least for his sons, who were strung along the continent, from the homestead to the Creek nation. He was supposed, at least, to keep a close view of passing events:

hence, in the stirring times of that day, an inquiry or remark, or opinion of his, did not escape notice. On the arrival of every mail, he was watched with close attention; his track from the post-office to the insurance office, where he would retire to read his letter, would be followed by the seemingly casual friend, who would accidentally 'drop in' to inquire the news.

On several occasions, he was positively seen to open letters dated at Antwerp, via London. He would give the dates, but gave no farther information. He used to go on 'Change, and ask freely concerning 'news from Antwerp;' and his most pointed inquiries were such as concerned the 'probable continuance of the blockade of the Scheldt.' It was ascertained that so deeply was he interested in this matter, that he actually had extended his inquiries to Washington, and to the highest authorities there. What did all this mean? What could it mean, in fact, but that he had some deep-laid plan, involving vast speculations, dependent on the coming events? For days he spoke of foreign affairs only in connection with the Scheldt and Antwerp; and although various questions were put to him touching Batavia, and coffee voyages, as connected therewith, the very disregard he *apparently* manifested, was only a stronger evidence to the querist that the Scheldt and Antwerp were the mere incidents to something deeper and more distant. There was no resisting the self-evident fact, that he must have something on foot of deep importance, having positive connection with the blockade, which was a contingent, at least; but what *that* was, involved a puzzle. A man of millions, with a clear head, and a circle of sons, and one bearing his own name, and Peter himself a deep one, never known to waste time or words upon idle gossip; it was clear that *something* was on foot that was worth knowing. It was to clearly ascertain what this something was, that furnished the quid-nuncs with full employment. They could not yet plainly see a chance of a 'vy'ge,' but the air was full of threatenings and promise; and to add to this, Peter Snug was stirring in the matter. He answered no questions save such and in such a way as only led to a farther puzzle; the end and point of his inquiries being simply to ascertain from others when *they* supposed the blockade of the Scheldt would be raised, and what their opinion was of its probable continuance; their last dates from Antwerp, from England, France, Russia, any where, in short, that spoke of Antwerp and the Scheldt, and the blockade thereof, would be inquired after by him with the greatest anxiety.

It was on a Saturday, at the close of morning business, when a whole week of intense curiosity was coming to a close, that a circle of the active business men, who had agreed to 'go snacks' in an operation, based on information obtained from Peter Snug, assembled by appointment, and on comparing notes, found that each had gone just as far as his associate, while all were sure, and unanimous in the belief, that something was to be ascertained worthy of their efforts; and so it was concluded that two or three of the shrewdest of them should follow Peter to his country seat, and under the guise of recreation, avail themselves of his hospitality, admire his improvements, and directly or indirectly worm out the actual cause and motive of his great anxiety concerning Antwerp and the Scheldt,

and the blockade thereof; and not to leave him till these facts were clearly ascertained. And so strongly was this duty imposed by some, that it was shrewdly suspected that a few of them, unknown to the rest, had already actually jumped at a conclusion, and acted on his own hook; and this suspicion may not have been groundless. Be this as it may, the deputation departed, and after an agreeable ride, 'dropped in by accident,' just after dinner. Peter always dined early, and never wasted time at the table: he was out on his grounds. The 'deputation' walked into the parlor, by invitation of the '*help*,' and looking around, one of the party discovered a small adjoining room, which bore the double name of office and library. He just looked in, from curiosity, and beckoning to his associates, they all entered. Here was 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.'

On the table lay an open map, embracing Flanders and the Baltic; and strewed around on the same table, were various cuttings from newspapers, and newspapers themselves, all containing articles on the subject of the existing contest. And, as if farther to confirm and strengthen the suspicion, and to show that Antwerp was uppermost in all things, there lay on the table a book on fruit-trees, opened at the page '*Antwerp*.' One of the newspapers had evidently just been received, and of the latest date, from New-York, marked on the envelope, by the hand that had sent it, '*Latest news regarding Antwerp*.' As this was not a sealed letter, and newspapers being considered '*fair game*,' and not embraced '*in the statutes*,' one of them took the liberty of opening it, and found it to contain what its superscription indicated, '*Latest advices from Antwerp*.' '*What a cunning fox!*' exclaimed one. '*He knows, no doubt, every thing concerning the blockade, and has in his possession every information of the latest dates*.' '*No wonder*,' said a second, '*that he counts his millions, when we see how many sources of information he puts under requisition, when he makes a movement*.' '*Look here!*' added a third; '*he has here even tables, showing the comparative range of the thermometer of all that region of country, and can tell to a day when the Scheldt will probably freeze over*.' And so, after interchanging their several convictions, they took a new departure, and traced our hero to his grounds.

After a short walk, they found him busily engaged in superintending some workmen, who were preparing ground and digging holes along the sunny side of a high wall. He was exceedingly happy to see his city friends, and they as warmly reciprocated his kindness and cordial welcome. A few moments only passed, before the whole party were neck and heels in the stirring subject of the day, '*The siege of Antwerp, and the blockade of the Scheldt*.' '*Upon the whole*,' says Peter Snug, '*I have about come to the conclusion that that matter is pretty near the end of the bobbin; and as for England taking a hand in it, I do n't see what she is to gain by capturing Dutch ships, and confiscating or detaining them; for I suppose they are all pretty much insured at Lloyd's, and in that case, England might as well be throwing gilders at Dutch glass-lights, to break them*. In fact,' said he, '*my last advices give me every assurance that the next arrival will bring me my FRUIT TREES, and I'm ready for them*.'

Look here,' he continued, 'here I intend planting the pears, and there the peaches; they are all 'wall fruit,' the finest fruit in creation, if they succeed; and this I think is a grand position for them; do n't you think so?' And with this he drew from his pocket a parcel of letters, and among them the identical dates before alluded to; and one of the deputies, 'with green spectacles and side-lights,' recognized the same letters he had before seen in a sly glance at the New-England Insurance Office, and which contained, as he supposed, a 'pro forma' account of sales. They were now frankly read over, and proved to contain a list of sundry 'wall-fruit trees,' peculiar to Antwerp, and a long and accurate description of the mode and method of planting and trailing them.

'By the year 1838, gentlemen,' continued Peter Snug, 'I'll have great pleasure in giving you a bite of some of the finest fruit within twenty miles of Boston. But I have been confoundedly puzzled of late about this unfortunate interruption, and until within a day or two I was afraid that, what with blockades of the Scheldt by the English, and the investment of the citadel by the French, and old General Chasse's stubbornness, some plaguy difficulty would grow up, so as to prevent my trees coming at all: but I believe it is now drawing to a close, and my son at New-York writes me that he is sure they will come by the 'Susan and Caroline,' expected to leave Antwerp on the fifteenth of this month. 'Confound their folly!' added he, 'getting up troubles, just as my trees were packed, and ready for shipment! I do n't know when I have been so much annoyed and puzzled. I would not miss having those trees this spring, for all the coffee ships England has detained; and as for that old blockhead Chasse, he might know there was no resisting the French; then why on earth has he attempted it? Upon the whole,' concluded Peter Snug, 'I do n't know that I ever before felt so sensibly the importance of *free trade*, and no obstructions and blockades to rivers.'

Having said thus much, he turned and gave his workmen farther directions touching the depth of holes, and to be careful to supply a sufficient quantity of garden soil, and then kindly invited his visitors to return to the house, and take a dish of tea, as the sun was just beginning to get dust in its eyes. But strange to say, although abundance of time permitted, they were all desirous to get back to town before mail closing, and as early as practicable; so they bade 'good afternoon,' and departed; one chaise taking the road by the way of Cambridge, over the 'mill-dam road,' and the other over Charles river 'free bridge.'

What their occupation was that night, or the next day, being Sunday, I wo n't pretend to say. It is presumed they went to church somewhere, although their usual seats were vacant; and it was reported, that sundry express-riders were seen passing to neighboring cities; and for a few days thereafter a considerable amount of *re-sales* were forced, and 'charters parties' annulled, and excitements incident to unknown causes prevailed for nine days or more, 'hither and yon.'

About a month afterward, sure enough, 'a lot of fruit trees,' snugly packed in straw, arrived in the 'Susan and Caroline' at New-York, marked P. S. in a diamond, direct from Antwerp, and were forwarded

to their destination, about which time this story leaked out, and which would have been before told, but for the fear that private credit would have been shaken in quarters where injury might come unnecessarily. The only precaution Peter Snug acted on, and which he took occasion to hint to his sons, when inquiry was made of him, was : ' Do n't trust So-and-so, till after you have had a taste of my Antwerp wall-fruit, by which time we shall all know the result of speculations that *may* have taken place, based on the siege of Antwerp, and the blockade of the Scheldt !'

W I N T E R .

THE chill, clear air, abroad,
Tells us that Winter, with his storms, is here ;
Look ! — now through all the fields, and by the road,
The snows are piled — how drear !

We walk abroad : we hear
No pleasant note come through the bright green woods ;
There 's not a single sweet sound for the ear,
Through all the solitudes.

'Tis one unbroken waste,
Far as the eye can scan the glittering snows ;
Shrub, tree, fruit, flower — all that so lately graced
The scene — in dead repose !

Within the hollowed hills,
And the deep ravines where the spring floods roll'd,
There, there is beauty — for the broad sun fills
Those hollows with pure gold.

And there, perchance, some bird,
Wooded by the warm light from its shelter forth,
Is for a moment seen, a moment heard —
Yet not in joy, nor mirth.

He rather seems to sing,
As if he mourned the flowers and green leaves gone ;
The fresh light, and the glory of the Spring :
The eve, and the gray dawn :

A note not unlike those
Which human hearts are sometimes known to breathe,
When over human hopes the cold wind blows —
Chilling them into death.

Yet, 'tis no sorrowing time ;
The sweet Spring, and its breath shall come again ;
The fields shall welcome back their gorgeous prime,
The woods their welcome strain.

And, in the mean time, we
Will win this truth, and lay it on our hearts,
That He who shall call back the Spring, shall be
Our Spring, when earth departs.

New-Haven, January, 1840.

WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

A L A Y S E R M O N .

ON THE LOVE OF MONEY, POETRY, RELIGION, POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO THEATRES, ETC.

'Take on you to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :
Cry out on these abuses.'

SHAKESPEARE.

HISTORY confirms the truth, that where man abides in multitudes, luxury and dissipation, vice and crime, will abound. New-York is said to be a very dangerous place in which to bring up young men. In this respect it is not much unlike other populous cities. It is true that the influence of evil companions, the temptations at every turn, and the snares in every path, often prove too alluring to be resisted by inexperienced youth. Fathers who tremble for the fate of their sons, should look to their own government; to the example which they show; to the lessons they inculcate, and to the amusements they permit, around the domestic hearth. The surest guaranty for the industrious and virtuous life of a son, lies in the conduct of the father. Teach young men the value of female society, and instil into their minds a love of the fine arts : than these, nothing will more surely refine the feelings, exalt the mind, and subdue the heart from the gross impulses of its nature.

We are a young people : there are few large fortunes among us ; and the wealth of a family too often vanishes with the generation that amassed it. Happily we have no law of entail ; happily, in many respects, while in some it may be a cause of regret ; but let that pass, since the genius of our institutions forbids all kinds of aristocracy. We must all make our own fortunes. Consequently, the characteristic of New-York is too deep a devotion to profitable pursuits, to be pleased with the fanciful. The false maxim that '*Time is Money*,' has turned many minds from the beautiful ideal to the sordid real. The love of mammon overshoots all that is lovely in nature, sound in philosophy, and sacred in religion. If we go to a wedding, the merchant, in the hour of mirth, talks of a new failure, and laments a pecuniary loss ; if to a funeral, in the hour of grief, he predicts exultingly a rise in the stocks ; if to the church, in the hour of prayer, his anxiety is, not for the salvation of his soul, but for the arrival of the steam-packet from Europe. The thirst for gain overwhelms every faculty of the mind. It would really seem that the sole aim and object of life is money making. Money, in this democratic land, is unjustly considered the only stamp of respectability. The merchant, or in other words, the money-maker, assumes that he is the head of society, the leader of fashion. With a strange contradiction of purpose, he will toil all day to make an hundred dollars, and in the evening spend a thousand, to outrun his neighbor in the wasteful race of fashion. Extravagance in living seems to be considered necessary, to keep up appearances. This is rather a specious than a solid argument to prove our respectability.

While the middle-aged and the old are thus engrossed, what lessons can they possibly teach the young, that will tame the wild aspi-

rations of their hearts ? The allotted business task may occupy the day, but the chase of pleasure will rule the night. If they have not a love of knowledge, if they have no resources for intellectual pleasures, their spare hours will either hang heavily, or they will be wasted in unworthy amusements, that step by step lead to dissipation, and lastly to vice or crime.

Encourage, then, in the young, we say again, a love of literature and the arts. He who has a taste for these, is happy ; he has within himself a never-failing source of innocent and *profitable* amusement. We must all have excitement of some kind ; the young, with warm blood and wild fancies, must have an outlet for the exuberance of feeling and passion ; if it be not in mirthful recreations, it will be in vicious indulgencies. Poetry, painting, and music, exalt and purify the heart ; and the approving smile of virtuous woman lifts us, in unalloyed content, above the tinsel of fashion, the glare of dissipation, and the *romance* of crime. It is not necessary, nay, it can never be, that we should all be poets, painters, and musicians ; if we are well studied in these beautiful arts, and feel delighted in the pursuit, it is enough. If we can point out their peculiar excellencies, and duly appreciate the power of the artist, it is a merit, second only to that of execution.

How often do we hear it said, ' I have no time for these things.' The answer is untrue. You *have* plenty of time, but no system in using it : it is misapplied and misspent. You sleep too much, you loiter, and dose, and dissipate, too much ; you do not husband the odd minutes ; and these, summed up, make a large part of your day. It is astonishing how much a man might accomplish, if he would employ the spare minutes of a week to some useful and profitable end. Not one, not having tried, would believe it. Will you, idle reader, try ? Take up a book, if you please, and *try it*, only for a day, and you will amuse even yourself. Beside, the husbandry of time strengthens the mind, induces habits of thinking and reasoning. It teaches to analyze, compare, comprehend. Thereby a young man, especially, is better fitted to pursue his business avocations with honor and discretion.

Unfortunately, we have few readers of poetry ; and unpoetical people aver, for man is prone to allege an unsound or insufficient reason for his want of taste, that no good verses are written now-a-days, and they cannot tolerate middling-good poetry. This is not a valid excuse, unless they will add, *good poetry never was written*. To entitle them to express any opinion on the subject, they should prove that they have read deeply, else their judgment is not worth a rush. In fact, though they may declare that this is a free country, and every man has a right to speak, we tell them they have no right to an opinion at all. He who is not competent to judge, or has not the means of judging, should never decide.

If, as some allege, we have no good modern poetry, which at once I flatly deny, have we not the poets of other ages, whose works delight all who have an eye for the beautiful, an ear for the melodious, a heart for the tender ? All who can appreciate external nature, or comprehend the workings of the human heart ? Have we not Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and, living in his good old age, Wordsworth ? In our own country, have we not Bryant and Sprague,

even down to Emmons and Marsh, and many a one of them an honor and an ornament to the land ?

Many young men, who have hearts full of enthusiasm for poetry, painting, and music, are compelled to curb their feelings, in consequence of the position in which they are placed ; for, were their aspirations known, the verdict is sealed : ' Guilty of nonsense ; never will be a man of business ; a visionary, nay, a fool.' They might very possibly be discharged from the occupations by which they earn their daily bread.

We live in a strange age, when a love of the beautiful and ideal is so misnamed. Yet if one riots in the mazes of fashion, we call him a gentleman ; if in the rounds of dissipation, a gay man ; if he wallows in the sinks of iniquity, a wild fellow. We scarcely call an extravagance or a vice by its proper name. We mince matters too much, and give to all sorts of unworthy or criminal conduct, too light an epithet. Does not this mincing disposition show the character of the age ? If people will slur over, in gentle terms, that which is vicious and wicked, need we wonder that they condemn the fine arts, which ennoble and refine, elevate and exalt ? Suppose a young man, a merchant or a clerk, no matter which, devoted the time not necessarily required by business, to the pursuits of literature ? A certain class would call him worthy, industrious, studious. But in Wall-street, among those whose god is gold, if they heard it said ' he is worthy,' ten to one they would ask, '*How much is he worth ?*' Industrious ? '*How much does it produce ?*' Studious ? '*Ay, in nonsense, that will never bring him a cent.*' Every thing is calculated by the standard of money ; every thing is valued by what it will bring in the market.

We are in hopes, however, that this sordid feeling is slowly passing away. We perceive a slight indication of a more healthy tone in the community. There is already some taste and talent among the mercantile circles, although the possessor, unless he be rich, hides it, save from a chosen few. There are some merchants, who, instead of selling their souls to mammon, neglecting the education of their children, and all domestic affairs, improve their fancy, and cultivate their minds. They do not imagine that every idle hour spent, in the sordid acceptance of the term, is so much money lost ; for time, with them, is not computed by dollars and cents. Time is NOT money.

The Mercantile and the Mechanics' Libraries are working much good — honor to their founders ! — and the new generation of merchants, for they will spring from the members of these praiseworthy institutions, will in time instil a finer, purer, nobler feeling among their class. The various literary, musical, and philosophical societies, and the numerous lecturers, are all imparting a thirst for knowledge, and opening the door to wisdom. We hope to see the day when ignorance will be a synonyme with vice, and when excellence in the arts will be an ornament to the character of a merchant. We might name several gentlemen among ourselves, engaged daily in the pursuit of business, who are an honor to the land. We might also refer to older times, and other countries, for illustrious examples of excellence in literature among merchants.

There is not a more certain antidote to dissipation and vice, than a

love for the fine arts. And those who say that they unfit the mind for business, assert what they cannot prove ; what we most unequivocally deny. It is popular, and it is certainly most laudable, to be religious, if actuated by sincerity and faith. A large portion of the community devote much time, as well as money, to their Christian duties. Does this unfit their minds for business ? Some carry their notions to such an extreme, that they will not employ a clerk, or even take a boarder, unless he is pious ; and some hold out an inducement, when in search of employment, that they belong to a religious family. Barbers, to get custom on week days, shut their shops on Sundays. Does piety unfit the mind for trade ? No one will venture so boldly as to say it does.

The mild and meek precepts of the religion of Jesus are taught in the sublimest of poetry. The prophets, inspired by God, wrote in the most poetic language man ever read. A parable in the Bible is what the poets call an episode. The Most High surely approved of poetry, else he would not have taught the world in the loftiest verse. His wisdom is delivered in language the most figurative, and illustrated by knowledge still the most occult. It is a remark often made, that from the pure fountain of Holy Writ the poets have drawn their sweetest inspiration. It is asserted, that until Wiclif published his version of the New Testament, the first in the English tongue, poetry was almost unknown in England ; and when the James's Bible, that which we daily consult, appeared, a class of poets arose, the noblest, the purest, the sublimest, that England ever saw ; poets, whose brilliant outpourings the world has never since equalled.

As another preventive to dissipation and vice, I would recommend young men to visit the theatre ; not to see French dancers and Italian buffoons ; not to hear mock heroic melo-dramas, and vulgar farces, which, after the Restoration, the vitiated taste of Charles introduced from France ; but to see comedy and tragedy, the productions of the great poets of the Elizabethan age, and those who have since emulated them. I may be told that the stage is immoral, indecent, obscene. Grant it, if you please. Who made it so ? The people. It is in the people to restore the theatre to its primitive purity and decorum. Managers, to make money, must cater for the public taste ; just as merchants change the style and pattern of their merchandise, to suit the fashion of their customers, or to attract by novelty. If full boxes applauded the productions of the purest comic and tragic muse, and if empty benches stared at fustian melo-dramas, and silly farces, managers would soon discover where their interest lay, and reform it altogether. If objections be made to some gross expressions and incidents in the plays of the old dramatists, we answer, the fault was not theirs ; it was that of the age in which they lived. We may easily prune them, if necessary, though by doing so, we emasculate their noble lines. In olden days, they were plainer of speech than we are, but not less virtuous in heart. In fact, we have just reversed things ; they talked, we sin. Why should the *innocent* be offended with mere expressions ? It is *knowledge* that raises objections.

Again, a portion of the theatre is appropriated to a class of people whom we shall not name, and another is used to sell intoxicating

draughts. This, I willingly confess, is a serious evil, which ought to be corrected. Let the public frown upon managers who permit such things within their walls; make it an object to them to remove the cause of this complaint; and we shall soon see it done. The people are sovereign, and must be obeyed.

If I have a religious reader, let him not start in horror at my recommendation; but let him, with unprejudiced mind, calmly weigh the whole matter. Let him take a large and liberal view of the subject, and then pronounce judgment. He who judges from a limited knowledge, or from sectarian feelings, generally arrives at most incorrect conclusions. If he assume that his rule of conduct is the standard of honor, propriety, and truth, he is, to say the least, a very weak man, and his ignorance is much to be pitied. If he only is right, whether in morals, politics or religion, how many thousands and tens of thousands are wrong! Let him ask his own heart these questions: 'Am I right?' 'What does the host with whom I differ, say?' Perchance he may answer himself thus: 'I may be wrong; let me examine minutely; I *am* wrong.' I ask that all who differ from me in my recommendation of the theatre — and opposition arises almost invariably from religious feeling — should inquire seriously into the origin of the drama; should consider of the virtue it has inculcated, the patriotism it has enkindled, and the spirit of liberty it has animated; and then he may not deem our approval so very monstrous. Opposition to the stage, from religious zeal, is not a modern invention; it is as old as the palmy days of Greece. The first opposition to it arose from the fact, that the poets of that land, departing from the original purity of the drama, mocked the gods, which grieved the pious, and introduced personalities that offended the rich.

Were it material to our plan, we might quote history, and prove that the drama had its origin in religion, in the festival of Bacchus. When our Saviour was upon earth, the drama existed in full health and vigor at Rome; and in his Holy Word, nothing is said against it. On the contrary, the apostle Paul has quoted from a Greek tragic poet a passage familiar to every man.* Milton is our authority, and he wrote, not for the stage, but lived at a time when puritan zeal had shut the doors of the theatres. We might prove, also, that after the revival of letters, religion re-established the drama; that pious fathers both wrote and acted plays, to teach people the doctrines of the gospel. We might show that high mass of the present day is not unlike the drama of the ancient Greeks. Shakspeare, the poet, the undisputed poet, borrowed from Holy Writ not only some of his noblest language, but also several of his most interesting incidents. In a word, we might as soon change the nature of man, as obliterate his love for the drama. It is a part of his very existence, to love the representation of high heroic deeds, and the caricature of human folly. All people, civilized or rude, love such sights, whether their theatre be the cast of Thespis, or the forest of the Indians; or their building be like the old Globe, or the modern Park.

What cannot be overthrown, a wise people should endeavor to amend and improve. Colden, in his history of the Five Nations, says quaintly

* See I Corinthians, chap. xv., verses 32 and 33.

enough, as if he had really discovered a new truth, that the Indian dances and festivals in our own back woods, prove that a taste for the drama is inherent with man; that they show the origin of the drama. Judging from them, he argues for antiquity. The fact is, nobody disputes that the drama is as old as the formation of society. Before a theatre was built, or a play written, people had both tragic and comic representations; but like other independent democrats, they had their own taste and way in acting them. Let us cite a case at home. A large class of people, who, from conscientious scruples, or rather religious feelings, would on no account enter a theatre, have flocked to Niblo's garden. What did they see there, but a theatre, a regular one, with stage, scenery, and all their appurtenances to boot? Upon that stage were acted plays, exactly the same as are nightly performed at the Park, and sometimes by part of the same actors. What is the difference, then, between Niblo's and the Park? Why simply this, Niblo calls his a place of amusement, a garden; the Park is called a theatre. What wonderful magic there is in a name!

Again, a celebrated vocalist appears at the Park; a certain class of people will not go near that building, much less enter within its doors. Now mark: that vocalist has finished her engagement, and is induced to give concerts at the City Hotel. All the world, that never would have heard her in the theatre, now flock to the concert-room, and are delighted to rapture, to ecstasy, with the same songs that she sung in the theatre. Does the fact, that in one instance the sweet songs are sung in a theatre, and in the other, in a concert-room, alter the character, or improve the morality, of the songs? If it be the name of the Park Theatre that causes all this horror, why then let us build a new house, and call it a saloon, a temple, or a tabernacle, but by no means a *theatre*: give it any name but that!

All extremes are tyrannies. He who would bar the doors of the theatre, or tear the building down, would do as manifest a wrong as the infidel, were he to shut up or demolish the churches. The one act would just be as unlawful as the other. We may resume this subject in another number.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

O'er the meadow and the river,
O'er the forest and the ocean,
When the stars of midnight quiver,
And the sweet winds are in motion;
All night long we fairies pass,
Sipping heaven's delicious dew
From the herbs and tender grass,
And the wild grapes, soft and blue.

Where the crimson berry swings,
Mirrored in the sedge fountain,
Where the wild-bird sweetly sings,
In the thicket on the mountain;
Where the gentle sunbeams shimmer
On the brow of lulling billow,
And the bright-eyed flowerets glimmer
Underneath cold rock and willow:

There in dew-drops sweetly dreaming,
Wait we till the sun goes down,
Till the golden stars are gleaming,
O'er the valley and the town:
Till the sweet night winds awaken,
And the long reeds bend and shiver,
And the large larch leaves are shaken,
O'er the breast of wild, deep river.

Then, from bud and closing blossom,
Tripping forth, while moonlight blesses
Hill and stream, and lake's blue bosom,
And the wood-girt wildernesses:
Dance we, till the stars grow dimmer,
And the lovely day is dawning,
Till the sweet wild fountains glimmer
In the crimson sheen of morning.

HEAVEN'S LESSON.

HEAVEN teacheth thee to mourn, thou fair young bride;
 Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,
 The first beginners in its school, may learn
 How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf,
 Kiss'd by the breeze, the humblest grass-bird's nest,
 Murmur of gladness, and the wondering babe,
 Borne by its nurse forth in the open fields,
 Learneth that lesson. The wild mountain-stream,
 That throws by fits its gushing music forth,
 The careless sparrow, happy even though frosts
 Nip his light foot, have learn'd the simple lore
 How to rejoice. Mild Nature teacheth it
 To all her innocent works.

But God alone
 Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
 His highest lesson to a voice or hand
 Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
 A sweet disciple; bow thyself, and learn
 The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,
 Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,
 A will subdued.

And may such wisdom spring
 From these sad rudiments, that thou shalt gain
 A class more noble; and advancing, soar
 Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.
 Oh! be a docile scholar, and so rise
 Where mourning hath no place.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

THE IRON FOOT-STEP.

'WHAT may this mean, that thou, dead corse! again
 Revisit 'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous!'

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story; which, when narrated to the group that gathers round the wintry fire-side, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances: the story is kept alive, and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being, which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming, movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the Island of Dominica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island, in the year —, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescentular bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the

officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth; the songster has it, in the line,

‘His very step hath music in ’t,
When he comes up the stairs;’

and the gentle LAMB felt it, when he said of his physician, that ‘there was healing in the creak of his shoes,’ as he approached his apartment. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery; and indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as

he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said : ' Poor Hamilton ! Well, God have mercy upon us ! '

He felt at the moment that some one near him said ' Amen ! ' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, ' Who is there ? '

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, ' It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause ; as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful ; the moon had gone down ; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. ' It is very remarkable ! ' said he ; ' I could have sworn I heard it ! ' He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it ; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind ; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being ; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

' Have you been long stationed here ? ' said Captain Gordon.

' Half an hour,' was the reply.

' Did you — did you happen to see any one on the piazza, during that time ? '

' I did not.'

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having

been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. 'My old comrade,' said he, 'what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends — kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?'

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the some well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

'In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?'

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

'Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. —, Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!'

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose, it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached

the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death ; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.

JOHN WATERS.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

'My forefathers' ashes repose by the waters of the Illissus ; my home is of Neapolis ; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.'

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

CROWNED with the hoar of centuries,
There, by the eternal sea,
High on her misty cape she sits,
Like an eagle ! fearless, free !

And thus in olden time she sat,
On our morn of long ago ;
'Mid the roar of freedom's armament,
And the war-bolts of her foe.

Old Time hath reared her pillar'd walls,
Her domes and turrets high ;
With her hundred tall and tapering spires,
All flashing to the sky.

Shall I not sing of thee, beloved !
My beautiful ! my pride !
Where thou towerest in thy queenly grace,
By the tributary tide ?

Oh ! swan-like crestest thou the waves,
That enamored round thee swell ;
Fairer than Aphrodite, couched
On her foam-wreathed ocean shell !

Ever, amid this restless hum
Resounding from the street,
Of a thronging, hurrying multitude,
And the tread of stranger feet :

My heart turns back to thee, mine own !
My beautiful ! my pride !
With thought of thy free ocean wind,
And the clasping fond old tide :

With all thy kindred household smokes,
Upwreathing far away,
And the gay old bells, that pealed as now,
On my grandsire's wedding day :

To the green graves, and truthful hearts,
Oh ! City by the Sea !
My heritage, and priceless dower,
My peerless one ! in thee.

MARY E. HEWITT.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

AMONG the myriads of steam-boats that sailed on the western waters, plying between Louisville and New-Orleans, was one large and splendid vessel, which invariably carried more passengers, especially lady-passengers, than any of her numerous competitors for the patronage of the public.

The 'Lord of the Isles,' as this noble boat was called, had excellent accommodations; fine state-rooms, beautiful cabins, pretty carpets, elegant hangings, large mirrors, and all those attractive embellishments that win the eyes of the fair. Yet in all these arrangements, the 'Lord of the Isles' was not superior to other vessels of her class. Then wherefore did she attract such bevy of beautiful passengers? The owners gave thanks to her commander, and he *was* a fine looking fellow, and one of the pleasantest men in the world; always had a healthy color on his sun-burnt cheeks, and a good-humored sparkle in his dark gray eyes; nor was an oath ever heard to escape his handsome, good-natured mouth. He kept an admirable table, according to the taste of the west, and was moreover a widower, and was allowed to be a universal favorite, from the senator's lady who honored the 'Lord of the Isles' with her portly presence, down to the poor white chambermaid, whose husband had run away, and left her to what she alas! felt to be the degradation of earning an honest livelihood, by being civil to her superiors. She flounced her dresses, and screwed her thin, wiry hair into every fashionable twist of which it was capable, and looked sadly above her station; but civil, very civil, she had to be, or she would not have sailed twice on board the 'Lord of the Isles.'

Now this boat had been laid up for a season at low water; but when the freshets came down, she was up for New-Orleans again, and as usual, freight poured in, and her berths were all engaged. She was on the eve of departure, and among several ladies who came on board over night, the captain himself was observed to show one lady in, and hand her to the ladies' cabin, while the tall chambermaid followed, carrying a band-box, and leading a child. There was nothing singular in this; but it did seem strange, when this lady might have selected the best berth on board, to see her establish herself in a state-room that was quite objectionable.

'I hardly think you will like this state-room, ma'am,' said the chambermaid, turning up her nose, and pointing to a door in the vicinity; 'it is so near — I could show you to one more forward, that is not positively engaged.'

'Never mind, Mrs. Tompkins; thank you; it will do very well for me,' said the lady, smiling: 'if you will be so good as to hand me that carpet-bag, and the small trunk from the ladies' cabin.'

She is a pretty, pleasant creature, after all,' thought the chambermaid. 'Mrs. Tompkins,' too, instead of 'Betsey, Betsey!' 'Chamber-

maid ! chambermaid !' — yelling out, as some of these would-be fine ladies do, who come on board. 'She's a lady, that's certain.'

'Is there any thing else I can do for you, Mrs. Hartwell ?' said Mrs. Tompkins, in her most obliging manner, as she turned to leave the state-room.

No, Mrs. Hartwell had no orders to give. She was so fortunate as to need very little assistance from those about her. The next morning, when the passengers and visitors flocked on board, she was seated in the ladies' cabin, with quite a domestic air about her ; her needle-work on the table, an open book in her hand, and a little girl of six years old beside her, dressing and undressing a large wax doll. There was nothing peculiar in this lady's appearance, to attract observation ; and yet she could not but perceive that her fellow passengers took the liberty of staring at her most unmercifully. She was pretty, to be sure, very pretty, and remarkably well dressed ; had a fair hand and small foot ; but there was nothing in her *tout ensemble* to excite attention. Perhaps they were examining how her hair was arranged, or the make of her fashionable morning dress. Presently she stepped into her state-room, and then the whisper went round :

'I say, chambermaid — Betsey, Betsey — who is that lady, who makes herself so much at home on board ?'

'Why, did n't you know, ladies ?' said Mrs. Tompkins ; 'why that is the captain's wife, and this is her first trip.'

'Captain Hartwell married !' cried a number of voices ; 'well, he has been sly about it ! And that is her step-daughter, I suppose ; poor little dear !' And then all eyes were turned upon the child and her doll.

These remarks went round in a circle of acquaintance gathered in the after cabin ; some friends who were going down together, and others they met on board unexpectedly, bound for the same port, and a party of Louisville ladies, who were admiring the boat, and taking leave of their friends. But now the town's-people received warning to go on shore ; and sighs, and kisses, and good-byes, and good wishes, were mingled in haste. And soon the regular, loud puffs of the high pressure engine were heard, as the vessel moved off into the stream, gave a proud sweep in front of the town, and shaped her course for the mouth of the canal. But some difficulty occurred on entering it. It matters not here who was to blame. I can only aver, that the boat swerved in the powerful current, which there sweeps over the Falls of the Ohio, and which threatened to suck her on to a bed of rocks, from which she could not have been got off under a long delay. As it was, she grazed the bottom with a hollow, grating sound, and gave a lurch, slight certainly, but enough to give fear to the faint-hearted. In a few moments, however, she was brought to her course, and went bravely into the canal, while fifty tongues were ringing changes on the adventure. The chambermaid in particular was heard to describe the scene in twelve different ways, to those who had seen it with their own eyes, before they were fairly through the canal, ending every time by declaring, with a shudder, that 'a little more, and the boat would have been floating bottom up down the falls !' When the colored steward heard this, he looked at the black waiter with a wink and a grin, and muttered 'Fiddle-faddle !'

'Well, I declare!' cried the chambermaid, with a strong expression of nausea in her countenance, 'if I ain't so sick of them nasty black apes, that I don't know what to do!' And turning away scornfully, she pursued her walk on the guards with a young woman who came on board as nurse to one of the lady passengers, and was now quieting a fine infant in her arms. The chambermaid went on to descant upon the dangers of such accidents as they had just escaped, and of the awful catastrophes befalling steam-boats in general; 'and I have always heerd say,' continued she, 'that it's a bad homen to get such a scare, just at the first start; there an't never no good luck comes after.'

'A bad beginning makes a good ending, and all's well that ends well,' said a low, hoarse voice, coming from some invisible quarter, as the chambermaid felt her dress twitched slightly, as by some invisible hand.

Looking round, she found that the voice and the hand came from the window of the captain's state-room, and belonged to the singular looking person of a large mulatto, who now addressed the chambermaid in a hoarse whisper, as he protruded his great woolly head and short thick neck through the window.

'Who was that a-talking about bad homens? — 'cause it's the wust thing any body can do. Talk of bad luck, and it 'll bring it right down upon you, as sure as the d — l. 'Sides, it discouriges the people, and makes the passengers so plaguy fidgety. Wust thing you can do. Best talk about something else.'

'I hear you, Steven,' said the chambermaid; 'let alone my dress, will you, before you drag the gathers out; and do say what you are doing in there: I've sot all to rights.'

'Yes, yes, Mrs. Tompkins; every thing is as nice and as neat as your pretty hands can make it; but you know I lets nobody touch these 'ere but myself,' and he held up a pair of shining boots, 'nor brush the captain's clothes, nor nothing; and see what I've found,' continued he, drawing back, and placing a delicate pair of lady's shoes in contrast beside the boots he had been polishing; 'I found 'em strapped on the captain's trunk, under his big coat.'

'Oh! what dear little shoes!' exclaimed the nurse, in a soft voice, borrowed from her fair employer; 'whose are they?'

'They must be Mrs. Hartwell's, to be sure,' said Mrs. Tompkins; 'and of all the little feet, she must have a little the littlest.'

'The captain's picked out a raal beauty, has n't he?' said Stevens. 'I wonder if she's as pleasant as she looks.'

'I reckon you'd know in a minute, if you was only just to speak to her,' answered the chambermaid: 'she has the sweetest, politest way with her; though I never seen her till yesterday, I am sure nobody can't help liking her.' Saying which, Mrs. Tompkins left the window, and the mulatto muttered to himself:

'Yes, ma'am; I reckon it will be best for every one on us to like the captain's lady;' while Mrs. Tompkins addressed her companion:

'Now that yellow man,' said she, 'is engaged as cook, and he has no more occasion to black them boots, nor to touch them things, than I have; but there are such fools in the world, you know, and he is one of 'em.'

The subject of this remark now came out of the cabin, stooping
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as he passed through the door, to accommodate his height, and adroitly edging himself aside, to avoid encountering the passengers with his burly proportions; and then the nurse was heard to utter an exclamation: 'La me! Mrs. Tompkins! — why the man has only got one hand, and that his left hand! I declare, I do n't see how he contrives to get through his work at all. If *my* right hand was gone, I should give up.'

'Lord bless you!' cried the chambermaid, 'big Steven can do more with that left hand of his, than half these lazy blacks can do with both of theirs; and of all the men to fight, when once he gets provoked! He'll grab hold of a fellow with that one hand, and hold on like a vice, while he pummels him with his stump of a right arm.'

'Well, if that does not beat all!' said the other: 'why I never heard the like!'

This interesting colloquy was interrupted by a call on the nurse, from the mother of her young charge; and Mrs. Tompkins, too, hastened to the ladies' cabin to attend to the multifarious wants and orders of her employer, which, like that of most chambermaids in public places, is truly a many-headed monster.

'THE 'Lord of the Isles' had cleared the canal; her commander had transacted the business which detained her a short time at Shippingport; and now fairly started on her voyage, was industriously paddling her way through the clear waters of the Ohio, toward that broad and muddy stream, which, with its thousand tributaries, swells onward on its mazy course, to disgorge itself, by many a sluggish outlet, into the stormy gulf of Mexico.

Among the numerous passengers, some few, some very few, were gazing with interest from the hurricane-deck on the beautiful banks that adorn one of the finest rivers in the world. The 'Knobs' of Indiana were still visible, but as these receded from the view, bluffs, and inlets, and waving woods, were passed in rapid succession. But few gave thought to these. Some paced the deck with hurried strides and contracted brows, as though the velocity of steam navigation was all too slow for their impatience to reach their journey's bourne. Others were gathered in knots, discussing the state of the times, or laughing at the broad jests of some noisy Kentuckian. Here and there some idler might be seen, resting his long limbs in the shade, with his chair thrown back, in the uncooth position described by more than one English traveller, while with the aid of his pen-knife he was lazily ridding his teeth of the remains of his dinner, or perchance paring his nails, as the case might require. Within, books and cards divided the attention of gentlemen on the one hand, and black-legs on the other; all mingled, a heterogeneous throng, in the close companionship of a steam-boat.

The ladies, with few exceptions, were invisible, and stranger still, inaudible. A warm sun and a good dinner, with the addition of fashionable novels, had made them sleepy, and the ladies' cabin presented a drowsy scene of listless languor. With dresses loosened, shoes cast off, and hair dishevelled, there were several who seemed

to breathe only to yawn, or to gasp out complaints against the heat of the weather, and the closeness of the cabin.

'Shall I open another window, ladies?' asked the chambermaid.

'Ah, do!' said one, faintly.

'No, pray!' whispered another; 'my child is asleep here, and it might be the death of him.'

The eyes of the opponents met, but they were too sleepy to look displeased.

Mrs. Hartwell now appeared from the state-room, where she had been reading beside her little step-daughter, who was asleep, and looking round with a fresh, bright countenance on the listless throng, she seated herself, and went on with her book. But yawning is infectious, and drowsiness is catching; and she presently found herself stretching, and rubbing her eyes; so she walked out into the open air, to shake off the lethargy that was creeping upon her. With a handkerchief tied over her head to keep her curls quiet, and a parasol raised against the sun to keep her fair face from tanning, she stood on the guards, looking intently at the dark forests on the Kentucky shore, close under which they were sailing. Perhaps she was thinking of her distant home, or of what had been the home of her childhood, and comparing its 'tenants of the grove' with those giant trees, that, raising their huge trunks in upright and lofty independence, like the young republic to which they belong, might seem to defy even the steady enmity of time, if low at their feet you did not descry the mouldering remains of their 'rude forefathers,' over which sad Nature, pining over her fallen works, spreads a fantastic pall of velvet-like moss, and gay-colored lichens, to hide their grim decay.

'What think you of the woods of old Kentuck?' said a kind voice at her side, as a kind hand drew hers within his arm, and led her to a seat in the shade.

'I have scarcely spoken two words to you since you came on board,' said Captain Hartwell, 'but I have thought of you; especially when the boat had like to have got into difficulty in the current, above the falls.'

'Oh! when you were so full of business? You should not have thought of me then.'

'Do n't you know, Cecilia, that it always does me good to think of you? If I am in danger, it gives me courage; if I am in difficulty, it gives me sense to get out of it. And now, tell me truly, were you much frightened?'

'To say the truth, then,' replied Cecilia, 'I do not feel as if any thing could frighten me, as long as I am near you; but in that case, I did not see any positive danger to apprehend.'

'There was none,' said the captain; 'that is, nothing of personal danger. All I feared, was loss to the owners from the delay, and some injury the boat might have sustained. I am glad to find,' he continued, after a pause, 'that you are not one of those screaming fair ones, who take fright at a shadow, and make 'confusion thrice confounded,' in case of real peril.'

'Do n't be too sure,' said Cecilia, laughing; 'you have not seen me tried yet. If there were any serious cause of alarm, you cannot tell how I might behave.'

'My dear girl,' said her husband, seriously, 'I hope to heaven I never shall see you tried; but you know, for I have told you, the many dangers of navigating these rivers; the dire mischances to which the commanders of steam-boats are exposed, and of which you must share the risk, when you are with me; and you know my idea of what a captain's wife ought to be, and how, especially in case of trouble, of whatever kind, her conduct may reflect credit, or the contrary, on her husband.'

'I believe I understand you,' said Cecilia; 'and I think you may rely on my behaving pretty well on common occasions; but as to any remarkable display of heroism, I am too—too—too much of a simpleton.'

'Too young, and too delicately brought up,' added her husband.

'Oh! can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?'

You see I have not forgotten our pretty song; but I hope never to see your heroism brought into requisition, nor your powers of endurance, to such a degree as to make you regret the scenes which you have left for me: but in my own experience, which has not been small, I have observed women of refinement and cultivated understandings rise superior to trials under which others of vulgar habits and inferior minds have displayed the impatience and petulance of spoiled children.'

'I have heard my father say the same,' observed Cecilia; 'and that women need, fully as much as men do, strong good sense to guide them through their difficulties; and therefore he marvels at the slender opportunities usually afforded us for the improvement of our reasoning faculties.'

'All men would think the same,' resumed Captain Hartwell, 'if they knew their own interest. While, from mistaken ideas of false delicacy and false refinement, they encourage imbecility and affectation in the younger and fairer portions of your sex, they forget that these lovely play-things are born to exercise a powerful influence over the character of man, through all the most critical part of his existence; from the cradle up through the glowing years of wayward and passionate youth, till middle age finds him coolly deprecating the folly and the weakness of the unfortunate sex he has done his part to spoil and to degrade, and without scruple consigning their old age to scorn and neglect; and thus a kind of counteraction is established, by which the sexes mutually injure each other, and impede the progress of moral improvement.'

Mrs. Hartwell thought there was some hope while so many individuals remained willing to make a fair estimate of women's standing in society. The misfortune was, she said, that too many of their champions stepped on dangerous ground, touching the political equality and moral independence of those to whom Nature herself has denied the power of competing with man on the great arena of life; while the same benign mother has placed in her heart far worthier sources of delight, in his love and confidence.

'I believe we are talking metaphysics,' said Cecilia, stopping short, with a smile and a blush; 'I must pause before I get beyond my depth.'

'If the *champions* you speak of would take good care to do the same,' said her husband, laughing, 'they would stand a better chance; or at any rate, might hope to escape the sneers of the ignorant, and the censures of the wise and the good; but they commit the fatal error of venturing 'beyond their depth.'

ONE morning, at early dawn, the door of Mrs. Hartwell's stateroom opened softly, and Mrs. Tompkins entered.

'You said you wished to be woke up early, ma'am,' whispered the chambermaid, 'if we was nigh the Mississippi; so I just looked in to tell you we shall be out of the mouth of the Ohio in about ten minutes, if you'd like to put on your things, and come on deck. The captain's up there already; and it's one of the prettiest mornings you ever see.'

Mrs. Hartwell had scarcely time to make a hasty toilet, before she heard a tap at her window, and looking out, saw Hartwell on the guards, waiting to attend her, and with him she soon mounted to the upper deck. Many of her fellow passengers laughed at the idea of the captain's wife rising before the sun, to look at the Mississippi; 'as though she would not see enough, and too much, of that great, long, muddy river, before she reached New-Orleans, beside having to go all the way up again, on her return trip!' There was, however, something of a traveller's curiosity about Mrs. Hartwell; and she was not willing to let pass that first opportunity of beholding the broad and beautiful Ohio pay its tribute to the yet mightier stream. With silent and absorbing interest, she watched the progress of the boat, as it gradually exchanged the bright waves of the river it was leaving, for the turbid waters of the Mississippi; and in the gray light of morning, she looked up the great bend of the river, and down over its watery expanse, until she could have fancied it was some dim lake she was entering, on whose dull, amphibious shores, man, with apparently strange perversity of taste, but in fact to indulge his darling pursuit of gain, raises his paltry towns, where bar-rooms and grocery stores are the only flourishing establishments, and forlorn plantations, where girdled timber is the most conspicuous crop.

The scene quickly changed, as with rapid progress they ploughed their way through the mighty current; and now the sun was up, and shed as glorious a light on those tame shores as he ever bestowed on the romantic highlands of the Hudson; and yet with all the cheerfulness that his early beams impart, even to such desolate scenes, Mrs. Hartwell could not forbear exclaiming, 'Oh! what a wretched habitation!' as the 'Lord of the Isles' drew near the shore, and lay to at a wood-yard.

'What a wretched habitation!' she repeated, addressing her husband, as she pointed out a poor log hut, the only building on the premises. It stood on the bank, a little above the river; and though there was a small 'clearing' round it, there was neither garden nor fence to give it the appearance of being secluded or protected from

the unreclaimed wilderness that stretched far behind, down into immeasurable swamps, the abode of hordes of beasts of prey, and venomous reptiles; and from which mosquitoes ascend in clouds, and malignant vapors creep forth insidious.

Mrs. Hartwell had seen few such establishments, and felt curious to take a nearer survey of its domestic arrangements; so while the deck passengers and the 'hands' were carrying in wood, she went on shore with the captain, and after a short walk up the sloping bank, found herself before the rude door-way of the poor wood-cutter's home. The cabin was raised on piles a few feet from the ground, that in case of the river's rising, the water might flow under the house instead of into it, and steps therefore were necessary, by which to gain the entrance. These were formed of two roughly-hewn logs, the uppermost of which had sunk on one side from its original position. It gave promise of an uncertain footing, as well as an alarming stride between it and the door-sill, on which, as it happened, a little urchin now appeared, attempting to descend backward. The one nondescript garment of coarse 'homespun' in which this little individual was semi-clothed, remained round his body on the door-sill, while the sun-burnt legs, and small dirty feet, dangled,

'Anxious in vain to reach the distant step.'

His cries called the attention of a little girl who was standing on the bank, gazing at the steam-boat.

'Mammy!' she cried, 'look here! If there bai n't Jeff. comin' out of the house backward, all by his self; and he can't reach the door-step, to save him!'

'Take him down, then, can't ye, Cynthy, and fetch him right here,' called the *mère de famille*, at the top of her voice. But before Cynthia reached the door, Captain Hartwell had picked up the child, and was carrying him toward his mother, a sickly, dowdy-looking woman, in a scanty dress of homespun, with a large sun-bonnet of the same material, who was now engaged in the pretty, rural occupation of milking a cow. But there was nothing at all in accordance with the poet's or painter's imagination of such a scene. Indeed, lovers of the pastoral and the picturesque might search the wide tracts of the Mississippi valley in vain for a single personification of the trim waist, tidy skirt, rosy face, and plump, bare arms of a rustic milk-maid. The poor women who there perform the office, with all the endless drudgery belonging to the life of a backwoods-woman, pay dear for the blessed privilege of independence which their husbands enjoy, as they gird round them their hunting-shirts, and stalk, rifle in hand, as free as the wild game they pursue, through forests of which the proudest noblemen in Europe might envy them the possession.

It might be that some such thoughts were passing through Mrs. Hartwell's mind, for the scene was new to her, and she stood contemplating it in silence, while her husband deposited his dirty little burthen beside the no less dirty mother, nor left him till he had seen him contented with a pannikin of new milk.

'There!' said he, with a smile, as he returned to his wife, 'that was all the little fellow wanted. I am interested, you perceive, in

keeping him quiet, or the milking will be over too late for us ; and he pointed to big Steven, who was now seen hastening up the bank, with a pitcher in his hand, and basket under his arm.

'Good mornin', missis,' quoth Steven, addressing the milk-maid ; 'han't you got no eggs, nor butter, nor nothin' for me to put into this 'ere basket ?'

'No : the woman declared, in a lazy drawl, that the plaguy varmint had run off with all her chickens ; there was 'ne'er a one left but the old rooster, as know'd how to take care of his self ; and as for butter, she had not made out to make none since the dry weather sot in, in July.' But she had been slowly distilling the new milk with one hand into a tin cup, and turning it thence into a dingy-looking pail at her side ; the cook bargained with her for that, and transferring it to his pitcher, was hastening toward the boat again, when a shrill outcry, round the corner of the cabin, electrified the whole party. The cow kicked up her heels, and looked ready to make the experiment of jumping over the moon, while the bereaved old rooster took refuge, with an inglorious squall, on the top of a stack of fire-wood ; the woman pushed back her sun-bonnet, in the extremity of amazement, while the young ones clung to her skirts, squealing :

'Oh, mammy ! — Lor, inammy ! — look at the b'ar ! — the b'ar ! If there bain't the big b'ar a-runnin' loose !'

And sure enough, a formidable black bear, with a collar round his neck, and a chain dangling therefrom, came shambling toward the astonishing group.

Captain and Mrs. Hartwell ran forward, knowing, in the cries that alarmed them, the voice of their little daughter Anna, who had accompanied them from the boat. She had been making an exploring expedition round the log-cabin, when the bear, which was chained to a tree at the edge of the wood, broke loose, and approaching the child in a manner more familiar than agreeable, upset her with his fore-paws, and passed on hastily to avoid the acquaintance of a grim-looking mongrel mastiff, that was threatening an attack in the rear ; while half a dozen lesser curs rushed in from all quarters, and mingling their barkings and snarlings with the yells of the children, raised a perplexed and deafening din.

As Steven ran back to the spot, he saw the Captain raising his child, who in falling, having struck her face against the stump of a tree, her nose and mouth were bleeding, and she was truly a rueful spectacle. The cook laid this to the account of some injury the bear had done her, and his choler rose. Setting down the pitcher of milk, and overturning it as he sprang forward, he threw himself on the bear, and seizing the collar with his redoubtable left hand, held him at arms' length, till some idlers from the wood-yard ran to the rescue, rifle in hand, and the owner of the animal lagged lazily up the bank, declaring that 'the critter warn't dangerous, no how, if folks did n't be so darn'd scary, that it sort o' put mischief into the critter's head.'

'There, Jack, I told you so !' 'Look what he 's done, daddy !' 'See what he 's been at, neighbor !' reiterated the several voices of his wife, children, and friends, as they pointed to poor little Anna's bleeding and disfigured countenance.

'Twas n't the b'ar did that!' said he, staring incredulous. 'I know'd he would n't hurt nobody,' he continued, with a satisfied air, after ascertaining the truth. 'Little missy there hurt her own face. She was running like mad, I reckon, cause she was scared, and pitched right ag'in a stump. The b'ar could not help that,' he concluded, with a laugh, which, seen rather than heard, revealed his tobacco-stained teeth, and the huge quid on which they had been performing.

'It was the bear helped push me down, I know,' sobbed little Anna, 'for I felt his great nasty paws on my back!'

'Never mind, Miss Annie,' said Steven, coaxingly, as he lifted the little girl in his arms, to carry her back to the boat: 'Do n't fret, my pretty beauty; we'll go back and have some nice new milk for breakfast.' Steven stopped short, for lo! the pitcher was broken, and his treasure of new milk '*watered* the plain,' as Paddy has it.

'If that big rascal was killed and made into bacon,' said the cook, shaking his right arm pugnaciously toward the bear, 'and if his owner was sarved the same, it would be a good thing for the steam-boats on the Mississippi, I reckon;' and farther venting his spleen, by kicking the fragments of his pitcher in the same direction that his would-be fist had been brandished, he very good-humoredly descended to the boat, comforting little Anna with promises of good things in store for her.

A BRIGHT day was drawing to a close, and the fitful wind which had been driving the autumn leaves in capricious eddies across the river, or scattering them in golden showers upon its surface, died away as the sun went down, and left a heaviness in the atmosphere, which gathering into thick clouds, threatened a night of unusual darkness, if not of storm.

Let me dwell for a moment on the scene through which the 'Lord of the Isles' was now moving for the last time. Let me hang on the last rays of the sun, which then looked his last on the beautiful boat, or rose only to behold her a sinking and disabled wreck. Her commander was standing near the wheel, and his wife had seated herself apart, to study undisturbed the features of a scene so new to her. On one side, a recent growth of cotton-wood was springing up on the low shore, to the very edge of the still, shallow water; on the other, large forest trees, their roots laid bare by the 'vexed tide,' were spreading their giant arms over the curling 'boils' and eddies, as though preparing for the plunge that sooner or later must overwhelm them. Lower down, this sweeping current set strong on the point of a low island, and there deposited enormous piles of drift-wood, which lying on the narrow strand in tangled masses, mingled logs and boughs of dead timber with the live brush-wood, while fallen trees, and sticks, and poles, of every size and shape, were still rolling in the stream, or gradually embedding themselves on a low sand-bank, forming above the head of the island. In the midst of these, lay the wreck of a large flat-boat, upon which a turkey-buzzard sat solitary, as though mounting guard over the ruinous scene.

Above the influence of all these eddies and counter currents, the 'Lord of the Isles' moved steadily across the river, and entered the

narrow channel between the island and the shore. On either side dark woods lined the banks, and mingled their shadows in the water, adding to the obscurity of the twilight hour, and even at noon-day excluding the full light of the sun. There was something in the scene that rather resembled the narrow inlet of some sequestered lake, than a portion of the Mississippi, that much-frequented, though trackless thoroughfare. The steam-boat broke through straggling boughs of the water-willow, in her progress, and scared flocks of small birds from their sylvan haunts; while the red-headed woodpecker was disturbed from his evening meal on a log of decayed timber at the water's edge. In a few minutes they reached the lower end of the island, where the broad current of the river again opened before them, now smooth as a mirror, and reflecting as faithfully the purple hues left by the sun upon the thickly-gathering clouds. These, too, faded away, and night came on, still and dark; so still, that each snort of the engine resounded down the edge of the forests, and seemed magnified into an impetuous roar; and so dark, that little was discernible beyond the misty glare round the boat, reflected from its numerous lights. To the experienced eye of the pilot, indeed, as he stood aloft at the wheel, the course of the river was far off visible through the gloom, as well as the dim outline of the wood against the cloudy sky.

In the cabins, all was silent. The passengers had retired to rest, and confident in the prudence and skill of the captain and his officers, slept profoundly; or if an anxious eye now and then opened and peered out into the darkness, it soon closed again, content with the quietness that reigned around. Thus midnight found all sunk in their first deep sleep, except the officers at their posts, and the hands employed about the machinery and the fires.

This stillness of the elements, this profound repose of the sleepers, was disturbed by a shock, a thundering crash, that might break any rest, but the last which 'knows no waking.' The passengers, as with one accord, started from their berths, with a dreamy, instinctive sense of pressing danger. There was a sudden hurrying and tramping to and fro, and a confused murmur of many voices mingling in hasty exclamations and hoarse imprecations; in questions that no one paused to answer, and cries of alarm that passed unheeded. The only remaining light was overturned and extinguished in the tumult that followed; and as all rushed to the door-ways, they encountered each other with violence, or fell headlong over the furniture; and in the blind zeal of self-preservation, grappled with each obstacle as with a mortal foe. Then came another crash, and the boat groaned and trembled; and louder grew the din of voices, more clamorous the cries of terror; and a set of half-dressed, bewildered mortals crowded out, to learn with certainty the full and dire extent of the impending danger.

To the officers on watch, and those engaged in the fore part of the boat, it was only too evident that the vessel was lost. She had struck on a snag, and being driven forward by the full power of the steam, it had forced its way through every obstacle, until it pierced the boiler deck, where the long log appeared, slanting up between the chimnies. They were now in deep water, not far from the

middle of the stream, in one of its wide bends, and the first impulse was to run the vessel on shore, without a moment's delay. 'Shove her in to shore!' 'Shove her in to shore!' was shouted on all sides; but the strokes of the engine died away suddenly, and it was thought that the water, which was pouring in, had reached the fires, or that some injury had disabled the machinery. No doubt remained that the case was a desperate one, and many a strong man there would have thrown himself into the river, and sought immediate safety by swimming to shore; but the intense darkness, the danger of the unknown currents! Oh, it was like plunging into the grave!

There was but one chance left — the small boat: it was lashed up at the stern, and thither rushed the panic-stricken crowd. This wild impulse had been anticipated; to explain in what manner, I must go back in my story a few minutes, or rather seconds — a few brief seconds of agony and suspense.

When the vessel struck, Mrs. Hartwell was among the first who felt the fatal shock. She had been quieting little Anna, who was ill and fretful, and was awake, therefore, and had her full senses about her at the moment. From the violence of the concussion, and the crash and confusion that immediately followed, she felt sure that something dreadful had happened; and fear came upon her, but with it came the spirit and the power to rise above it. She darted from the state-room with the child in her arms, and gave her in charge of the chambermaid, whom she discovered by the light of the lamp in the ladies' cabin. The woman was wailing and wringing her hands; and after silencing her with earnest gestures, Mrs. Hartwell leading the way, dragged her after her through the door, which she locked on the outside; then turning to the chambermaid, she spoke quietly and distinctly, though her voice trembled, and when she laid her hand on the woman's arm, it was as cold as marble.

'Mrs. Tompkins,' she said, 'we must secure the boat, before any of the people take possession of it. It may be the means of saving all our lives. Do you stand close by me, and take care of my little girl; do not scream, nor cry, to frighten her, and you shall be among the very first to go on shore.'

Theirs was an upper cabin, and within a few feet of the outer door hung the boat with its lashings. Unfastening the rope, so that a yard or two hung loose, she wound it tightly round her arm, and clasping it with her delicate hand, resolved to hold it, if possible, against all odds, until her husband came to take the command. This was done before the passengers became aware of the extremity of their danger; but the captain saw at a glance that all was lost, but the lives of those committed to his care; and to preserve them, by every effort in his power, was now his only object. On his first mate he could entirely depend; and on him he called to go with him aft, and take command of the small boat. Handing him a pistol, he desired him to use it, if necessary, to intimidate any who offered violence to his orders. 'More than a hundred lives,' he continued, 'depend upon our exertions: in God's name, let us endeavor to save every one!'

The cook, too, had been ordered to run aft with a torch; and as Hartwell and his mate reached the stern, the light appeared casting a fitful glare over the water, and glancing faintly against the woods

on shore, to reach which was now the sole desire of every breast. It shone over the waters, and threw an uncertain light round the sinking vessel, and over the groups clustering on her deck, and crowding the guards, and revealed to Captain Hartwell's eyes a sight that almost unmanned him.

His wife was literally defending the boat against two or three cowardly ruffians, from the deck, who, by alternate threats and persuasions, endeavored to make her quit her hold. She had run out in her night-dress, and her hair, which had escaped from her head-gear, was waving in long tresses round her shoulders; and as she dared her assailants to use violence, one small white foot was advanced with an air of firm resolve, and she looked as one might fancy the Lady of Douglas did, when she desperately barred the door with her arm against the assassins of her king, as though she would rather it were severed from her body, than give up her trust.

'My brave girl!' replied the captain, 'keep the command a moment longer, till I heave these villains overboard!'

'I can settle them, Sir; jist leave them to me, if you please, Sir,' said Big Steven, as he disposed of his torch in a place of safety; and seizing one with the gripe of a Hercules, he dexterously dealt another a blow on the temple, which the sufferer ever after believed to have come from the heavy knob of an oaken stick, or the butt-end of a pistol.

Need it be stated how the captain, pistol in hand, held the panic-stricken passengers in awe, while the boat, under command of the mate, was seen, crowded with ladies, shooting toward the shore; how it returned, and returned again, until all were saved?

'I SHALL never remember that affair, without mortification,' said Mrs. Hartwell to her husband, as they were afterward talking the matter over. With some surprise, he inquired why.

'To think,' said she, holding down her head, while her eyes filled with tears, 'to think how I stood, bare-foot and exposed in my night-clothes, before all those people!'

'My dear girl!' cried her husband, catching her in his arms, 'I never saw you look so beautiful!'

THE NAUTILUS.

WHEN we behold this tiny creature sail,
Upborne and flowing on the buoyant side,
Expand the lucid sheet to catch the gale,
And pump the waters from its leaky side;
Or, curious, see it dip its filmy oar,
And spread its pearly shell across the wave,
Desert its hull, a shipwreck on the shore,
Or the deep caverns of the ocean brave;
These various instincts wonderful appear:
Yet far more strange, when in this fact we find,
That hence was taught the mariner to steer,
To stretch the canvass, and invoke the wind:
The ~~invertebrate~~ thou deign'st to man impart,
May he improve, and use with thankful heart.

PASSAIC:

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM.

TALE THIRD.

THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR, A LOVER'S JOURNAL.

CANTO I.—FIRST LOVE.

'Oh who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so, that loved her so well?
Or who with blame can justify her upbraid
For loving not? — for who can love compel?'

SPENSER.

MINE is no tale of venture bold,
Of reckless quest of fame or gold;
Of passion's dark, erratic course,
Through guilt and ruin to remorse;
Of brunt defied, of bloody war,
Or hazards cleared in travel far,
On slippery steeps, or treacherous seas,
Where summers scorch, or winters freeze.

Oh! ye that seek for such, forbear!
My theme will never charm your ear:
But if there be who pleasure find
To trace through peril's path the mind,
Wherein no personal pain nor strife
Gilds while it hazards limb and life;
If such there be, whose feelings move
At tale of simple, real love,
Ungraced with danger, wreck, or wo,
Save such as love must ever know,
The love of our ignoble time,
Unmet, or seldom met, in rhyme;
To such, at least, my quiet strain
Not wholly will appeal in vain.

Yet though no steel my form hath marred,
Think not my heart hath 'scaped un-
scarred:

Tho' with no wounds my flesh hath bled,
I've spilt the blood that eyes can shed:
Yes! pangs have cut my soul with grief
So keen, that gashes were relief:
And racks have strained my spirit-frame,
To which the snap of joints were tame;
And battle-strife itself were nought,
Beside the inner fight I've fought.

Though other than my native sod
My feet, untravelled, ne'er have trod,
Yet have I roamed through every change
Of clime the wandering heart can range:
From boyhood's home of bloomy bowers,
(The haunt of sports and dreamy hours,

By sweet rose-buttons all adorned,
Youth's tender blossoms yet unthorned,
Whose prickles, if their down were such,
Bent pointless to my gentlest touch,)
To manhood's rugged heights I roved,
And many a pang and peril proved.

Oh! home of peace! now mine no more,
For love's dim-seen and purple shore
Did I forsake thy bowers of ease,
And brave the might of passion's seas;
And shattered in my earliest gale,
Have floated, rent in helm, and sail,
O'er billows tossed, o'er billows stilled,
Where'er the wayward winds have willed:
Now sent south-wandering to the sun,
Where tempests rush, and thunders stun,
Wheretropic skies, even when at rest,
Fret into feverish flame the breast;
Now by the currents of disdain
Whirled backward to the icy main,
To pine long nights of chilling wo,
More deep than polar winters know.

Bloom of the earth! my pride, my bane,
My spring of rapture, and of pain;
Bright BEAUTY! — child of starry birth,
The grace, the gem, the flower of earth:
The damask livery of Heaven,
To earth for choice apparel given,
From its own stores of rosy light:
A sample sent to tempt our sight,
That brimming fount of light to gain,
Whose drops are all it deigns to rain;
But ah! whose drops so gem the air,
And shed such rain-bow tintings there,
It seems as if some angel-hand,
To mark it with the owner's brand,
Had in that fount its pencil dipped,
And every work of Nature tipped;
Which, at the master-touch, illumed,
And all the barren landscape bloomed.

As morning clouds of chilly gray,
One dull disordered mass display,
Till the awakening beams aspire,
And crest each wavy ridge with fire,
So gloomed the hueless world in night,
Till Beauty rose, and all was bright!

Now roses blush, and violets' eyes,
And seas reflect the glance of skies;
And now that frolic pencil streaks
With quaintest tints the tulip's cheeks;
Rewards the lily's modest plight,
With bridal dress of virgin white,
But robes the pretty pimpernel
In the gay trappings of a belle.
Now jewels bloom in secret worth,
Like blossoms of the inner earth:
Now painted birds are pouring round
The beauty and the wealth of sound;
Now sea-shells glance with quivering ray,
Too rare to seize, too fleet to stay,
And hues out-dazzling all the rest,
Are dashed profusely on the west,
While rain-bows seem to palettes changed,
Whereon the motley tints are ranged.
But soft the moon that pencil tipped,
As though, in liquid radiance dipped,
A likeness of the sun it drew,
But flattered him with pearlier hue;
Which, haply spilling, runs astray,
And stains with light the milky way;
While stars besprinkle all the air,
Like spatterings of that pencil there.

But queen of flowers, of gems, of skies,
Now Woman opens her peerless eyes:
Last work the heavenly artist planned,
The rarest of that master-hand;
For there is pencilled in her face
Of all his works the hue and grace:
All brightest, purest things of earth,
Are mingled to compose her worth;
All lights that spot the evening sky,
Are clustered in her starry eye;
All sunset hues the west that streak,
Blend in the blush that lights her cheek;
All notes of sweetest song-birds' choice,
Swell the rich chord of woman's voice:
All flowers that mortal sense beguile,
Twine in the wreath of woman's smile.

But Heaven, to other creatures free,
Denied the glorious gift to me;
And formed me as for others' scoff,
Or foil to set their beauty off;
With features coarse, and stature low,
Ungainly gait, and accent slow;
But undeformed; for, humbled then,
My pride had kept me back from men;
And Pity then had stayed the sneer,
And soothed my burnings with her tear.
Such was my wavering, trying state,
Too poor for love, too good for hate;
With too much ugliness to please,
Nor yet enough my hopes to freeze;
Not limp, and yet uncouthly move,
Not loathsome, yet no thing to love.
Now drawn to seek, now driven to shun,
As shame or passion urged me on.

All this with nerves so finely strung,
That every touch of Beauty wrung;
And all the ravished cords would thrill,
When swept by their fair master's skill:
Nay, scarce a scent-breeze stirred the air,
But woke some trembling murmur there.

So much in love with Beauty's face,
I sought her glance in every place;
My busy eyes no spot let rest,
Exhausting Nature's round, in quest;
No tints the sunset cloud could dye,
But I was ever watching by:
No bow could span the stormy air,
But I stood, dumb with homage, near:
No lonely moon could walk the sky,
But I must keep her company;
Nor could she swim the glassy tide,
But still I followed by her side.
No flowers, whose garland wreathes the
year,
Could at their stated hour appear,
But far through wood or marsh I'd toil,
To greet and cull the brilliant spoil.

I loved to climb the breezy height,
And mark the valley's 'minished sight:
I loved on summer green to lie,
And scan the overhanging sky,
While all the fleet of those blue seas
Spread their white canvases to the breeze;
Some making and some furling sail,
Some rent and fluttering in the gale,
Far-scudding for the horizon dim,
Or sinking ere they reached the brim.

But clouds grown mad I loved the best,
When rushing frightful from the west,
With gestures wild, with eyes of fire,
Deep-set in frowns — with tones of ire,
Denouncing vengeance deep — or worse,
With frantic laughter in their curse;
Till, spent with squandered strength,
they weep,
And powerless Nature drops to sleep:
Soft-breathing in her blest relief, [grief:
Tear-drenched, yet sweet with passing
So like the placid, dewy rest {breast:
That soothes th' exhausted maniac's
While rays the shattered gloom that
streak,
Would like returning reason break,
And dash the rain-bow tints on high,
Like sudden gleams of memory.

If soulless forms thus swayed my will,
What wonder woman's glance should
thrill?
Since lesser beams my bosom won,
How must it bow to Beauty's sun?
Oh light! by whose celestial rays
My heart has counted all its days,
Whence my young budding feelings drew
The quickening warmth by which they
grew;
And ah! to which my soul has given
The worship only due to Heaven;
How have I revelled in thy rays,
And basked voluptuous in the blaze!

Too long enjoying noon so sweet,
Till crazed and blistered by the heat :
Yet when unwelcome clouds there came,
Intruding on my realm of flame,
O'ershadowing all the dazzling bloom
With chilly mist and leaden gloom,
How have I wished that sun renewed,
Burn, blind, or madden as it would !

Dear Woman ! none that ever knelt,
Like me have followed, worshipped, felt :
How have I watched thine eyes, to see
Some tender favor drop to me !
And baffled oft, still watched in vain,
And ceasing, ached, and watched again.
Of all thy precious glances, none
Would light on me, for me alone :
For if one bird-like stranger fell,
It perched to visit, not to dwell ;
Then flew the rugged spot, as found
For guest so fair ungenial ground.
Of all the smiles thy lips have shed,
Not one was wreathed to crown my head,

Save such as jealous eyes could find,
With lurking thorns of scorn entwined.
No blush I ever thrilled to see,
Was lighted up by love for me ;
No tender vow was mine to hear,
Nor mine the sweet confessing tear.
Doomed loving, yet unloved, to roam,
With houseless heart that knew no home,
With every feeling there that burned,
Cast down at woman's feet, and spurned :
And all for this corroding blight,
That stamps me charmless in her sight ;
All, all for this — no more ! — no more !
I feel the pang that wrung before ;
'Tis past ! and I no more bewail
But bear my fate : now to my tale.

It was my lot for months to dwell
'Neath the same roof with one so fair —
It matters not whom, when, or where,

'Tis what I felt, that I would tell :
Let this suffice, nor seek beyond,
That she was fair, and I was fond ;
And that the scene is laid beside
Passaic's blue and silver tide.

'T was at the crisis of my growth,
When boyhood opens into youth ;
When the unfolding heart-bud blows,
And sheds its incense like the rose ;
Sweet hour of feeling's joyous birth,
Ere curst from boyhood's Eden driven,
Ere thirst for tempting fruits of earth
Unhoused me of my early heaven !

I.

O ! she was gentle as the moon,
As mild, as soft, as sweet, as calm ;
And mellowed was her brightest noon,
As even's stilly hour of balm.

II.

No frown, no flash, her eye could stain,
For when a cloud began to form,
It broke in tears of gentlest rain,
Ere it could gather to a storm.

III.

How swam her dewy eyes of blue !
How lowly drooped the silken lash !
Her pearly cheek no blushes knew,
Or only such as sea-shells flash.

IV.

How light her slender form, and weak !
How glittering soft her sunny hair !
How, when her lips awoke to speak,
The startled dimples fluttered there !

V.

The tears lay near her tender eyes,
The banks were weak, the current strong :
She wept whene'er my wrath would rise,
But most when I confessed my wrong.

Even now her form from misty years
Comes up all swimming through my tears !

Hour upon hour of bliss we passed :
Dear hours ! too precious long to last.
She loved me, but alas ! it proved
She only as a sister loved ;
While I was ravaged by the fire
Of young and passionate desire.
Enough ; my journal now must tell
All that my busy heart befel :
The rapture of my feelings new,
And ah ! the bitter anguish too !

THE JOURNAL.

May 9th.

A FOR of flowers beside me stands,
All plucked by ANNA's sweet commands ;
I've scoured the woods and marshy waste,

For heart like hers, so pure and chaste,
More loves the wildlings of the fields,
Than all the show the garden yields :
And from the spoil she bids me twine,
(Sad task for awkward hands like mine,)
The sweetest wreath, which she will wear

To-night, her birth-night, round her hair.

Come violets first ! — your eyes are bright,

But not so blue as Anna's, quite :
Come wind-flowers ! blossoms of the aloe !

How white ! — her teeth are whiter, though :

Now mountain pinks ! but ah ! her lips
The ruby of your bloom eclipse :

Now butter-cups, spring-beauties, flugs,
And columbines, from cloven crags,
Dark arums striped, and whortle-bells,
Blend all with ferns from swampy dells ;
'Tis done ! — yet haunts me all the while
The sweeter garland of her smile.

O ! happy day ! — earth, sky is fair,
And fragrance floats along the air ;
For all the bloomy orchards glow,
Like a light fall of rosy snow,

Whose flakes in swarms forsake the trees,
And strew, like butterflies, the breeze.
Yes! Spring gives holiday to earth,
To keep the day of ANNA's birth.
O! happy night! — make haste! good sun,

'Tis surely time thy course were run.
How happy, happy will we be!
My eyes can scarcely wait to see
Herself, so sweet, so sweetly crowned,
And I so proud to lead her round!

— May 10th.

ALAS! it was no happy night,
Though ANNA never shone so bright;
Though my own wreath adorned her hair,

And all our friends were gathered there:
Her cousin came the fête to see —
To walk with him, she quitted me;
And I, too hurt my pangs to hide,
Retired in sullen mood aside;
At length she sought, and touched me quite,

With asking, 'Why so sad to-night?'
Without reply, I broke away,
And gloomed the sleepless hours till day.

It was unkind — ungenerous,
Without a cause, to serve me thus:
And ah! of late, I know not why,
She shuns me, and is grown so shy.
Now hand in hand no more we walk,
Nor is she now so free to talk:
Nor on my knee sits as before;
She says she is a child no more:
And then what moves me more than this,

She scarce will yield the morning kiss:
But shrinks confused — or rather I,
Ashamed and burning, dare not try:
A feeling mixed of awe and shame
Restraints my step, and thrills my frame;
Withheld by bonds I cannot break,
Still longing, yet afraid to take.

And so, last night, when I drew nigh,
I could not speak when all were by.
So waited till she was alone,
And then — so silly am I grown —
I wavered still, so long, that he
Led off at last the prize from me.
What right had he to step between,
And rob me of my promised queen?
Did he the gathered wild-flowers find?
Did he the birth-day chaplet bind?
And she too willing seemed, I thought,
Though oft her turning eyes I caught;
Yes, yes; the dullest eye may see
Her thought no longer dwells on me!

I've read, yet doubted all the while,
'The female heart is prone to guile';
Alas! that I such proof should find!
'T is false and fickle as the wind.

Soon will she leave us; and each day
That sped the time, has pained my heart;
But now I wish not for her stay —
It matters not how soon we part.
If others she prefer to me,
I am content — so let it be!

Thank Heaven! some pride is left me still!
I'd be the last to thwart her will;
But if my labor thus be vain,
Let others bring her flowers again:
I am resolved to let her see
She cannot trifle thus with me.

— May 11th.

Oh! she's the dearest, gentlest heart,
That soothes where'er she finds a smart:
She is too good, and I was blind
To deem her any thing but kind.

I sat alone, the dupe of care,
And ere I dreamed she could be nigh,
I felt her fingers in my hair,
And turning, met that gentle eye;
So meek, so sorrowing, ah! and red,
From scalding tears that she had shed.
Ere one imploring word she spake,
My sun-touched clouds began to break;
My heart leaped up; I felt, I knew
Through all my doubts, she must be true:
She said that she had given me pain,
And begged we might be friends again:
That mine, when offered, she would choose,

Yet others' aid could not refuse;
That soon she leaves us, and her heart
In anger could not bear to part;
For I, through our long friendship past,
Had been all kindness to the last.
I checked her; I no more could bear,
After my own ungenerous fear,
And prayed forgiveness; mine the shame,
As mine alone was all the blame.
'T was now, and not till now, again
Gushed from her eyes the April rain,
Then on my breast her head she threw,
While I, half child, was sobbing too.
But soon the freshening shower was done,
And soon once more appeared the sun.
No sweeter tears o'errun the eyes,
Than what from healing quarrels rise:
Where each is generously grieved
For harms the other has received;
Where each denies the other's blame,
And claims desert of all the shame;
And all reproaches rashly said,
Fall back upon the utterer's head.

— May 14th.

TO-MORROW ANNA bids farewell,
And quits the home she loved so long:
My lips no courage have to tell
What I have striven to say in song:
When parting she beside me stands,
I'll slip the verses in her hands.

TO ANNA.

I.

WHEN some pet bird escapes the cage,
And wings once more the heavenly
plain,
We grieve, yet soon our pangs assuage,
To know 't is with its mates again.

II.

So ANNA, since, the will divine
To all thy dear ones gives thee free;
We'll pay our peace to purchase thine,
Since robbing us, enriches thee.

III.

To know our loss thy gain became,
Would soothe even parting's bitter
doom :

The heart, unselfish, braves the flame,
Whose rays the loved one's path illumine.

IV.

Farewell! — they claim thee now, and we
With struggling smiles and tears obey :
Flee to their longing bosoms, flee!

We weep, yet would not bid thee stay.

— May 18th.

THREE long, three bitter days, are gone
Since she departed, and alone
I've dragged the hours, with fever tost,
Alarmed to find how much I've lost.
And though not far her dwelling place,
I've dared but once to seek her face;
And then I paced the pavement o'er
A coward hour, before her door.

I long to see, yet keep away,
And sigh for bliss I dare not seek :
I think I have so much to say,
Yet, when I meet her, cannot speak.

I feel uneasy joy when nigh,
When absent, more uneasy pain :
What moves me so to burn, to sigh ?
Why starts my pulse, and rings my
brain ?

It must be! — yes! I feel, I feel
This is the love that poets sing,
The bee, whose honey if we steal,
'Tis surely followed by his sting.

— June 2d.

O! blooming June! thou hast in truth
White lily hands, and cheeks of rose;
And sky-blue eyes of cloudless youth,
And voice with tones of birds that flows.
I've been all day upon the wing;
I could not rest at home, for thought :
And see! the very wealth of spring
In my flower-hunting have I caught.
And oft arrested have I stood,
My pet wood-robin's notes to hear;
So ringing in the hollow wood,
Though few so fluty and so clear :
And streaming from the meadow bush,
Bob-Linkum's merry soul would gush :
I laid me 'neath a birchen tree,
And carved her name with rare design;
Then razed it, lest strange eyes might see,
And know the foolish work was mine.

Look at my game! — azalea blows,
The white to smell, the pink to see;
Green tulip-flowers, whose chalice shows
Like mellow fruit upon the tree:
Pale sweet-briar, dog-wood blossoms
white,
With strange side-saddle flowers; and
here,
The choicest, dearest to my sight,
The first magnolia of the year.

To ANNA this will prove a gem,
So pure, so fragrant, and so white :
I've tied some lines around the stem,
To give her, if I dare, to-night.

TO THE MAGNOLIA.

I.

WHEN roaming o'er the marshy field,
Through tangled brake and treacherous
slough,
We start, that spot so foul should yield,
Chaste blossom! such a balm as thou.
Such lavish fragrance there we meet,
That all the dismal waste is sweet.

II.

So in the dreary path of life,
Through clogging toil and thorny care,
Love rears his blossom o'er the strife,
Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there,
Which pours such incense round the spot,
His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

— June 3d.

I MET her walking, and alone!
Rapid my pulse, and hoarse my tone;
No wordy interview was ours :
At length, confused, I talked of flowers;
Mine on my breast lay hid with care:
Long, long I strove; I fumbled there,
To draw the fragrant offering thence,
But vain my strife, my confidence :
I left her sinless of the deed,
Resolved this night I *would* succeed.

— June 4th.

O SILLY me! — last night I went,
With nerves wrought up — decided, bent,
No more to play the part of dunce,
But give the flower to her at once :
And need there was that haste were
made,
Before so frail a gift should fade.
But all my resolutions melt,
Whene'er her glowing face is felt :
I climbed the steps with courage strong,
Then softly peeped; O were ye wrong,
Intruding eyes, to gaze? — and there!
Alone and reading, but so fair,
With drooping head upon her hand,
She sat: ah! where was my command?
One trembling moment I remained,
Then fled, and sat me 'neath a tree,
To watch the dwelling that contained
The charm I could not, dared not see.

— June 6th.

Go! go! sweet faded flower,
All withered as thou art;
In vain for many an anxious hour,
I've striven against a cruel power,
To place thee near her heart :

I dreamed that honored thou wouldst lie
Upon a sweeter bed to die;
But now unblest thou must depart;
Away thy dying leaves I cast,
Still sweetly breathing to the last!

TO BE CONTINUED.

TIME'S VISTA.

SWEET is it to the soul, as life decays,
 To mark the cloudless skies of other days;
 Time's magic pencil o'er the softened view
 Sheds a meek twilight and a lovelier hue,
 And e'en confers a 'melancholy grace'
 On sadder scenes, and smooths each rougher trace.
 Then fresher flowers bloomed sweet along the vale,
 And softer music breathed in every gale;
 And cooler shades and fairer bowers arose,
 Loved till the evening eye of life shall close:
 Each scene reflects the home-felt joys of youth,
 And gives each image with a mirror's truth.

D.

'A TIME OF UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

IN the course of a voyage from England, I once fell in with a convoy of merchant ships, bound for the West Indies. The weather was uncommonly bland; and the ships vied with each other in spreading sail to catch a light, favoring breeze, until their hulls were almost hidden beneath a cloud of canvass. The breeze went down with the sun, and his last yellow rays shone upon a thousand sails, idly flapping against the masts.

I exulted in the beauty of the scene, and augured a prosperous voyage; but the veteran master of the ship shook his head, and pronounced this halcyon calm a 'weather-breeder.' And so it proved. A storm burst forth in the night; the sea roared and raged; and when the day broke, I beheld the late gallant convoy scattered in every direction; some dismasted, others scudding under bare poles, and many firing signals of distress.

I have since been occasionally reminded of this scene, by those calm, sunny seasons in the commercial world, which are known by the name of 'times of unexampled prosperity.' They are the sure weather-breeders of traffic. Every now and then the world is visited by one of these delusive seasons, when 'the credit system,' as it is called, expands to full luxuriance: every body trusts every body; a bad debt is a thing unheard of; the broad way to certain and sudden wealth lies plain and open; and men are tempted to dash forward boldly, from the facility of borrowing.

Promissory notes, interchanged between scheming individuals, are liberally discounted at the banks, which become so many mints to coin words into cash; and as the supply of words is inexhaustible, it may readily be supposed what a vast amount of promissory capital is soon in circulation. Every one now talks in thousands; nothing is heard but gigantic operations in trade; great purchases and sales of real property, and immense sums made at every transfer. All, to be sure, as yet exists in promise; but the believer in promises calculates the

aggregate as solid capital, and falls back in amazement at the amount of public wealth, the 'unexampled state of public prosperity!'

Now is the time for speculative and dreaming or designing men. They relate their dreams and projects to the ignorant and credulous, dazzle them with golden visions, and set them madding after shadows. The example of one stimulates another; speculation rises on speculation; bubble rises on bubble; every one helps with his breath to swell the windy superstructure, and admires and wonders at the magnitude of the inflation he has contributed to produce.

Speculation is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It renders the stock-jobber a magician, and the exchange a region of enchantment. It elevates the merchant into a kind of knight errant, or rather a commercial Quixotte. The slow but sure gains of snug per centage become despicable in his eyes: no 'operation' is thought worthy of attention, that does not double or treble the investment. No business is worth following, that does not promise an immediate fortune. As he sits musing over his ledger, with pen behind his ear, he is like La Mancha's hero in his study, dreaming over his books of chivalry. His dusty counting-house fades before his eyes, or changes into a Spanish mine: he gropes after diamonds, or dives after pearls. The subterranean garden of Aladdin is nothing to the realms of wealth that break upon his imagination.

Could this delusion always last, the life of a merchant would indeed be a golden dream; but it is as short as it is brilliant. Let but a doubt enter, and the 'season of unexampled prosperity' is at end. The coinage of words is suddenly curtailed; the promissory capital begins to vanish into smoke; a panic succeeds, and the whole superstructure, built upon credit, and reared by speculation, crumbles to the ground, leaving scarce a wreck behind:

'It is such stuff as dreams are made of.'

When a man of business, therefore, hears on every side rumors of fortunes suddenly acquired; when he finds banks liberal, and brokers busy; when he sees adventurers flush of paper capital, and full of scheme and enterprise; when he perceives a greater disposition to buy than to sell; when trade overflows its accustomed channels, and deluges the country; when he hears of new regions of commercial adventure; of distant marts and distant mines, swallowing merchandise and disgorging gold; when he finds joint stock companies of all kinds forming; rail-roads, canals, and locomotive engines, springing up on every side; when idlers suddenly become men of business, and dash into the game of commerce as they would into the hazards of the faro table; when he beholds the streets glittering with new equipages, palaces conjured up by the magic of speculation; tradesmen flushed with sudden success, and vying with each other in ostentatious expense; in a word, when he hears the whole community joining in the theme of 'unexampled prosperity,' let him look upon the whole as a 'weather-breeder,' and prepare for the impending storm.

The foregoing remarks are intended merely as a prelude to a nar-

rative I am about to lay before the public, of one of the most memorable instances of the infatuation of gain, to be found in the whole history of commerce. I allude to the famous Mississippi bubble. It is a matter that has passed into a proverb, and become a phrase in every one's mouth, yet of which not one merchant in ten has probably a distinct idea. I have therefore thought that an authentic account of it would be interesting and salutary, at the present moment, when we are suffering under the effects of a severe access of the credit system, and just recovering from one of its ruinous delusions.

THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

BEFORE entering into the story of this famous chimera, it is proper to give a few particulars concerning the individual who engendered it. JOHN LAW was born in Edinburgh, in 1671. His father, William Law, was a rich goldsmith, and left his son an estate of considerable value, called Lauriston, situated about four miles from Edinburgh. Goldsmiths, in those days, acted occasionally as bankers, and his father's operations, under this character, may have originally turned the thoughts of the youth to the science of calculation, in which he became an adept; so that at an early age he excelled in playing at all games of combination.

In 1694, he appeared in London, where a handsome person, and an easy and insinuating address, gained him currency in the first circles, and the nick-name of 'Beau Law.' The same personal advantages gave him success in the world of gallantry, until he became involved in a quarrel with Beau Wilson, his rival in fashion, whom he killed in a duel, and then fled to France, to avoid prosecution.

He returned to Edinburgh in 1700, and remained there several years; during which time he first broached his great credit system, offering to supply the deficiency of coin by the establishment of a bank, which, according to his views, might emit a paper currency equivalent to the whole landed estate of the kingdom.

His scheme excited great astonishment in Edinburgh; but, though the government was not sufficiently advanced in financial knowledge to detect the fallacies upon which it was founded, Scottish caution and suspicion served in place of wisdom, and the project was rejected. Law met with no better success with the English parliament; and the fatal affair of the death of Wilson still hanging over him, for which he had never been able to procure a pardon, he again went to France.

The financial affairs of France were at this time in a deplorable condition. The wars, the pomp, and profusion, of Louis XIV., and his religious persecutions of whole classes of the most industrious of his subjects, had exhausted his treasury, and overwhelmed the nation with debt. The old monarch clung to his selfish magnificence, and could not be induced to diminish his enormous expenditure; and his minister of finance was driven to his wits' end to devise all kinds of disastrous expedients to keep up the royal state, and to extricate the nation from its embarrassments.

In this state of things, Law ventured to bring forward his financial project. It was founded on the plan of the Bank of England, which had already been in successful operation several years. He met with immediate patronage, and a congenial spirit, in the Duke of Orleans, who had married a natural daughter of the king. The duke had been astonished at the facility with which England had supported the burthen of a public debt, created by the wars of Anne and William, and which exceeded in amount that under which France was groaning. The whole matter was soon explained by Law to his satisfaction. The latter maintained that England had stopped at the mere threshold of an art capable of creating unlimited sources of national wealth. The duke was dazzled with his splendid views and specious reasonings, and thought he clearly comprehended his system. Demarets, the Comptroller General of Finance, was not so easily deceived. He pronounced the plan of Law more pernicious than any of the disastrous expedients that the government had yet been driven to. The old King also, Louis XIV., detested all innovations, especially those which came from a rival nation: the project of a bank, therefore, was utterly rejected.

Law remained for a while in Paris, leading a gay and affluent existence, owing to his handsome person, easy manners, flexible temper, and a faro-bank which he had set up. His agreeable career was interrupted by a message from D'Argenson, Lieutenant General of Police, ordering him to quit Paris, alleging that he was '*rather too skilful at the game which he had introduced!*'

For several succeeding years, he shifted his residence from state to state of Italy and Germany; offering his scheme of finance to every court that he visited, but without success. The Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeas, afterward King of Sardinia, was much struck with his project; but after considering it for a time, replied, '*I am not sufficiently powerful, to ruin myself!*'

The shifting, adventurous life of Law, and the equivocal means by which he appeared to live, playing high, and always with great success, threw a cloud of suspicion over him, wherever he went, and caused him to be expelled by the magistracy from the semi-commercial, semi-aristocratical cities of Venice and Genoa.

The events of 1715, brought Law back again to Paris. Louis XIV. was dead. Louis XV. was a mere child, and during his minority, the Duke of Orleans held the reins of government as Regent. Law had at length found his man.

The Duke of Orleans has been differently represented by different contemporaries. He appears to have had excellent natural qualities, perverted by a bad education. He was of the middle size, easy and graceful, with an agreeable countenance, and open, affable demeanor. His mind was quick and sagacious, rather than profound; and his quickness of intellect, and excellence of memory, supplied the lack of studious application. His wit was prompt and pungent; he expressed himself with vivacity and precision; his imagination was vivid, his temperament sanguine and joyous; his courage daring. His mother, the Duchess of Orleans, expressed his character in a *jeu d'esprit*. 'The fairies,' said she, 'were invited to be present at his birth, and each one conferring a talent on my son, he possesses them

all. Unfortunately, we had forgotten to invite an old fairy, who, arriving after all the others, exclaimed, 'He shall have all the talents, excepting that to make a good use of them.'

Under proper tuition, the Duke might have risen to real greatness; but in his early years, he was put under the tutelage of the Abbé Dubois, one of the subtlest and basest spirits that ever intrigued its way into eminent place and power. The Abbé was of low origin, and despicable exterior, totally destitute of morals, and perfidious in the extreme; but with a supple, insinuating address, and an accommodating spirit, tolerant of all kinds of profligacy in others. Conscious of his own inherent baseness, he sought to secure an influence over his pupil, by corrupting his principles, and fostering his vices: he debased him, to keep himself from being despised. Unfortunately, he succeeded. To the early precepts of this infamous pander, have been attributed those excesses that disgraced the manhood of the Regent, and gave a licentious character to his whole course of government. His love of pleasure, quickened and indulged by those who should have restrained it, led him into all kinds of sensual indulgence. He had been taught to think lightly of the most serious duties and sacred ties; to turn virtue into a jest, and consider religion mere hypocrisy. He was a gay misanthrope, that had a sovereign but sportive contempt for mankind; believed that his most devoted servant would be his enemy, if interest prompted; and maintained that an honest man was he who had the art to conceal that he was the contrary.

He surrounded himself with a set of dissolute men like himself; who, let loose from the restraint under which they had been held, during the latter hypocritical days of Louis XIV., now gave way to every kind of debauchery. With these men the Regent used to shut himself up, after the hours of business, and excluding all graver persons and graver concerns, celebrate the most drunken and disgusting orgies; where obscenity and blasphemy formed the seasoning of conversation. For the profligate companions of these revels, he invented the appellation of his *roués*, the literal meaning of which is, men broken on the wheel; intended, no doubt, to express their broken-down characters and dislocated fortunes; although a contemporary asserts that it designated the punishment that most of them merited. Madame de Labran, who was present at one of the Regent's suppers, was disgusted by the conduct and conversation of the host and his guests, and observed at table, that God, after he had created man, took the refuse clay that was left, and made of it the souls of lacqueys and princes.

Such was the man that now ruled the destinies of France. Law found him full of perplexities, from the disastrous state of the finances. He had already tampered with the coinage, calling in the coin of the nation, re-stamping it, and issuing it at a nominal increase of one-fifth; thus defrauding the nation out of twenty per cent. of its capital. He was not likely, therefore, to be scrupulous about any means likely to relieve him from financial difficulties: he had even been led to listen to the cruel alternative of a national bankruptcy.

Under these circumstances, Law confidently brought forward his scheme of a bank, that was to pay off the national debt, increase the

revenue, and at the same time diminish the taxes. The following is stated as the theory by which he recommended his system to the Regent. The credit enjoyed by a banker or a merchant, he observed, increases his capital ten fold ; that is to say, he who has a capital of one hundred thousand livres, may, if he possess sufficient credit, extend his operations to a million, and reap profits to that amount. In like manner, a state that can collect into a bank all the current coin of the kingdom, would be as powerful as if its capital were increased ten fold. The specie must be drawn into the bank, not by way of loan, or by taxations, but in the way of deposit. This might be effected in different modes, either by inspiring confidence, or by exerting authority. One mode, he observed, had already been in use. Each time that a state makes a re-coinage, it becomes momentarily the depositary of all the money called in, belonging to the subjects of that state. His bank was to effect the same purpose ; that is to say, to receive in deposit all the coin of the kingdom, but to give in exchange its bills, which, being of an invariable value, bearing an interest, and being payable on demand, would not only supply the place of coin, but prove a better and more profitable currency.

The Regent caught with avidity at the scheme. It suited his bold, reckless spirit, and his grasping extravagance. Not that he was altogether the dupe of Law's specious projects : still he was apt, like many other men, unskilled in the arcana of finance, to mistake the multiplication of money, for the multiplication of wealth ; not understanding that it was a mere agent or instrument in the interchange of traffic, to represent the value of the various productions of industry ; and that an increased circulation of coin or bank bills, in the shape of currency, only adds a proportionably increased and fictitious value to such productions. Law enlisted the vanity of the Regent in his cause. He persuaded him that he saw more clearly than others into sublime theories of finance, which were quite above the ordinary apprehension. He used to declare that, excepting the Regent and the Duke of Savoy, no one had thoroughly comprehended his system.

It is certain that it met with strong opposition from the Regent's ministers, the Duke de Noailles and the Chanceller d'Anguesseau ; and it was no less strenuously opposed by the parliament of Paris. Law, however, had a potent though secret coadjutor in the Abbé Dubois, now rising, during the regency, into great political power, and who retained a baneful influence over the mind of the Regent. This wily priest, as avaricious as he was ambitious, drew large sums from Law as subsidies, and aided him greatly in many of his most pernicious operations. He aided him, in the present instance, to fortify the mind of the Regent against all the remonstrances of his ministers and the parliament.

Accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1716, letters patent were granted to Law, to establish a bank of deposit, discount, and circulation, under the firm of ' Law and Company,' to continue for twenty years. The capital was fixed at six millions of livres, divided into shares of five hundred livres each, which were to be sold for twenty-five per cent. of the regent's debased coin, and seventy-five per cent. of the public

securities : which were then at a great reduction from their nominal value, and which then amounted to nineteen hundred millions. The ostensible object of the bank, as set forth in the patent, was to encourage the commerce and manufactures of France. The louis-d'ors and crowns of the bank were always to retain the same standard of value, and its bills to be payable in them on demand.

At the outset, while the bank was limited in its operations, and while its paper really represented the specie in its vaults, it seemed to realize all that had been promised from it. It rapidly acquired public confidence, and an extended circulation, and produced an activity in commerce, unknown under the baneful government of Louis XIV. As the bills of the bank bore an interest, and as it was stipulated they would be of invariable value, and as hints had been artfully circulated that the coin would experience successive diminution, every body hastened to the bank to exchange gold and silver for paper. So great became the throng of depositors, and so intense their eagerness, that there was quite a press and struggle at the back door, and a ludicrous panic was awakened, as if there was danger of their not being admitted. An anecdote of the time relates, that one of the clerks, with an ominous smile, called out to the struggling multitude, 'Have a little patience, my friends; we mean to take all your money;' an assertion disastrously verified in the sequel.

Thus, by the simple establishment of a bank, Law and the Regent obtained pledges of confidence for the consummation of farther and more complicated schemes, as yet hidden from the public. In a little while, the bank shares rose enormously, and the amount of its notes in circulation exceeded one hundred and ten millions of livres. A subtle stroke of policy had rendered it popular with the aristocracy. Louis XIV. had several years previously imposed an income tax of a tenth, giving his royal word that it should cease in 1717. This tax had been exceedingly irksome to the privileged orders; and, in the present disastrous times, they had dreaded an augmentation of it. In consequence of the successful operation of Law's scheme, however, the tax was abolished, and now nothing was to be heard among the nobility and clergy, but praises of the Regent and the bank.

Hitherto, all had gone well, and all might have continued to go well, had not the paper system been farther expanded. But Law had yet the grandest part of his scheme to develope. He had to open his ideal world of speculation, his *El Dorado* of unbounded wealth. The English had brought the vast imaginary commerce of the South Seas in aid of their banking operations. Law sought to bring, as an immense auxiliary of his bank, the whole trade of the Mississippi. Under this name was included not merely the river so called, but the vast region known as Louisiana, extending from north latitude 29° up to Canada in north latitude 40°. This country had been granted by Louis XIV. to the *Sieur Crozat*, but he had been induced to resign his patent. In conformity to the plea of Mr. Law, letters patent were granted in August 1717, for the creation of a commercial company, which was to have the colonizing of this country, and the monopoly of its trade and resources, and of the beaver or fur trade with Canada. It was called the *Western*, but became better known as the *Mississippi Company*. The capital was fixed at one hundred

millions of livres, divided into shares, bearing an interest of four per cent., which were subscribed for in the public securities. As the bank was to cooperate with the company, the regent ordered that its bills should be received the same as coin, in all payments of the public revenue. Law was appointed chief director of this company, which was an exact copy of the Earl of Oxford's South Sea Company, set on foot in 1711, and which distracted all England with the frenzy of speculation. In like manner with the delusive picturings given in that memorable scheme of the sources of rich trade to be opened in the South Sea countries, Law held forth magnificent prospects of the fortunes to be made in colonizing Louisiana, which was represented as a veritable land of promise, capable of yielding every variety of the most precious produce. Reports, too, were artfully circulated, with great mystery, as if to the 'chosen few,' of mines of gold and silver recently discovered in Louisiana, and which would insure instant wealth to the early purchasers. These confidential whispers of course soon became public; and were confirmed by travellers fresh from the Mississippi, and doubtless bribed, who had seen the mines in question, and declared them superior in richness to those of Mexico and Peru. Nay more, ocular proof was furnished to public credulity, in ingots of gold, conveyed to the mint, as if just brought from the mines of Louisiana.

Extraordinary measures were adopted to force a colonization. An edict was issued to collect and transport settlers to the Mississippi. The police lent its aid. The streets and prisons of Paris, and of the provincial cities, were swept of mendicants and vagabonds of all kinds, who were conveyed to Havre de Grace. About six thousand were crowded into ships, where no precautions had been taken for their health or accommodation. Instruments of all kinds proper for the working of mines were ostentatiously paraded in public, and put on board the vessels; and the whole set sail for this fabled *El Dorado*, which was to prove the grave of the greater part of its wretched colonists.

D'Anguesseau, the chancellor, a man of probity and integrity, still lifted his voice against the paper system of Law, and his project of colonization, and was eloquent and prophetic in picturing the evils they were calculated to produce; the private distress and public degradation; the corruption of morals and manners; the triumph of knaves and schemers; the ruin of fortunes, and downfall of families. He was incited more and more to this opposition by the Duke de Noailles, the Minister of Finance, who was jealous of the growing ascendancy of Law over the mind of the Regent, but was less honest than the chancellor in his opposition. The Regent was excessively annoyed by the difficulties they conjured up in the way of his darling schemes of finance, and the countenance they gave to the opposition of parliament; which body, disgusted more and more with the abuses of the regency, and the system of Law, had gone so far as to carry its remonstrances to the very foot of the throne.

He determined to relieve himself from these two ministers, who, either through honesty or policy, interfered with all his plans. Accordingly, on the 28th of January, 1718, he dismissed the chancellor from office, and exiled him to his estate in the country; and shortly

afterward, removed the Duke de Noailles from the administration of the finances.

The opposition of parliament to the Regent and his measures, was carried on with increasing violence. That body aspired to an equal authority with the Regent, in the administration of affairs, and pretended, by its decree, to suspend an edict of the regency, ordering a new coinage, and altering the value of the currency. But its chief hostility was levelled against Law, a foreigner and a heretic, and one who was considered by a majority of the members in the light of a malefactor. In fact, so far was this hostility carried, that secret measures were taken to investigate his malversations, and to collect evidence against him; and it was resolved in parliament that, should the testimony collected justify their suspicions, they would have him seized and brought before them; would give him a brief trial, and if convicted, would hang him in the court-yard of the palace, and throw open the gates after the execution, that the public might behold his corpse!

Law received intimation of the danger hanging over him, and was in terrible trepidation. He took refuge in the Palais Royal, the residence of the Regent, and implored his protection. The Regent himself was embarrassed by the sturdy opposition of parliament, which contemplated nothing less than a decree reversing most of his public measures, especially those of finance. His indecision kept Law for a time in an agony of terror and suspense. Finally, by assembling a board of justice, and bringing to his aid the absolute authority of the king, he triumphed over parliament, and relieved Law from his dread of being hanged.

The system now went on with flowing sail. The Western, or Mississippi Company, being identified with the bank, rapidly increased in power and privileges. One monopoly after another was granted to it; the trade of the Indian seas; the slave trade with Senegal and Guinea; the farming of tobacco; the national coinage, etc. Each new privilege was made a pretext for issuing more bills, and caused an immense advance in the price of stock. At length, on the 4th of December, 1718, the Regent gave the establishment the imposing title of **THE ROYAL BANK**, and proclaimed that he had effected the purchase of all the shares, the proceeds of which he had added to its capital. This measure seemed to shock the public feeling more than any other connected with the system, and roused the indignation of parliament. The French nation had been so accustomed to attach an idea of every thing noble, lofty, and magnificent, to the royal name and person, especially during the stately and sumptuous reign of Louis XIV., that they could not at first tolerate the idea of royalty being in any degree mingled with matters of traffic and finance, and the king being in a manner a banker. It was one of the downward steps, however, by which royalty lost its illusive splendor in France, and became gradually cheapened in the public mind.

Arbitrary measures now began to be taken to force the bills of the bank into artificial currency. On the 27th of December, appeared an order in council, forbidding, under severe penalties, the payment of any sum above six hundred livres in gold or silver. This decree rendered bank bills necessary in all transactions of purchase and

sale, and called for a new emission. The prohibition was occasionally evaded or opposed; confiscations were the consequence; informers were rewarded, and spies and traitors began to spring up in all the domestic walks of life.

The worst effect of this illusive system was the mania for gain, or rather for gambling in stocks, that now seized upon the whole nation. Under the exciting effects of lying reports, and the forcing effects of government decrees, the shares of the Company went on rising in value, until they reached thirteen hundred per cent. Nothing was now spoken of, but the price of shares, and the immense fortunes suddenly made by lucky speculators. Those whom Law had deluded, used every means to delude others. The most extravagant dreams were indulged, concerning the wealth to flow in upon the Company, from its colonies, its trade, and its various monopolies. It is true, nothing as yet had been realized, nor could in some time be realized, from these distant sources, even if productive: but the imaginations of speculators are ever in the advance, and their conjectures are immediately converted into facts. Lying reports now flew from mouth to mouth, of sure avenues to fortune suddenly thrown open. The more extravagant the fable, the more readily was it believed. To doubt, was to awaken anger, or incur ridicule. In a time of public infatuation, it requires no small exercise of courage to doubt a popular fallacy.

Paris now became the centre of attraction for the adventurous and the avaricious, who flocked to it, not merely from the provinces, but from neighboring countries. A stock exchange was established in a house in the Rue Quincampoix, and became immediately the gathering place of stock-jobbers. The exchange opened at seven o'clock, with the beat of drum and sound of bell, and closed at night with the same signals. Guards were stationed at each end of the street, to maintain order, and exclude carriages and horses. The whole street swarmed throughout the day like a bee-hive. Bargains of all kinds were seized upon with avidity. Shares of stock passed from hand to hand, mounting in value, one knew not why. Fortunes were made in a moment, as if by magic; and every lucky bargain prompted those around to a more desperate throw of the die. The fever went on, increasing in intensity as the day declined; and when the drum beat, and the bell rang, at night, to close the exchange, there were exclamations of impatience and despair, as if the wheel of fortune had suddenly been stopped, when about to make its luckiest evolution.

To engulf all classes in this ruinous vortex, Law now split the shares of fifty millions of stock each into one hundred shares; thus, as in the splitting of lottery tickets, accommodating the venture to the humblest purse. Society was thus stirred up to its very dregs, and adventurers of the lowest order hurried to the stock market. All honest, industrious pursuits, and modest gains, were now dispised. Wealth was to be obtained instantly, without labor, and without stint. The upper classes were as base in their venality as the lower. The highest and most powerful nobles, abandoning all generous pursuits and lofty aims, engaged in the vile scuffle for gain. They were even baser than the lower classes; for some of them, who were members of the council of the regency, abused their station and their influence,

and promoted measures by which shares arose while in their hands, and they made immense profits.

The Duke de Bourbon, the prince of Conti, the Dukes de la Force and D'Antin were among the foremost of these illustrious stock-jobbers. They were nick-named the Mississippi Lords, and they smiled at the sneering title. In fact, the usual distinctions of society had lost their consequence, under the reign of this new passion. Rank, talent, military fame, no longer inspired deference. All respect for others, all self-respect, were forgotten in the mercenary struggle of the stock-market. Even prelates and ecclesiastical corporations, forgetting their true objects of devotion, mingled among the votaries of Mammon. They were not behind those who wielded the civil power in fabricating ordinances suited to their avaricious purposes. Theological decisions forthwith appeared, in which the anathema launched by the church against usury, was conveniently construed as not extending to the traffic in bank shares!

The Abbé Dubois entered into the mysteries of stock-jobbing with all the zeal of an apostle, and enriched himself by the spoils of the credulous; and he continually drew large sums from Law, as considerations for his political influence. Faithless to his country, in the course of his gambling speculations he transferred to England a great amount of specie, which had been paid into the royal treasury; thus contributing to the subsequent dearth of the precious metals.

The female sex participated in this sordid frenzy. Princesses of the blood, and ladies of the highest nobility, were among the most rapacious of stock-jobbers. The Regent seemed to have the riches of Croesus at his command, and lavished money by hundreds of thousands upon his female relatives and favorites, as well as upon his *roués*, the dissolute companions of his debauches. 'My son,' writes the Regent's mother, in her correspondence, 'gave me shares to the amount of two millions, which I distributed among my household. The king also took several millions for his own household. All the royal family have had them; all the children and grand-children of France, and the princes of the blood.'

Luxury and extravagance kept pace with this sudden inflation of fancied wealth. The hereditary palaces of nobles were pulled down, and rebuilt on a scale of augmented splendor. Entertainments were given, of incredible cost and magnificence. Never before had been such display in houses, furniture, equipages, and amusements. This was particularly the case among persons of the lower ranks, who had suddenly become possessed of millions. Ludicrous anecdotes are related of some of these upstarts. One, who had just launched a splendid carriage, when about to use it for the first time, instead of getting in at the door, mounted, through habitude, to his accustomed place behind. Some ladies of quality, seeing a well-dressed woman covered with diamonds, but whom nobody knew, alight from a very handsome carriage, inquired who she was, of the footman. He replied, with a sneer: 'It is a lady who has recently tumbled from a garret into this carriage.' Mr. Law's domestics were said to become in like manner suddenly enriched by the crumbs that fell from his table. His coachman, having made a fortune, retired from his service. Mr. Law requested him to procure a coachman in his place. He appeared the

next day with two, whom he pronounced equally good, and told Mr. Law: 'Take which of them you choose, and I will take the other!'

Nor were these *novi homini* treated with the distance and disdain they would formerly have experienced from the haughty aristocracy of France. The pride of the old noblesse had been stifled by the stronger instinct of avarice. They rather sought the intimacy and confidence of these lucky upstarts; and it has been observed that a nobleman would gladly take his seat at the table of the fortunate lacquey of yesterday, in hopes of learning from him the secret of growing rich!

Law now went about with a countenance radiant with success, and apparently dispensing wealth on every side. 'He is admirably skilled in all that relates to finance,' writes the Duchess of Orleans, the Regent's mother, 'and has put the affairs of the state in such good order, that all the king's debts have been paid. He is so much run after, that he has no repose night or day. A duchess even kissed his hand publicly. If a duchess can do this, what will other ladies do!'

Wherever he went, his path, we are told, was beset by a sordid throng, who waited to see him pass, and sought to obtain the favor of a word, a nod, or smile, as if a mere glance from him would bestow fortune. When at home, his house was absolutely besieged by furious candidates for fortune. 'They forced the doors,' says the Duke de St. Simon; 'they scaled his windows from the garden; they made their way into his cabinet down the chimney!'

The same venal court was paid by all classes to his family. The highest ladies of the court vied with each other in meannesses, to purchase the lucrative friendship of Mrs. Law and her daughter. They waited upon them with as much assiduity and adulation as if they had been princesses of the blood. The Regent one day expressed a desire that some duchess should accompany his daughter to Genoa. 'My Lord,' said some one present, 'if you would have a choice from among the duchesses, you need but send to Mrs. Law's; you will find them all assembled there.'

The wealth of Law rapidly increased with the expansion of the bubble. In the course of a few months, he purchased fourteen titled estates, paying for them in paper; and the public hailed these sudden and vast acquisitions of landed property, as so many proofs of the soundness of his system. In one instance, he met with a shrewd bargainer, who had not the general faith in his paper money. The President de Novion insisted on being paid for an estate in hard coin. Law accordingly brought the amount, four hundred thousand livres, in specie, saying, with a sarcastic smile, that he preferred paying in money, as its weight rendered it a mere incumbrance. As it happened, the President could give no clear title to the land, and the money had to be refunded. He paid it back *in paper*, which Law dared not refuse, lest he should depreciate it in the market!

The course of illusory credit went on triumphantly for eighteen months. Law had nearly fulfilled one of his promises, for the greater part of the public debt had been paid off; but how paid? In bank shares, which had been trumped up several hundred per cent. above their value, and which were to vanish like smoke in the hands of the holders.

One of the most striking attributes of Law, was the imperturbable assurance and self-possession with which he replied to every objection, and found a solution for every problem. He had the dexterity of a juggler in evading difficulties; and what was peculiar, made figures themselves, which are the very elements of exact demonstration, the means to dazzle and bewilder.

Toward the latter end of 1719, the Mississippi scheme had reached its highest point of glory. Half a million of strangers had crowded into Paris, in quest of fortune. The hotels and lodging-houses were overflowing; lodgings were procured with excessive difficulty; granaries were turned into bed-rooms; provisions had risen enormously in price; splendid houses were multiplying on every side; the streets were crowded with carriages; above a thousand new equipages had been launched.

On the eleventh of December, Law obtained another prohibitory decree, for the purpose of sweeping all the remaining specie in circulation into the bank. By this it was forbidden to make any payment in silver, above ten livres, or in gold, above three hundred.

The repeated decrees of this nature, the object of which was to depreciate the value of gold, and increase the illusive credit of paper, began to awaken doubts of a system which required such bolstering. Capitalists gradually awoke from their bewilderment. Sound and able financiers consulted together, and agreed to make common cause against this continual expansion of a paper system. The shares of the bank and of the Company began to decline in value. Wary men took the alarm, and began to *realize*, a word now first brought into use, to express the conversion of *ideal* property into something *real*.

The Prince of Conti, one of the most prominent and grasping of the Mississippi lords, was the first to give a blow to the credit of the bank. There was a mixture of ingratitude in his conduct, that characterized the venal baseness of the times. He had received, from time to time, enormous sums from Law, as the price of his influence and patronage. His avarice had increased with every acquisition, until Law was compelled to refuse one of his exactions. In revenge, the prince immediately sent such an amount of paper to the bank to be cashed, that it required four wagons to bring away the silver, and he had the meanness to loll out of the window of his hotel, and jest and exult, as it was trundled into his port cochère.

This was the signal for other drains of like nature. The English and Dutch merchants, who had purchased a great amount of bank paper at low prices, cashed them at the bank, and carried the money out of the country. Other strangers did the like, thus draining the kingdom of its specie, and leaving paper in its place.

The Regent, perceiving these symptoms of decay in the system, sought to restore it to public confidence, by conferring marks of confidence upon its author. He accordingly resolved to make Law Comptroller General of the Finances of France. There was a material obstacle in the way. Law was a protestant, and the Regent, unscrupulous as he was himself, did not dare publicly to outrage the severe edicts which Louis XIV., in his bigot days, had fulminated against all heretics. Law soon let him know that there would be no difficulty

on that head. He was ready at any moment to abjure his religion in the way of business. For decency's sake, however, it was judged proper he should previously be convinced and converted. A ghostly instructor was soon found, ready to accomplish his conversion in the shortest possible time. This was the Abbé Tencin, a profligate creature of the profligate Dubois, and like him working his way to ecclesiastical promotion and temporal wealth, by the basest means.

Under the instructions of the Abbé Tencin, Law soon mastered the mysteries and dogmas of the Catholic doctrine; and, after a brief course of ghostly training, declared himself thoroughly convinced and converted. To avoid the sneers and jests of the Parisian public, the ceremony of abjuration took place at Melun. Law made a pious present of one hundred thousand livres to the Church of St. Roque, and the Abbé Tencin was rewarded for his edifying labors, by sundry shares and bank bills; which he shrewdly took care to convert into cash, having as little faith in the system, as in the piety of his new convert. A more grave and moral community might have been outraged by this scandalous farce; but the Parisians laughed at it with their usual levity, and contented themselves with making it the subject of a number of songs and epigrams.

Law being now orthodox in his faith, took out letters of naturalization, and having thus surmounted the intervening obstacles, was elevated by the Regent to the post of Comptroller General. So accustomed had the community become to all juggles and transmutations in this hero of finance, that no one seemed shocked or astonished at his sudden elevation. On the contrary, being now considered perfectly established in place and power, he became more than ever the object of venal adoration. Men of rank and dignity thronged his antechamber, waiting patiently their turn for an audience; and titled dames demeaned themselves to take the front seats of the carriages of his wife and daughter, as if they had been riding with princesses of the blood royal. Law's head grew giddy with his elevation, and he began to aspire after aristocratical distinction. There was to be a court ball, at which several of the young noblemen were to dance in a ballet with the youthful king. Law requested that his son might be admitted into the ballet, and the Regent consented. The young scions of nobility, however, were indignant, and scouted the 'intruding upstart.' Their more worldly parents, fearful of displeasing the modern Midas, reprimanded them in vain. The striplings had not yet imbibed the passion for gain, and still held to their high blood. The son of the banker received slights and annoyances on all sides, and the public applauded them for their spirit. A fit of illness came opportunely to relieve the youth from an honor which would have cost him a world of vexations and affronts.

In February, 1720, shortly after Law's instalment in office, a decree came out, uniting the bank to the India Company, by which last name the whole establishment was now known. The decree stated, that as the bank was royal, the king was bound to make good the value of its bills; that he committed to the company the government of the bank for fifty years, and sold to it fifty millions of stock belonging to him, for nine hundred millions; a simple advance of

eighteen hundred per cent. The decree farther declared, in the king's name, that he would never draw on the bank, until the value of his drafts had first been lodged in it by his receivers general.

The bank, it was said, had by this time issued notes to the amount of one thousand millions; being more paper than all the banks of Europe were able to circulate. To aid its credit, the receivers of the revenue were directed to take bank notes of the sub-receivers. All payments, also, of one hundred livres and upward, were ordered to be made in bank notes. These compulsory measures for a short time gave a false credit to the bank, which proceeded to discount merchants' notes, to lend money on jewels, plate, and other valuables, as well as on mortgages.

Still farther to force on the system, an edict next appeared, forbidding any individual, or any corporate body, civil or religious, to hold in possession more than five hundred livres in current coin; that is to say, about seven louis-d'ors; the value of the louis-d'or in paper, being, at the time, seventy-two livres. All the gold and silver they might have, above this pittance, was to be brought to the royal bank, and exchanged either for shares or bills.

As confiscation was the penalty of disobedience to this decree, and informers were assured a share of the forfeitures, a bounty was in a manner held out to domestic spies and traitors; and the most odious scrutiny was awakened into the pecuniary affairs of families and individuals. The very confidence between friends and relatives was impaired, and all the domestic ties and virtues of society were threatened, until a general sentiment of indignation broke forth, that compelled the Regent to rescind the odious decree. Lord Stairs, the British ambassador, speaking of the system of espionage encouraged by this edict, observed that it was impossible to doubt that Law was a thorough Catholic, since he had thus established the *inquisition*, after having already proved *transubstantiation*, by changing specie into paper.

Equal abuses had taken place under the colonizing project. In his thousand expedients to amass capital, Law had sold parcels of land in Mississippi, at the rate of three thousand livres for a league square. Many capitalists had purchased estates large enough to constitute almost a principality; the only evil was, Law had sold a property which he could not deliver. The agents of police, who aided in recruiting the ranks of the colonists, had been guilty of scandalous impositions. Under pretence of taking up mendicants and vagabonds, they had scoured the streets at night, seizing upon honest mechanics, or their sons, and hurrying them to their crimping-houses, for the sole purpose of extorting money from them as a ransom. The populace was roused to indignation by these abuses. The officers of police were mobbed in the exercise of their odious functions, and several of them were killed; which put an end to this flagrant abuse of power.

In March, a most extraordinary decree of the council fixed the price of shares of the India Company at nine thousand livres each. All ecclesiastical communities and hospitals were now prohibited from investing money at interest, in any thing but India stock. With all these props and stays, the system continued to totter. How could it be otherwise, under a despotic government, that could alter

the value of property at every moment? The very compulsory measures that were adopted to establish the credit of the bank, hastened its fall; plainly showing there was a want of solid security. Law caused pamphlets to be published, setting forth, in eloquent language, the vast profits that must accrue to holders of the stock, and the impossibility of the king's ever doing it any harm. On the very back of these assertions, came forth an edict of the king, dated the 22d of May, wherein, under pretence of having reduced the value of his coin, it was declared necessary to reduce the value of his bank-notes one-half, and of the India shares from nine thousand to five thousand livres!

This decree came like a clap of thunder upon share-holders. They found one half of the pretended value of the paper in their hands annihilated in an instant; and what certainty had they with respect to the other half? The rich considered themselves ruined; those in humbler circumstances looked forward to abject beggary.

The parliament seized the occasion to stand forth as the protector of the public, and refused to register the decree. It gained the credit of compelling the Regent to retrace his step, though it is more probable he yielded to the universal burst of public astonishment and reprobation. On the 27th of May, the edict was revoked, and bank-bills were restored to their previous value. But the fatal blow had been struck; the delusion was at an end. Government itself had lost all public confidence, equally with the bank it had engendered, and which its own arbitrary acts had brought into discredit. 'All Paris,' says the Regent's mother, in her letters, 'has been mourning at the cursed decree which Law has persuaded my son to make. I have received anonymous letters, stating that I have nothing to fear on my own account, but that my son shall be pursued with fire and sword.'

The Regent now endeavored to avert the odium of his ruinous schemes from himself. He affected to have suddenly lost confidence in Law, and on the 29th of May, discharged him from his employ, as Comptroller General, and stationed a Swiss guard of sixteen men in his house. He even refused to see him, when, on the following day, he applied at the portal of the Palais Royal for admission: but having played off this farce before the public, he admitted him secretly the same night, by a private door, and continued as before to co-operate with him in his financial schemes.

On the first of June, the Regent issued a decree, permitting persons to have as much money as they pleased in their possession. Few, however, were in a state to benefit by this permission. There was a run upon the bank, but a royal ordinance immediately suspended payment, until farther orders. To relieve the public mind, a city stock was created, of twenty-five millions, bearing an interest of two and a half per cent., for which bank notes were taken in exchange. The bank notes thus withdrawn from circulation, were publicly burnt before the Hotel de Ville. The public, however, had lost confidence in every thing and every body, and suspected fraud and collusion in those who pretended to burn the bills.

A general confusion now took place in the financial world. Families who had lived in opulence, found themselves suddenly reduced to indigence. Schemers who had been revelling in the delusion of

princely fortune, found their estates vanishing into thin air. Those who had any property remaining, sought to secure it against reverses. Cautious persons found there was no safety for property in a country where the coin was continually shifting in value, and where a despotism was exercised over public securities, and even over the private purses of individuals. They began to send their effects into other countries; when lo! on the 20th of June, a royal edict commanded them to bring back their effects, under penalty of forfeiting twice their value; and forbade them, under like penalty, from investing their money in foreign stocks. This was soon followed by another decree, forbidding any one to retain precious stones in his possession, or to sell them to foreigners: all must be deposited in the bank, in exchange for depreciating paper!

Execrations were now poured out, on all sides, against Law, and menaces of vengeance. What a contrast, in a short time, to the venal incense that was offered up to him! 'This person,' writes the Regent's mother, 'who was formerly worshipped as a god, is now not sure of his life. It is astonishing how greatly terrified he is. He is as a dead man; he is pale as a sheet, and it is said he can never get over it. My son is not dismayed, though he is threatened on all sides, and is very much amused with Law's terrors.'

About the middle of July, the last grand attempt was made by Law and the Regent, to keep up the system, and provide for the immense emission of paper. A decree was fabricated, giving the India Company the entire monopoly of commerce, on condition that it would, in the course of a year, reimburse six hundred millions of livres of its bills, at the rate of fifty millions per month.

On the 17th, this decree was sent to parliament to be registered. It at once raised a storm of opposition in that assembly; and a vehement discussion took place. While that was going on, a disastrous scene was passing out of doors.

The calamitous effects of the system had reached the humblest concerns of human life. Provisions had risen to an enormous price; paper money was refused at all the shops; the people had not wherewithal to buy bread. It had been found absolutely indispensable to relax a little from the suspension of specie payments, and to allow small sums to be scantily exchanged for paper. The doors of the bank and the neighboring street were immediately thronged with a famishing multitude, seeking cash for bank-notes of ten livres. So great was the press and struggle, that several persons were stifled and crushed to death. The mob carried three of the bodies to the court-yard of the Palais Royal. Some cried for the Regent to come forth, and behold the effect of his system; others demanded the death of Law, the impostor, who had brought this misery and ruin upon the nation.

The moment was critical: the popular fury was rising to a tempest, when Le Blanc, the Secretary of State, stepped forth. He had previously sent for the military, and now only sought to gain time. Singling out six or seven stout fellows, who seemed to be the ring-leaders of the mob: 'My good fellows,' said he, calmly, 'carry away these bodies, and place them in some church, and then come back quickly to me for your pay.' They immediately obeyed; a kind

of funeral procession was formed; the arrival of troops dispersed those who lingered behind; and Paris was probably saved from an insurrection.

About ten o'clock in the morning, all being quiet, Law ventured to go in his carriage to the Palais Royal. He was saluted with cries and curses, as he passed along the streets; and he reached the Palais Royal in a terrible fright. The Regent amused himself with his fears, but retained him with him, and sent off his carriage, which was assailed by the mob, pelted with stones, and the glasses shattered. The news of this outrage was communicated to parliament in the midst of a furious discussion of the decree for the commercial monopoly. The first president, who had been absent for a short time, réentered, and communicated the tidings in a whimsical couplet:

'Messieurs, Messieurs! bonne nouvelle!
Le carrosse de Law est reduite en carrelle!'

'Gentlemen, Gentlemen! good news!
The carriage of Law is shattered to atoms!'

The members sprang up with joy: 'And Law!' exclaimed they, 'has he been torn to pieces?' The president was ignorant of the result of the tumult; whereupon the debate was cut short, the decree rejected, and the house adjourned; the members hurrying to learn the particulars. Such was the levity with which public affairs were treated, at that dissolute and disastrous period.

On the following day, there was an ordinance from the king, prohibiting all popular assemblages; and troops were stationed at various points, and in all public places. The regiment of guards was ordered to hold itself in readiness; and the musqueteers to be at their hotels, with their horses ready saddled. A number of small offices were opened, where people might cash small notes, though with great delay and difficulty. An edict was also issued, declaring that whoever should refuse to take bank notes in the course of trade, should forfeit double the amount!

The continued and vehement opposition of parliament to the whole delusive system of finance, had been a constant source of annoyance to the Regent; but this obstinate rejection of his last grand expedient of a commercial monopoly, was not to be tolerated. He determined to punish that intractable body. The Abbé Dubois and Law suggested a simple mode; it was to suppress the parliament altogether, being, as they observed, so far from useful, that it was a constant impediment to the march of public affairs. The Regent was half inclined to listen to their advice; but upon calmer consideration, and the advice of friends, he adopted a more moderate course. On the 20th of July, early in the morning, all the doors of the parliament-house were taken possession of by troops. Others were sent to surround the house of the first president, and others to the houses of the various members; who were all at first in great alarm, until an order from the king was put into their hands, to render themselves at Pontoise, in the course of two days, to which place the parliament was thus suddenly and arbitrarily transferred.

This despotic act, says Voltaire, would at any other time have

caused an insurrection; but one half of the Parisians were occupied by their ruin, and the other half by their fancied riches, which were soon to vanish. The president and members of parliament acquiesced in the mandate without a murmur; they even went as if on a party of pleasure, and made every preparation to lead a joyous life in their exile. The musqueteers, who held possession of the vacated parliament-house, a gay corps of fashionable young fellows, amused themselves with making songs and pasquinades, at the expense of the exiled legislators; and at length, to pass away time, formed themselves into a mock parliament; elected their presidents, kings, ministers, and advocates; took their seats in due form; arraigned a cat at their bar, in place of the *Sieur Law*, and after giving it a 'fair trial,' condemned it to be hanged. In this manner, public affairs and public institutions were lightly turned to jest.

As to the exiled parliament, it lived gaily and luxuriously at Pontoise, at the public expense; for the Regent had furnished funds, as usual, with a lavish hand. The first president had the mansion of the Duke de Bouillon put at his disposal, all ready furnished, with a vast and delightful garden on the borders of a river. There he kept open house to all the members of parliament. Several tables were spread every day, all furnished luxuriously and splendidly; the most exquisite wines and liqueurs, the choicest fruits and refreshments, of all kinds, abounded. A number of small chariots for one and two horses were always at hand, for such ladies and old gentlemen as wished to take an airing after dinner, and card and billiard tables for such as chose to amuse themselves in that way until supper. The sister and the daughter of the first president did the honors of his house, and he himself presided there with an air of great ease, hospitality, and magnificence. It became a party of pleasure to drive from Paris to Pontoise, which was six leagues distant, and partake of the amusements and festivities of the place. Business was openly slighted; nothing was thought of but amusement. The Regent and his government were laughed at, and made the subjects of continual pleasantries; while the enormous expenses incurred by this idle and lavish course of life, more than doubled the liberal sums provided. This was the way in which the parliament resented their exile.

During all this time, the system was getting more and more involved. The stock exchange had some time previously been removed to the Place Vendome; but the tumult and noise becoming intolerable to the residents of that polite quarter, and especially to the chancellor, whose hotel was there, the Prince and Princess Carignan, both deep gamblers in Mississippi stock, offered the extensive garden of their Hotel de Soissons as a rallying-place for the worshippers of Mammon. The offer was accepted. A number of barracks were immediately erected in the garden, as offices for the stock-brokers, and an order was obtained from the Regent, under pretext of police regulations, that no bargain should be valid, unless concluded in these barracks. The rent of them immediately mounted to a hundred livres a month for each, and the whole yielded these noble proprietors an ignoble revenue of half a million of livres.

The mania for gain, however, was now at an end. A universal panic succeeded. '*Sauve qui peut*!' was the watch-word. Every one

was anxious to exchange falling paper for something of intrinsic and permanent value. Since money was not to be had, jewels, precious stones, plate, porcelain, trinkets of gold and silver, all commanded any price, in paper. Land was bought at fifty years' purchase, and he esteemed himself happy, who could get it even at this price. Monopolies now became the rage among the noble holders of paper. The Duke de la Force bought up nearly all the tallow, grease, and soap; others the coffee and spices; others hay and oats. Foreign exchanges were almost impracticable. The debts of Dutch and English merchants were paid in this fictitious money, all the coin of the realm having disappeared. All the relations of debtor and creditor were confounded. With one thousand crowns, one might pay a debt of eighteen thousand livres!

The Regent's mother, who once exulted in the affluence of bank paper, now wrote in a very different tone: 'I have often wished,' said she, in her letters, 'that these bank-notes were in the depths of the infernal regions. They have given my son more trouble than relief. Nobody in France has a penny. * * * My son was once popular, but since the arrival of this cursed Law, he is hated more and more. Not a week passes, without my receiving letters filled with frightful threats, and speaking of him as a tyrant. I have just received one, threatening him with poison. When I showed it to him, he did nothing but laugh.'

In the mean time, Law was dismayed by the increasing troubles, and terrified at the tempest he had raised. He was not a man of real courage; and fearing for his personal safety, from popular tumult, or the despair of ruined individuals, he again took refuge in the palace of the Regent. The latter, as usual, amused himself with his terrors, and turned every new disaster into a jest; but he, too, began to think of his own security.

In pursuing the schemes of Law, he had no doubt calculated to carry through his term of government with ease and splendor; and to enrich himself, his connexions, and his favorites; and had hoped that the catastrophe of the system would not take place until after the expiration of the regency.

He now saw his mistake; that it was impossible much longer to prevent an explosion; and he determined at once to get Law out of the way, and then to charge him with the whole tissue of delusions of this paper alchymy. He accordingly took occasion of the recall of parliament in December, 1720, to suggest to Law the policy of his avoiding an encounter with that hostile and exasperated body. Law needed no urging to the measure. His only desire was to escape from Paris, and its tempestuous populace. Two days before the return of parliament, he took his sudden and secret departure. He travelled in a chaise bearing the arms of the Regent, and was escorted by a kind of safe-guard of servants, in the duke's livery. His first place of refuge was an estate of the Regent's, about six leagues from Paris, from whence he pushed forward to Bruxelles.

As soon as Law was fairly out of the way, the Duke of Orleans summoned a council of the regency, and informed them that they were assembled to deliberate on the state of the finances, and the affairs of the India Company. Accordingly La Houssaye, Comp-

trollor General, rendered a perfectly clear statement, by which it appeared that there were bank bills in circulation to the amount of two milliards, seven hundred millions of livres, without any evidence that this enormous sum had been emitted in virtue of any ordinance from the general assembly of the India Company, which alone had the right to authorize such emissions.

The council was astonished at this disclosure, and looked to the Regent for explanation. Pushed to the extreme, the Regent avowed that Law had emitted bills to the amount of twelve hundred millions beyond what had been fixed by ordinances, and in contradiction to express prohibitions; that the thing being done, he, the Regent, had legalized or rather covered the transaction, by decrees ordering such emissions, which decrees he had *antedated*.

A stormy scene ensued between the Regent and the Duke de Bourbon, little to the credit of either, both having been deeply implicated in the cabalistic operations of the system. In fact, the several members of the council had been among the most venal 'beneficiaries' of the scheme, and had interests at stake which they were anxious to secure. From all the circumstances of the case, I am inclined to think that others were more to blame than Law, for the disastrous effects of his financial projects. His bank, had it been confined to its original limits, and left to the control of its own internal regulations, might have gone on prosperously, and been of great benefit to the nation. It was an institution fitted for a free country; but unfortunately, it was subject to the control of a despotic government, that could, at its pleasure, alter the value of the specie within its vaults, and compel the most extravagant expansions of its paper circulation. The vital principle of a bank is security in the regularity of its operations, and the immediate convertibility of its paper into coin; and what confidence could be reposed in an institution, or its paper promises, when the sovereign could at any moment centuple those promises in the market, and seize upon all the money in the bank? The compulsory measures used, likewise, to force bank-notes into currency, against the judgment of the public, was fatal to the system; for credit must be free and uncontrolled as the common air. The Regent was the evil spirit of the system, that forced Law on to an expansion of his paper currency far beyond what he had ever dreamed of. He it was that in a manner compelled the unlucky projector to devise all kinds of collateral companies and monopolies, by which to raise funds to meet the constantly and enormously increasing emissions of shares and notes. Law was but like a poor conjuror in the hands of a potent spirit that he has evoked, and that obliges him to go on, desperately and ruinously, with his conjurations. He only thought at the outset to raise the wind, but the Regent compelled him to raise the whirlwind.

The investigation of the affairs of the Company by the council, resulted in nothing beneficial to the public. The princes and nobles who had enriched themselves by all kinds of juggles and extortions, escaped unpunished, and retained the greater part of their spoils. Many of the 'suddenly rich,' who had risen from obscurity to a giddy height of imaginary prosperity, and had indulged in all kinds of vulgar and ridiculous excesses, awoke as out of a dream, in their original

poverty, now made more galling and humiliating by their transient elevation.

The weight of the evil, however, fell on more valuable classes of society; honest tradesmen and artizans, who had been seduced away from the safe pursuits of industry, to the specious chances of speculation. Thousands of meritorious families, also, once opulent, had been reduced to indigence, by a too great confidence in government. There was a general derangement in the finances, that long exerted a baneful influence over the national prosperity; but the most disastrous effects of the system were upon the morals and manners of the nation. The faith of engagements, the sanctity of promises in affairs of business, were at an end. Every expedient to grasp present profit, or to evade present difficulty, was tolerated. While such deplorable laxity of principle was generated in the busy classes, the chivalry of France had soiled their pennons; and honor and glory, so long the idols of the Gallic nobility, had been tumbled to the earth, and trampled in the dirt of the stock-market.

As to Law, the originator of the system, he appears eventually to have profited but little by his schemes. 'He was a quack,' says Voltaire, 'to whom the state was given to be cured, but who poisoned it with his drugs, and who poisoned himself.' The effects which he left behind in France, were sold at a low price, and the proceeds dissipated. His landed estates were confiscated. He carried away with him barely enough to maintain himself, his wife, and daughter, with decency. The chief relique of his immense fortune was a great diamond, which he was often obliged to pawn. He was in England in 1721, and was presented to George the First. He returned shortly afterward, to the continent; shifting about from place to place, and died in Venice, in 1729. His wife and daughter, accustomed to live with the prodigality of princesses, could not conform to their altered fortunes, but dissipated the scanty means left to them, and sank into abject poverty. 'I saw his wife,' says Voltaire, 'at Bruxelles, as much humiliated as she had been haughty and triumphant at Paris.' An elder brother of Law remained in France, and was protected by the Duchess of Bourbon. His descendants have acquitted themselves honorably, in various public employments; and one of them is the Marquis Lauriston, some time Lieutenant General and Peer of France.

THE EARLY LOST.

SHE whose last bed beneath this turf is made,
Was wont, herself, to pause on every stone
That marked the place of others, earlier laid,
And think how soon their lot must be her own!

Oft would she turn her languid eye to heaven,
So sweetly sad; so tranquil oft appear,
As to her soul already had been given
Repose and happiness, for virtue here.

Let me, all unperceived, at early morn,
Through the still church-yard take my pensive way;
Sweet budding flowers shall thy new grave adorn,
Expressive of thy mild and fleeting day.

L.

BALL AT THRAM'S HUDDLE.

A PENCIL SKETCH: BY MRS. MARY CLAVERS, AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME: WHO 'LL FOLLOW?'

It was on the sultriest of all melting afternoons, when the flies were taking an unanimous siesta, and the bees, baked beyond honey or humming, swung idly on the honey-suckles, that I observed, with half-shut eye, something like activity among the human butterflies of our most peaceful of villages. If I could have persuaded myself to turn my head, I might doubtless have ascertained to what favored point were directed the steps (hasty, considering all things,) of the Miss Liggits, Miss Pinn, and my pretty friend, Fanny Russell; but the hour was unpropitious to research, and slumber beguiled the book from my fingers, before the thought 'Where *can* they be going!' had fairly passed through my mind. Fancy had but just transported me to the focus of a circle of glass-blowers, the furnace directly in front, and the glowing fluid all round me, when I was re-called to almost equally overcoming realities, by a light tap at the door. I must have given the usual invitation mechanically, for before I was fairly awake, the pink face of one of my own hand-maidens shone before my drowsy eyes.

'If you do n't want me for nothin', I 'd like to go down to the store to get some notions for the ball.'

'The ball! what! a red-hot ball!' I replied, for the drowsy influence was settling over me again, and I was already on the deck of a frigate, in the midst of a sharply-contested action.

'Massy no, marm! this here Independence ball up to Thram's Huddle,' said Jane, with a giggle.'

I was now wide awake with astonishment. 'A dance, Jane, in such weather as this!'

'Why law! yes; nothin' makes a body so cool as dancin' and drinkin' hot tea.'

This was beyond argument. Jane departed, and I amused myself with the flittings of gingham sun-bonnets and white aprons up and down the street, in the scorching sun.

It was waxing toward the tea-hour, when that prettiest of Fannies, Fanny Russell, her natural ringlets of shadowy gold, which a duchess might envy, looking all the richer under the melting influence of the time, came tripping into the little porch.

'If you *would* be so kind as to lend me that large feather fan; I would take such good care of it! It's for the ball.'

'Sweet Fanny! one must be churlish indeed, to deny thee a far greater boon!'

Next came that imp, Ring Jones; but he goes slyly round to the kitchen-door, with an air of great importance. Presently, enter Jane.

'Ring Jones has brought a kind of a bill, marm, for our Mark; and Mark ain't to *hum*, and Ring says he can't go without an answer.'

'But I cannot answer Mark's billets, you know, Jane.'

'No, marm; but — this 'ere is something about the *team*, I guess.' And in the meantime Jane had, *sans ceremonie*, broken the wafer, and was spelling out the contents of Mark's note.

'I can't justly make it out; but I know it's something about the *team*; and they want an answer right off.'

Thus urged, I took the note, which was after this fashion:

'The agreeable Company of Mr. Mark Loring and Lady is requested to G. Nobleses Tavern to Thram's huddle Independence the 4th July.'

And here followed the names of some eight or ten managers.

But, Jane, here's nothing about the team, after all.

'Jist look o' t' other side, marm; you see they did n't want to put it right in the ticket, like.'

Upon this hint, I discerned, in the extreme corner of the paper, a flourish which might be interpreted 'over.' Over I went accordingly, and there came the gist of the matter.

'Mark we want to hav you be ready with your Team at one o'clock precisely to escort the ladies if you can't let us know and do n't forgit to Put in as many Seats as you can and All your Buffaloes.*'

I ventured to promise that the team, and the seats, and the buffaloes, should be at Mark's disposal at 'one precisely,' and Ring Jones departed, highly exalted in his own opinion, by the success of his importunity.

It was to be supposed that we had now contributed our quota of aid, on this patriotic occasion; but it seemed that more was expected. The evening was far advanced, when the newly-installed proprietor of the half-finished 'hotel' at Thram's Huddle, alighted at our door; and, wiping his dripping brow, made known the astounding fact that he had scoured the country for dried apples, without success, and informed us that he had come, as a *dernier resort*, to beg the loan of some; 'for,' as he sensibly observed, 'a ball without no pies, was a thing that was never heerd on, no wheres.'

When this matter was settled, he mustered courage to ask, in addition, for the great favor of a gallon of vinegar, for which he declared himself ready to pay any price; 'that is, any thing that was reasonable.'

'I could not refrain from inquiring what indispensable purpose the vinegar was to serve.

'Why, for the lettuce, you see! — and if it's pretty sharp, it'll make 'em all the spryer.'

Mr. Noble departed, in a happy frame of mind, and we heard no more of the ball that night.

The next day, the eldest Miss Liggitt 'jist called in,' as she happened to be passing, to ask if I was 'a-goin' to want that 'ere flowery white bunnet-curting' of mine.

Some time ago I might not have comprehended that this description applied to a blonde-gauze veil, which had seen its best days, and was now scarce presentable. It did not require any great stretch of feminine generosity to lend this; but when it came to 'a pair of white lace gloves,' I pleaded poverty, and got off.

* It may be necessary to inform the civilized reader, that the use of buffalo robes in July, is to serve the purpose of cushions, and not of wrappers.

Our Jane, who is really quite a pretty girl, though her hair be of the sandiest, and her face and neck, at this time of the year, one continuous freckle, had set her heart upon a certain blue satin ribbon, which she did not like exactly to borrow, but which she had none the less made up her mind to have, for the grand occasion. So she began, like an able tactician, by showing me one of faded scarlet, on which she requested my opinion.

'Do n't you think this 'll look about right?'

'That horrid thing! No, Jane, pray do n't be seen in that!'

'Well! what kind o' color *do* you think would look good with this belt?' holding up a cincture, blue as the cloudless vault above us.

'Blue, or white; certainly not scarlet.'

'Ah! but I ha' n't got neither one nor t' other;' and she looked very pensive.

I was hard-hearted, but Jane was not without resource.

'If you'd a-mind to let me have that 'ere long blue one o' your'n: you do n't never wear it, and I'd be willin' to pay you for 't.'

Who could hold out? The azure streamer became Jane's, in fee simple. Spruce and warm looked our good Mark, in his tight blue coat, with its wealth of brass buttons, his stock five fathoms — I mean inches — deep, and his exceeding square-toed boots, bought new for this very solemnity. And a proud and pleased heart beat in his honest bosom, I doubt not, as he drove to the place of rendezvous, buffaloes and all, with cerulian Jane at his side, a full half hour before the appointed time. They need not have cautioned Mark to be 'percise.' For my part, I longed for 'the receipt of fern-seed to walk invisible,' or some of those other talismans which used in the good old times to help people into places where they had no business to be; and in this instance, the Fates seemed inclined to be propitious, in a degree at least.

The revellers had scarcely passed on the western road in long and most rapid procession — the dust they raised had certainly not subsided — when a black cloud, which had risen stealthily while all were absorbed in the outfit, began to unfold its ominous shroud. The fringes of this portentous curtain had scarcely passed the zenith, when a low, distant muttering, and a few scattering but immenso drops, gave token of what was coming; and long ere the gay *cortège* could have reached the Huddle, which is fully six miles distant, a heavy shower, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, must have made wet drapery of every damsel's anxiously elaborate ball-dress. Beaver and broad-cloth might survive such a deluge, but alas for white dresses, long ringlets, and blonde-gauze 'bunnet-curtings!'

The shower was too violent to last, and when it had subsided, and all was

'Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn,'

I fortunately recollect an excellent reason for a long drive, ('man is his own Fate,') which would bring us into the very sound of the violins of the Huddle. A young woman, who had filled the very important place of 'help' in our family, was lying very ill at her father's, and the low circumstances of her parents made it desirable

that she should be frequently remembered by her friends, during her tedious illness. So in a light open wagon, with a smart pony, *borrowed* for the nonce, *selon les regles*, we had a charming drive, and moreover, the much-coveted pleasure of seeing the heads of the assembled company at Mr. Noble's; some bobbing up and down, some stretched far out of the window, getting breath for the next exercise, and some, with bodies to them, promenading the hall below. I tried hard to distinguish the 'belle chévelure' of my favorite Fanny Russell, or the straight back and nascent whiskers of our own Mark; but we passed too rapidly to see all that was to be seen, and in a few moments found ourselves at the bars which led to the forlorn dwelling of poor Mary Anne Simms.

The only apartment which Mr. Simms' log-hut could boast, was arranged with a degree of neatness which made a visitor forget its lack of almost all the other requisites for comfort; and one corner was ingeniously turned into a nice little room for the sick girl, by the aid of a few rough boards, eked out by snow-white curtains. I raised the light screen, and what bright vision should meet my eyes, but the identical Fanny, for whom I had looked in vain among the bobbing heads at the Huddle. She was whispering kindly to Mary Anne, whose pale cheek had acquired something like a flush, and her eyes a decided moisture, from the sense of Fanny's cheering kindness.

Fanny explained very modestly: 'I was so near, Mary Anne, and I did n't know when I should get time to come again ——'

'Did n't you get wet, coming over?'

'Not so *very*! we — we had an umbrella.'

I remembered having lent one to Mark.

'But you are losing the ball, Fanny; you'll not get your share of the dancing.' And at this moment I heard a new step in the outer part of the room, and a very familiar voice just outside the curtain:

'Come, Miss Russell, is n't it about time to be a-goin'? There's another shower a-comin' up.'

Fanny started, blushed, and took leave. Common humanity obliged us to give time for a retreat, before we followed; for we well knew that our very precise Mr. Loring would not have been brought face to face with us, just then, for the world. When we did emerge, the sky was threatening enough, and as there was evidently no room for us where we were, we had no resource but to make a rapid transit to Mr. Noble's. We gained the noisy shelter just in time. Such a shower! — and it proved much more pertinacious than its predecessor; so that I had the pleasure of sitting in 'Miss Nobleses' kitchen for an hour or more. We were most politely urged to join the festivities, which were now shaking the frail tenement almost to dislocation; but even if we had been ball-goers, we should have been strikingly *de trop*, where the company was composed exclusively of young folks. So we chose the kitchen.

The empress of this torrid region, a tall and so what doleful looking dame, was in all the agonies of preparation, and she certainly was put to her utmost stretch of invention, to obtain access to the fireplace, where some of the destined delicacies of the evening were still in process of qualification, so dense was the crowd of damp damsels, who were endeavoring in various ways to repair the cruel ravages

of the shower. One 'jist wanted to dry her shoes;' another was dodging after a hot iron, 'jist to rub off her hankercher;' while others were taking turns in pinching with the great kitchen tongs the long locks which streamed, Ophelia-like, around their anxious faces. Poor 'Miss Nobles' edged, and glided, and stooped, among her humid guests, with a patience worthy of all praise; supplying this one with a pin, that with a needle-and-thread, and the other with one of her own side-combs; though the last mentioned act of courtesy forced her to tuck behind her ear one of the black tresses which usually lay coiled upon her temple. In short, the whole affair was a sort of prelibation of the Tournament, saving that *my* Queen of Beauty and Love was more fortunate than the Lady Seymour, in that her *coiffure* is decidedly improved by wet weather, which is more than could probably be said of her ladyship's.

At length, but after a weary while, all was done that could be done toward a general beautification; and those whose array was utterly beyond remedy, scampered up stairs with the rest, wisely resolving not to lose the fun, merely because they were not fit to be seen.

The dancing now became 'fast and furious,' and the spirit of the hour so completely aroused that thirst for knowledge which is slanderously charged upon my sex as a foible, that I hesitated not to slip up stairs, and take advantage of one of the various knot-holes in the oak boards which formed one side of the room, in order that a glimpse of something like the realities of the thing might aid an imagination which could never boast of being 'all compact.' It was but a glimpse, to be sure, for three candles can do but little toward illuminating a long room, with dark brown and very rough walls; but there was a tortuous country-dance, one side quivering and fluttering in all the colours of the rainbow, the other presenting more nearly the similitude of a funeral; for our beaux, in addition to the solemn countenances which they think proper to adopt on all occasions of festivity, have imbibed the opinion that nothing but broad-cloth is sufficiently dignified wear for a dance, be the season what it may. And there were the four Miss Liggets, Miss Mehitable in white, Miss Polly Ann in green, Miss Lucindy in pink, and Miss Olive all over black-and-blue, saving the remains of the blonde-gauze veil, which streamed after her like a meteor, as she *galoped*, not gallopped, 'down the middle.' My own Jane was playing off her most *recherchées* graces at the expense of the deputy sheriff, who seemed for once caught, instead of catching; and to my great surprise, Fanny Russell, evidently in the pouts, under cover of my fan, was enacting the part of wall-flower, while Mark leaned far out of the window, at the risk of taking an abrupt leave of the company.

Peeping is tiresome. I was not sorry when the dance came to an end, as even country-dances must; and when I had waited to see the ladies arranged in a strip at one end of the room, and the gentlemen in ditto at the other, and old Knapp the fiddler testing the absorbent powers of a large red cotton handkerchief upon a brow as thickly beaded as the fair neck of any one of the nymphs around him, (and some of them had necklaces which would have satisfied a belle among our neighbors, the Pottowatomies,) I ran down stairs again, to prepare for our moonlight flitting.

Mrs. Noble now renewed her entreaties that we would at least stay for supper; and in the pride of her heart, and the energy of her hospitality, she opened her oven-door, and holding a candle that I might not fail to discern all its temptations, pointed out to me two pigs, a large wild turkey, a mammoth rice-pudding, and an endless array of pies, of all sizes; and those she declared were 'not a beginning' of what was intended for the 'refreshment' of the company. A cup-board was next displayed, where, among custards, cakes, and 'saase,' or preserves, of different kinds, figured great dishes of lettuce, 'all ready, only jist to pour the vinegar and molasses over it,' bowls of large pickled cucumbers, and huge pyramids of dough-nuts. But we continued inexorable, and were just taking our leave, when Fanny Russell, her pretty eyes overflowing, and her whole aspect evincing the greatest vexation and discomposure, came running down stairs, and begged we would let her go home with us.

'What *can* be the matter, Fanny!'

'Oh, nothing! nothing at all! But — I want to go home.'

It is never of much use advising young girls, when they have made up their minds to be foolish; yet I did just call my little favorite aside, and give her a friendly caution not to expose herself to the charge of being rude or touchy. But this brought only another shower of tears, and a promise that she would tell me all about it; so we took her in, and drove off.

I could not but reflect, as we went saunteringly home, enjoying the splendor of the moonlight, and the delicious balminess of that 'stilly hour,' how much all balls are alike. Here had been all the solicitude and sacrifice in the preparation of costume; the effort and expense in providing the refreshments; for the champagne and ices, the oysters and the perigord pies, are no more to the pampered citizen, than are the humbler cates we have attempted to enumerate, to the plain and poor back-woodsman; then here was the belle of the evening, in as pretty a paroxysm of insulted dignity, as could have been displayed on the most classically-chalked floor; and, to crown all, judging from past experience in these regions, some of the 'gentlemen' at least would, like their more refined prototypes, vindicate their claims to the title, by going home vociferously drunk. We certainly are growing very elegant.

Fanny's explanation was deferred, at her own request, until the following morning; and long before she made her promised visit, Jane, who came home at day-light, and only allowed herself a change of dress before she entered soberly upon her domestic duties, had disclosed to me the mighty mystery. It had been the opinion of every body, Jane herself included, (a little green-eyed, I fancy,) that Fanny and Mark had gone off to Squire Porter's and got married, under cover of the visit to poor Mary Anne. This idea once started, the beaux and belles, not better bred than some I have seen elsewhere, had not suffered the joke to drop, but pushed their raillery so far, that Fanny had fairly given up and run away, while Mark, however well pleased in his secret soul, had thought it necessary to be very angry, and to throw out sundry hints of 'thrashing' some of the stouter part of the company. The peace had not actually been broken, however; and when I saw and talked with Fanny, the main difficulty

seemed to relate to the future course of conduct to be observed toward Mark, who, as Fanny declared, with another sprinkling of tears, had 'never thought of saying such a word to her in his life!'

Women are excellent manouverers, generally but we were outdone here. All our dignified plans for acting 'as if nothing had happened,' were routed by a counter scheme of Mark himself, who, before the week was out, not only said 'such a word,' but actually persuaded Fanny to think that the best of all ways to disprove what had been said, was to go to Squire Porter's, and make it true, which was accordingly accomplished, within the fortnight.

'And what for no?' Mark Loring, with a very good-looking face, and a person 'as straight as a gun-barrel' (to borrow a favorite comparison of his own,) has the wherewithal to make a simple and industrious country maiden very comfortable. He has long been earning, by the labor of his hands, far better pay than is afforded to our district school-master; and with the well-saved surplus has purchased a small farm, which he and his pretty wife are improving with all their might. No more balls for my bright-haired neighbor, or her sober spouse! And if I should tell my honest sentiments, I should say 'so much the better!' for in the hastening of the happy marriage of Mark and Fanny, may be summed up all the good which I have yet observed to result from the ball at Thram's Huddle, or any other in our vicinity.

SPRING.

IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

See, see how the Spring, like a glittering bride,
Comes forth on the hills, in beauty and pride!
She flings o'er the forest her mantle of green,
Where the blossoming trees so gracefully lean;
And the bird in the branches in merry mood sings,
As he shakes the light drops of the dew from his wings.
See! see on the soft-blushing cheek of the flower,
The red glow grows deeper and deeper each hour;
The winter frost flies to his caverns so old,
Far down their dark chambers, all dismal and cold;
While old Earth throws aside his gray robes to the rain,
That is falling so gently on river and plain,
And stretches in joy his broad arms to embrace
The light form of Spring, with her fair-smiling face!

Down, down the rough mountains the silver streams leap,
And dance in the vallies so lonely and deep;
No longer the nightingale fears the rude blast,
But sings in the green-wood that winter is past;
Many a shadow grows bright in the beams
That sparkle and flash from the swift-rushing streams;
Many a leaf, like a diamond gem,
Is waving in beauty on many a stem:
Rainbows are playing on many a flower,
As it lifts its thin petals, that drip with the shower;
And the earth, like a monarch majestic and old,
Sits high on a throne of purple and gold.

H. C. W.

MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

NUMBER FIVE.

IN one of my previous numbers, I think I made the assertion, that of all professions, classes, and callings in life, lawyers had the best opportunity of studying and knowing the character and disposition of man. As I am writing not so much to instruct the present generation, as for the future edification of that unknown but much-esteemed and highly-appreciated young gentleman, named Posterity, I think it my duty to withdraw any rash assertion. I qualify the expression, therefore, by saying, that with the exception of WATCHMEN, or the regularly-constituted conservators of the midnight peace, lawyers have the most favorable opportunity of reading the human heart. But, although the lawyers come next to this favored class of paid philosophers, it is nevertheless *proximus sed longo intervallo*. If an individual wishes to walk, 'horse, foot, and dragoons,' into the mystery of that complex animal, called MAN, I know no shorter road to the attainment of the knowledge, than by enlisting in the night-guard of a large city. In this capacity, he may see the character of his fellow-man *en dishabille*; he may act as a kind of ambulatory ambuscade, or locomotive observatory, upon the sayings and doings of the worthy citizens of a great metropolis. He will see the cautious and reserved man of *the day*, transformed into the drunken and garrulous beast of *the night*. He will behold a 'mother's darling' wasting his flowers of eloquence upon the midnight air, or invoking strains of such music as are enough to draw down upon him the individual and collective vengeance of each child of Mnemosyne and the Cretan Jove. In short, he will see human nature, unrobed and unadorned, in all its native majesty of — vice. The bridle of caution is unloosed; the curb of society no longer presses; and the steed rushes on, rioting in his liberty and his indiscretion.

But do n't flatter yourself, my good Sir, that you will obtain all this knowledge for nothing; do n't believe that you will become thus wise as a serpent, without danger, risk, and travail. Alas! when was it that knowledge ever came thus from the bowers of Eden to the crucible of the alchymist? No! You will have sundry hair-breadth 'scapes, and you will get divers good drubbings, in this your philosophical career. As we are noting down the peculiarities of the character of man, just let me remind you of one fact, which your subsequent investigation and observation will confirm. It is this: that when a man gets drunk at night, he holds it as a sacred duty to flog the watchman of the ward. No matter how timid may be the nature of the inebriate, nor how benevolent he may be in general, nor what kind of liquor he may have imbibed, the same result follows; and no pilgrimage of Osmanlee to Mecca is performed under a more sacred responsibility, than is this erratic pursuit of the unconscious and

perhaps slumbering 'Charley.' In moonshine or in darkness; from step to pillar, or tree to porch; a thousand unearthly lights flashing before his eyes, and ten thousand undefined objects chasing each other in a circle around him; the votary of Bacchus presses on in his hallowed pursuit. At last, he encounters the keeper of the night. No questions are asked; the parties understand each other perfectly. The watchman knows that it is an irresistible influence, which it is useless to argue against, and he gets ready for the fight. If he is fortunate in the encounter, he bears his prisoner to the receptacle of dilapidated characters, vulgarly called the watch-house; and the next morning he carries out the duty, by conveying him to the police officer, who inflicts a farther penalty on the repentant sinner; not for assaulting a watchman, because he knows from experience that *that* is but a symptom of the disease, but for getting drunk.

But this is a mere digression. Let me pass to matters more appropriate to our profession and the subject.

I have seen many desperate cases saved at the bar, by great ingenuity or burning eloquence. I have seen one brilliant metaphor, one burst of soul-subduing pathos, so enwrap or work upon the feelings of the court and jury, that it has turned the tide of feeling and of judgment, and produced a verdict in favor of him whose words had so charmed his hearers. Yet I have seen these things fail. But there are two experiments, that in all my experience at the bar, I have never known to miss their end; and these are, in a desperate case, either to feign madness, or 'sham mad,' as it is technically called, or to introduce a female witness, whose tears are easily aroused. The first experiment belongs more appropriately to the criminal jurisprudence, and the latter to the civil side of the court. Let me give you an instance of each species, exaggerated, perhaps, yet containing the result and the process by which this and similar cases have been saved.

An individual in the town of — committed murder; black, diabolical murder. There was not a single feature in the case, that Mercy could render available. It was murder, in the true acceptance of the term. A lawyer of considerable eminence was called on by the prisoner, but after hearing his own statement, he could give him no other advice than this: 'My friend, if you are not hanged, it will be because you have broken jail, cut your throat, or *shammed mad*.' The murderer took the hint. He was not able to accomplish the first, and he was not willing to do the second; so he attempted the third. He came into court on the day of his trial, with one glove and one boot on; listened with apparent delight to his arraignment; and when asked, at the conclusion, if he was guilty or not guilty, answered, with a horse laugh: 'No, I thank you, Sir!'

In this philanthropic age, this was quite sufficient to arrest the torrent of indignation that had been rightfully setting against the offender, and to substitute in lieu thereof a feeling of intense sympathy. 'He's mad!' said one. 'Poor fellow!' muttered another. 'What a mercy we have discovered it before he was tried!' ejaculated a third. 'Why don't they take him out of the box?' demanded a fourth. By this time, the prisoner, in great glee, had put his glove upon

his foot, and thrust his hand into his boot. Of course this was entirely too much for the humane feelings of the crowd. 'Shame! shame!' was muttered by a dozen philanthropic souls. 'Take him out of the box!' echoed the mob in general. 'Certainly,' said the judge, 'take him out, by all means. Mr. Solicitor, you can have no possible objection?' 'Not the slightest, may it please your honor, provided you let two or three of the bailiffs stand between him and me,' answered the solicitor. The benevolent by-standers made a rush to execute the mandate of the court, but the prisoner checked their zeal, though not their sympathy, by knocking down half a dozen of them with his boot.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said the court, 'it will be quite unnecessary to enter into any evidence in this case. The unhappy prisoner has certainly, in a very wanton manner, destroyed the life of a man, and left his widow and helpless children to misery and want. But it must be very evident to you, that this act has been the result rather of misfortune than of crime. We have the evidence of our own senses that the prisoner is mad. No man, gentlemen, would conduct himself so strangely in a court-room, or would wear his boots and gloves in so eccentric a manner, if he were not mad. Gentlemen, I have studied the anatomy of the mind with much industry, and I think I may say, with considerable success. I flatter myself, I am particularly conversant with the subject of insanity. It may be proper that I should give you the general outlines of the subject, as they may prove both interesting and instructive. Gentlemen, the brain is a very delicate organ. Connected with it, are two membranes of still more delicate organization. These are the *dura mater*, and the *pia mater*. These, intertwining with, and intersecting, the porous substance of the brain, contribute to the exercise of its transcendent powers. ('Our judge knows *something*,' said one of the delighted sympathizers.) But they become impaired, and Reason, gentlemen, Reason reels and totters on her throne. The light of the mind becomes extinguished, and the unfortunate victim, acting under some terrible delusion, commits a deed foreign to his nature. But the disease develops itself in various manners. The most prevalent species, however, is that denominated '*homicidal insanity*,' the prominent symptom of which is, a desire to take away human life. Such, I doubt not, is the case with the prisoner. Indeed, I think that the intelligent writers of the present age have very clearly demonstrated, that it is more or less the case with every man who commits murder. I have explained to you, gentlemen, in a very clear and brief manner, the law and science on this subject, and there can be no doubt that the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal.'

'May it please your honor,' interposed the Solicitor General, 'do not you think that the jury might pronounce this a case of malicious prosecution?'

'Perhaps not, Mr. Solicitor,' responded the judge. 'I honor your humanity, Sir; I am rejoiced to see that you can rise superior to the feelings which too often prompt public prosecutors; but, I think, as a man has really been killed, it might be considered a bad precedent to declare this prosecution a malicious one.'

'Your honor misunderstands my motive,' said the Solicitor General,

who was at that time the only sane man in the court-house, and who was entirely thrown off his balance, in respect to the court, by the excessive folly of the proceeding: 'your honor greatly misunderstands my motive. I see very clearly that any man who is knave enough to play the fool, is very safe from conviction in this court. As I cannot, therefore, get my costs out of him, and as the county is insolvent, and there is no chance of getting my fees there, I thought that the jury might be persuaded to find a verdict of malicious prosecution, which would enable me to make myself whole out of the prosecutor.'

The court frowned, but said nothing. The jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty,' without leaving the box. The counsel for the prisoner moved for his discharge. 'I venture to suggest,' again interposed the solicitor, 'as this man is afflicted with what your honor calls 'homicidal insanity,' and as his disease may manifest itself again with like symptoms, that the public safety requires he should be locked up.'

'Locked up!' thundered forth the amazed advocate of the prisoner; 'locked up, Sir! — a man declared innocent by an impartial and intelligent jury of his countrymen! Is this our boasted liberty! Are these the fruits of our glorious independence! (*Great applause and tremendous excitement.*) Sir, what has become of the immortal principles of the illustrious JEFFERSON, that 'all men were born free and equal!' What has become of the doctrines of the gigantic minds of the revolution! What has become of —'

'Oh, never mind, what has become of them, Sir,' answered the judge; 'the man is free; let him go.'

The prisoner by this time had got both his boots on his feet, and both his gloves on his hands, and making a very respectful bow to the judge, stepped out of the court-room, accompanied by his sympathizing and benighted fellow citizens. And so much for the humbug of 'homicidal insanity.'

But it is time that I should turn to the other mode of saving a desperate case, viz: by the tears of a female witness. I can scarcely find it in my heart to make a jest of this, for it is a feeling most honorable to the character of man. With whom, indeed, should he sympathize, if not with her who is the beauty of his day, and the brightness of his night? Who is the shield that turns away from him the darts of reproach, the winged arrows of slander, the heavy blows of misfortune? Who but WOMAN, darling woman, whose smile would create a paradise on the coast of Labrador! I know that I have a slight tinge of romance in my system, and it may be owing to *that*, that I have never been able to consider woman as the equal of man. I hold, I shall ever hold, the doctrine, that she is one degree nearer to a heavenly race. I cannot look upon her beautiful form; the exquisite simplicity and grace of her character; her kindness in affliction; her gentleness under reproach and oppression; her untiring devotion — I cannot behold these, and regard her as the mere companion and cœqual of that rough, money-loving, pleasure-hunting, cross-grained animal, called MAN. And thus regarding her, I may truly aver, that there is no object so terrific in nature, as an angry woman. The equinoctial gale, or the tropical storm, is nothing

to the fury of an incensed female. The gale and the storm are natural, as much so as the sunshine and the shower; but an angry woman is an unnatural spectacle — *monstrum horrendum*; a Vesuvius in Eden; the spirit of a devil in the bosom of an angel. But I had better leave prosing, and tell my story.

I instituted an action, for a large amount, in the county of —. The suit was brought upon a plain promissory note, which I was assured was founded upon good consideration, and I was curious to know what defence could be set up. I was aware that I had to deal with a wily adversary; and when I offered my note in evidence, and closed my case, I was more terrified than surprised, when I heard him direct the sheriff to call Mrs. Mary Jackson. The witness appeared. To my horror, she was a perfect beauty; possessing a sweet countenance, with an exquisite form. I saw at once that my antagonist had formed the same judgment of human nature that I had, and that he was about to make the experiment of washing away the obligation of a note of hand, by the tears of a female witness. I knew that nothing but a desperate effort could save my client, and that her testimony must be excluded, before she had time to cry.

I rose at once. 'I perceive,' said I, addressing the court, 'that this lady bears the same name with the defendant; I therefore respectfully request that she be placed on the *voir dire*.' This was done. 'Will you be kind enough to say, madam, what relation you are to the defendant?'

'Sir,' answered she, applying a beautifully-embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, 'I am his injured wife!'

'Then, of course, your honor, the lady's testimony is inadmissible.'

'Oh, very well,' interposed my adversary; 'you wish to keep the truth from the jury, do you? Gentlemen of the jury, you see what technicalities are resorted to, to procure a verdict against my client. I hope you will appreciate it, gentlemen.'

By this time, the lady was a beautiful representation of Rachel of old; and one glance at the jury was sufficient to convince me that my case was ruined. I turned to my client: 'You are gone, my friend,' said I. 'Gone!' said he; 'gone! my dear Sir; don't give up my suit so coolly. I shall be made a beggar, if I lose this case; and then what will become of my wife, and my poor daughters!'

'Oh, you have daughters, have you? Run and bring them, my dear friend! If they mine, we must countermine. Bring them, one and all!'

My client rushed out, and as he lived but next door, he almost instantly returned, with a half dozen of as pretty girls as could be found any where. My antagonist's face fell to zero.

'May it please your honor,' I began, 'I desire to offer some *rebutting* testimony.'

'Rebutting testimony, Mr. C——? why your adversary has not been permitted to examine his witness. What have you to rebut?'

'A great deal, your honor. The witness *has* given some testimony. She called herself the *injured* wife of the defendant. Injured by *whom*? By my client. Injured *how*? By procuring this note, the subject matter of this suit, from him. Now, Sir, I wish to swear the *afflicted* daughters of the plaintiff, against the *injured* wife of the defendant.'

Here my fair witnesses commenced to weep bitterly, while several of the jury looked on, with evident commiseration. My triumph was complete; but I determined to pay off my legal friend in his own coin.

'I do not seek, Sir,' continued I, 'to take up the time of this court and jury, by administering the oath to *all* these witnesses. I am afraid their heart-rending description of this nefarious transaction, (of which, be it remembered, they did not know a syllable,) would unman us all; and your honor and this intelligent jury would be tempted to inflict summary justice upon the base wretch, who, with a heart like Caligula, and a spirit like Nero, could attempt to doom to a life of beggary, of shame, and perhaps of infamy, the beautiful offspring of my unhappy, my too credulous, too confiding client. Sir, in the spirit of a liberal compromise, I will swear but *three* of them.'

Here there ensued a new burst of anguish from the daughters, and a corresponding and prolonged excitement of the jury. My legal friend saw that I had out-generalled him, and so he said: 'C——, stop your nonsense, and take your verdict!' Of course, I did so; but to show my knowledge of *jury nature*, I add, that as the foreman passed me, he said: 'I am rejoiced that you have gained your suit, but before you offered to swear those witnesses, *your case was a very black one!*'

THE BALD EAGLE.

Thy place is in the heavens! The fiery sun
Is as a brother to thee! Thou alone
Of all earth's things, can gaze upon his face,
Unblinded by his glory!

SAIL on, proud bird, sail on!
On the pinions of the wind;
Nor from thy height look down
On the world thou leav'st behind.
Thou hast left the waving wood,
Where thy cry spread fear around;
Thou hast left the solitude,
That ne'er heard another sound:

And the fresh and flowery plains,
And the gently rippling spring,
And the dear though wild domains,
Where first thou tried'st thy wing.
Yet on, proud bird, sail on!
Unheeding rock or nest;
Though from them all thou'rt gone,
Mourn not; thy place is best!

By the stream where thou hast quaffed,
In the plains where thou lov'd'st to be,
The hunter's deadly shaft
Might have found its way to thee:
But now thou art rising high,
Thou hast left, thou hast left them all;
And thou fear'st not, in the sky,
An earthly shaft or thrall.

Yet wherefore dost thou turn
Again, and gaze thus back?
On, where the sun-beams burn!
On, in their glorious track!
And wherefore dost thou rest
Thus on thy mighty wing?
Why look back to thy nest,
With such fond lingering?

It hath precious ties for thee,
That can tempt thee back again;
Though thou know'st the earth must be
But a scene of fear and pain.
Sail on, proud bird, from earth!
Wilt thou not 'scape the snare?
Ah! freedom were little worth,
That thy loved ones could not share!

'T is thus with the parting soul,
When it looks with hope above;
When it breaks the earth's control,
And every bond, save love.
Though it knows it shall be free,
In heaven, from deeds unkind,
Still looks it lingeringly
To the world it leaves behind!

O L L A P O D I A N A .

NUMBER XXVII.

How do you bear yourself, my friend and reader, on the subject of *winter* generally? What are 'your views?' If you are young and sanguine, with no revulsions or tempests of the heart to remember, I will warrant that you like old Hyem, and patronize that most windy individual, Boreas, of that ilk. Well, you have a free right to your opinion, and if you held it two years or less ago, you had the honor to agree with me. But I confess on that point a kind of a warped idiosyncrasy; an unaccountable change of opinion. The truth is, reader, between you and me, there is not much dignity in winter, in a city. When, in the country, you can look out upon the far-off landscapes, the cold blue hills rising afar, and where a snow-bank is really what it is cracked up to be; where the blast comes sounding to your dwelling over a sweep of woods, and lakes, and snowy fields, for miles of dim extension, there is some grandeur in the thing. But what is it to hear a blast, half choked with the smoke and soot of the city, wheezing down a contemptible chimney-pot, or round a corner, where the wind, that glorious emblem of freedom, has no charter at all to 'blow out' as he pleases, but is confined by the statute of brick-and-mortar restrictions?

I BEGIN to affect the softer seasons; and I look with more than usual earnestness for the coming-on of Spring. I am not universal chronologist enough to know whether the *creation* began in the spring, but I should suppose it did. If, when 'the morning stars sang together,' there was one out of tune; one whose rôle was imperfect; that belonged rather to the stock company of stars; that took no part in the concert; I apprehend it must have been one of those cold winter stars, that glister, and go through you, with their cold and unimpassioned blinking. I do not affect the 'dog star;' but I must admit that the stars of spring, summer, and of autumn, are my favorites. Those of spring seem to *throb* with love, and light, and joy, that multitudes of flowers are springing, and that unnumbered sighs are breathing, in the world beneath; as if indeed they knew and relished the fact, that the roses and violets had again appeared on the earth; that 'the time of the singing of the birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land.' True, the summer stars have rather too fervent a glitter; they look down with a tropical kind of aspect, and induce one to go on the shady side of a street, even at evening, in order to avoid the intense heat of the moonshine. At such hours, one seems to have reached that point, mentioned in nautical phrase, which I translate for ears polite, where the first settlement beyond purgatory is to be remunerated, and there is no tar to cancel the obligation. As for the autumn stars, they are to be praised in *numbers*; not, in a series, but in verse, as dazzling and pure as the light they dispense, and the thoughts they awaken. Whoever gazed at them, in their homes of blue infinity, without rapture and gratitude?

TALKING of gratitude, reminds me of one of the most extraordinary developments of that quality, which I ever remember to have heard of any where. It occurred in a southern city; where there did live a person, otherwise called an individual, who was considered one of the most parsimonious of all the tribe of Adam. He had gone for nearly fifteen years without the imbuing of his personal top, or apex, with a new hat. He was singularly irascible, owing to the fact that he peculiarly answered to the comprehensive definition of man in general; he was an irregularly-digestive tube, with the principle of immortality at his top, and pedal grain upon his understanding. Having worn his eternal ram-beaver into greasy desuetude, he came to the conclusion to get a new one; which he did — price twelve dollars. It was placed, in glossy youth, upon his hall table; the 'old hat,' as he called it *only* after he had got its successor, was removed, and he sat down to his dinner with all the certainty that the next day he would strike the town with a fresh sensation. He was not often 'on the street;' for be it known,

He was a man retired in wealth,
An ancient man, of feeble health.

But the fatal sisters, with their intolerable shears, clipt his hope in the bud. A varlet who had watched him all the way from the hatter's to his home — a sort of crazy lounger of the place, more knave than fool, though enough of either — determined to 'regain his felt, and feel what he regained.' And as the citizen sat at meat, and thinking of the novelty of hat which he should sport on the morrow, it came to pass that the varlet entered, and stole the unhackneyed chapeau from the hall. He left in the place of it, his own miserable head-gear, open at top, and smothered in grease, with the following words on a slip of whitey-brown paper, in pencil:

'MY SUFFERING SIR:

I have taken your new hat, but I leave you my *eternal gratitude*.

Your anonymous friend,

'B. BARLOW.

'P. S. I leave you an *open* apology for what I have taken, which I wish you to show to a candid world.'

'B. B.'

Great was the proprietor of that hat's consternation, (this is rather an obscure, but a very common, mode of transposition,) when he came out after dinner to seek what was lost. 'Confound him! curse him!' was his vehement ejaculation. 'Curse his 'gratitude!' What good does that do me? *Where is my new hat?*'

I HAVE read, with a great deal of interest, the extraordinary and quite original proposition, by the favorite writer and pulpit orator of the 'Messiah' congregation, concerning the progress of music. There are few who do not love the concord of sweet sounds; if there are, we have assurance, on the highest literary authority, that they are fit for stratagems, and the 'spoils of victory' won thereby. But I launch forth at once upon a strong expression, which I seldom use, when I

say, that I rather think that the subsequent theory of my favorite aforesaid, is likely to make an immense revolution in the progress of musical science; namely, *music by steam*. When we look back to what was done in the musical days of 'Salmagundi,' when a fall of snow, parliamentary deliberations, and other soft and sleepy transactions, were expressed by appropriate music, we find that the science, like the witness in his box, 'stared into the face of the public with rapid strides.' There was no evading the current melody.

But this was in the infancy of the science, in our happy land. And I have been thinking it most surprising that this matter has not before been discovered. I have supposed that it must have been owing to the alarming want of taste which has been ascertained to exist, by those who are only enabled to remark on this most abstruse and interesting subject, that there are 'two beats in a bar; two down, and two up.' Indeed, it is a curious thing, this same music. My old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, with all the inquiry of his mind, tells us that he considers the question, 'what song the syrens sang,' as a decided enigma; and I believe it has never been accurately ascertained what tune was 'pitched upon,' when the morning stars sang together. But we may venture to indulge the idea, that they were all perfect in their parts, from the glittering *basso*, to the effulgent *tenore*; the Bear, the Pleiades, and all. Under the circumstances, and with no opportunity for rehearsal, I am persuaded that the whole concert was as well 'got up' as could have been expected in the case, and at so short a notice.

I HAVE turned this subject of steam-music extensively over in my mind, of late; and I have married myself to the idea, after a very short courtship, that it is a kind of thing that must *go on*. At the first blush, indeed, it might appear chimerical; but I ask the sceptic why the steam-whistle of a locomotive should not discourse in tones more soft and winning? Why cannot a locomotive ask a cow to leave a rail-road track in a politer manner than in that discordant shriek, which excites the animal's indignation, and awakens her every sentiment of quadrupedal independence? I protest against such conduct. We presume a locomotive to buzz, and *vapor*, and deport itself pragmatically; but its conversation by the way ought to be chastened into something like propriety; and please Apollo, I think it will. I once saw an animal of this stamp killed instantly by the crushing transit of a train; and I thought I saw in the singular turn of her upper lip, as her torn-out heart lay yet palpitating on the rails, a peculiar curl of disdain, in her dying moments, at the treatment she had won. I put this down, because I hope 't will be remembered as a warning to whistlers in especial, and the great generation of calves unborn.

ON one of those warm April-like afternoons, with which, in our Philadelphia meridian, the fierce February chose to delight us, as if by contrast, I sat by my open window, which commands, through and over pleasant trees, fine glimpses of the country: and

'As the red round sun descended,
Mid clouds of crimson light,'

I began to feel coming upon me the influence of a reverie. For a long time, my good friend whom I 'occupy' at present with this matter, I have had my day-dreams sadly broken in upon; in the few roses I have gathered, I have found the cypress mingling among their faded leaves; and a voice, as from the lowly leafiness of an autumnal wilderness, has spoken of the lost and of the past. Why is it, that though the mind may wander, the *heart* can never forget? Well could I say with him who sings so well:

'Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.'

'In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea!'

And there they rest, in dust and cold obstruction! Oh, that those who walk about in the beauty of the morning, with the greenness of earth around them, and the mysterious vitality which makes the elements in their nostrils, would think of this; considering truly their coming end!

BUT I digress entirely; being about to say, that this reverie was superinduced by looking at some observations that had been made upon the charming theory of my friend. I thought of the time when such a thing as steam-music should at least equal the common museum-music, if not surpass it, and distance conclusively the airs wherewith the godly puritans of yore were wont to chant the immortal metre of Sternhold and Hopkins. Imagination took a wide range — and presently I was in a dream.

And methought in my dream, that I was in the second story parlor of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, and United States' Half-way House,' on the very top of the Rocky Mountains. This hotel was built of marble, with splendid Corinthian pillars, gracing a portico nearly three hundred feet long. Meseemed I had just arrived there by rail-road, in four hours and a half from Philadelphia, which I remembered, as I left, was on each side of the Schuylkill, that being central, as the Thames is in London. We did not stop at Pittsburgh, or any of those immense metropolises, but whizzed at the rate I have mentioned. My destination was to the city of Memphis, on the shore of the Pacific, where I expected to arrive at two o'clock the next day.

A considerable village stretched along the mountain, although the place was not in existence three weeks before. After a sumptuous repast, and a beautiful view of the *country*, east and west, which I may hereafter describe, I took up the village newspaper. It was entitled the 'New-Babylon Observer, and Register of the World.' The copy I held in my hand bore the date of May the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and forty. It was sent round the place by a rail-car, and was thrown into the dwellings by machinery, conducted by

steam. The first paragraphs that struck my eye, were these, amply emblazoned, suddenly to catch the general eye :

'REPORTED FOR THE NEW-BABYLON OBSERVER.

'TERRIFIC CIRCUMSTANCE!'

'It becomes our painful but imperative and extraordinary duty, to promulgate the facts of a disaster which reached us to-day, by the mail from Thebes, via the perpendicular rail-road. As a party were ascending, with the locomotive playing a lively tune, assisted on the piano-forte by another locomotive, that had been hired by Signor Gortini, preparatory to his first concert in New-Babylon, some religious persons of the 'United States' Established Mormon Church,' insisted that the tune, being irreverent, should be changed. This offensive tune was no less than the well known and popular song, (supposed to have been written in England, previous to the subjugation of that place by the Russians,) entitled 'Proceed it, ye Crippled Ones, Babylon's Nigh.' This complimentary course on the part of the locomotive, and the gentlemanly engineer with whom it associates, was hissed by the Mormons, until they were overcome by the *encores* of the majority. The locomotive was of course embarrassed, but we understand, continued to play. One of the Mormons, enraged beyond measure at this circumstance, rushed forward through the door-ways of the train, and wantonly turned the stop-cock of 'What's Become of Good Old Daniel?' one of the slowest tunes of the day. The consequence was, that the train proceeded with the greatest discord, because the latter tune was for the back-track, in descending the mountain. The result was, the cars were thrown off the rails, down a precipice of nearly three hundred feet; but owing to the exertions of Mr. INCLINATION PLAIN, first engineer, they were got back by his Upward Impulse Screw, which has thus far answered admirably, stopping cars in mid-air, if they run off a precipice, and returning them safely, by means of the patent steam wind-bags, which extend beneath the trains, and destroy their gravity.

'We are authorized to state, that no blame attaches to the quick-tune party; whereas the slow-tune faction were entirely in the wrong. Thus has a science, invented by a monk of the Unitarian order, in the city of Alleghania, (then called New-York,) and which worked its way into so much respect and favor, been the cause of danger, by the pertinacity of a few. We trust it will not occur again; if it do, we shall proclaim it to the tune of the Rogue's March, through the whole of New-Babylon, in our Steam-car Extra. No doubt our dastardly contemporary, of the 'War-horse of Freedom and America's Champion,' whose prospectus and types arrived last night, and whose first number appears to-morrow, will endeavor to contradict this statement. We dare him to his teeth to do so. He knows, while the snaky blood writhes at his caiff heart, and the malignity of twenty-three demons, (we think we should be justified in mentioning more,) glares from his diabolic eye, that what we state is fact; and that each member of the quick-tune party, in asserting his inalienable musical rights, was as innocent as an unbegotten merino.'

READER, the record of my reverie is not ended, but my sheet is full. If I live and prosper, we will meet again. Heaven bless you, and all the children!

Ever thine,

OLLAPOD.

H Y M N O F N A T U R E .

THEE praise, Almighty One, the choral starry throng!
Thee praises, thou All-good, the cherubim's loud song!
In everlasting harmonies thy whole creations turn,
As far as worlds revolve, or hosts of suns may burn.

Thy temple Nature shows thy glorious lordliness,
And gentleness as well! The spring-time's flowery dress,
The summer's sea of corn, the harvests' vine-clad height,
The winter's silver peaks, are mirrors of thy might.

What am I, Lord, to thee? But yesterday a man!
I'm parted from the tomb but by one little span!
Yet well is me! who sleeps within his Father's arms!
The word—Compassion—wakes; he feelth no alarms!

LITERARY NOTICES.

A NEW SYSTEM OF PHRENOLOGY. By J. STANLEY GRIMES, President of the Western Phrenological Society at Buffalo. Buffalo: O. G. STEELE. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'Let phrenology alone,' said the celebrated ANDRAL, 'and it will throw all obstacles behind it, with marvellous force. There is no instance of a truth once fairly launched, having failed to make its way.' Long and arduous has been the conflict, but victory is no longer doubtful. The choicest flowers of vituperation, the most subtle argument and witty sarcasm, have all been unavailing. The often slain now flourishes, to all appearance, in the fulness of youthful vigor, and the calmness of conscious strength. And why has phrenology stood thus unshaken, amid the storm of opposition? Simply because it is founded on a rock — the rock of nature. Its doctrines are generalizations of almost innumerable carefully scrutinized and verified facts, and against these no force of argument, nor keenness of sarcasm, nor virulence of bigotry, can prevail.

The book before us, we are sorry to say, is a specimen of what phrenological writings in general are not. For that patient, careful, truth-loving spirit, which is their noblest characteristic, we have names changed, and classifications disarranged, without any adequate reason; and organs stated as established, of which we never before heard, on evidence most unsatisfactory, apparently to gratify a morbid desire for originality. For example: we are presented with a new theory of temperaments, in which 'small eyes' are cited as a sign of the nervous temperament; an assertion utterly unfounded. Again we are told, that persons of the lymphatic temperament 'never rise to great eminence, even if they possess good mental powers.' Now the fact is, they *do* possess good mental powers, and *therefore* they never rise to great eminence.

But we proceed to the explanation given of the bilious temperament. 'After much observation and reflection,' says our author, 'I am satisfied that the arterial system sometimes predominates, and sometimes the venous; and that what is called the 'sanguineous temperament, is produced by the predominance of the arterial system, while the bilious temperament is produced by the *predominance of the venous*.' That the venous sometimes, nay always, predominates over the arterial system, is certain; and it is right that it should, inasmuch as in it the motion of the fluids is slower, owing to the propelling forces not acting so energetically on the returning as on the distributing vessels; consequently, what is lost in velocity, must be made up in space: but then no particle of matter, except the chyle, can pass into the venous system, which has not first been in the arterial system; and the blood and depositions of the absorbent systems must be returned through the venous system to the heart, with due uniformity, except in the case of obstruction, when the veins become varicose, or distended, and the blood 'ponded;' but this varicosity constitutes disease, and no constitutional and general temperament can be founded on a diseased condition. But granting Mr. GRIMES' premises: is it possible that a temperament the most hardy, that a temperament imparting the greatest capability of endurance and persistent activity, and which is often accompanied by the most stubborn health, can depend on the preponderance of black blood;

blood almost as unfit for the purposes of nutrition, as ditch-water, and which, could it be transferred to the arteries, would cause immediate death? Surely 'much observation and reflection' have been of little service in this case.

Professor ELLIOTSON says, that 'an Irish gentleman announced the discovery of seventy-four new faculties to the London Phrenological Society in one night.' Our author merely announces the discovery of three: an organ of chemicality, one of pneumaticness, and one of sanitativeness, for an explanation of which we must refer to the book. But that on which the author seems most to plume himself, is his classification. He talks of the '*beauty* of the new classification, which his friends have so much *admired*.' Into its merits we deem it superfluous to enter, but shall exhibit his *reasons* for dividing the mental faculties into *Ipseal*, *Social*, and *Intellectual*. 'This division into *three* classes,' says he, 'is founded on the following considerations: ' he then goes on to state, that the spinal column is in *three* columns, the medulla oblongata in *three* columns, the brain has *three* lobes, each of the ventricles *three* horns, and that at the base of the brain, there are *three* commissures: he then naïvely adds, that 'there is no other phrenological principle supported by so many *anatomical* facts.'!

It would be amusing to follow our author into the labyrinth of absurdity in which he immediately involves himself; but we must close with a few quotations, the merit of which phrenologists will readily appreciate:

'In the internal parts of the brain, the fibres of all the organs are blended and confounded together!' p. 41.

'I consider language as one of the lowest animal percepts!' p. 62.

Let the three following sentences be compared:

'It is, in my opinion, the office of individuality to perceive light, sound, *savors*, *odors*, etc.' p. 64.

'Chemicality (a new organ,) may be defined the perception of those chemical qualities which affect the senses of *taste* and *smell*.' p. 69.

'The polypus manifests individuality in the most perfect manner' p. 67.

We sincerely hope that Mr. GRIMES will eschew 'originality' in future, and expend that zeal which he evidently possesses, in the more useful and fitting occupation of extending the well-established truths of phrenological science.

THE PATHFINDER: OR THE INLAND SEA. By the Author of 'The Pioneers,' 'Last of the Mohicans,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 473. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

Most gladly do we welcome Mr. COOPER back to the field wherein he won his early laurels. His is 'no middle flight,' in his peculiar region. We have not found *leisure* quite to complete a perusal of 'The Pathfinder,' before this part of our Magazine passes to the press; but we are fully enabled to pronounce upon the beauty and faithfulness of its descriptions of nature, and its felicity of individual portraiture, in one or two of its prominent characters. In the language of another, whose earlier years were ours, we may say: 'Accustomed as we have been from childhood, to the scenes and *splendors*, and the deep spirit of sylvan romance, which attaches itself to all the incidents and histories of the Six Nations, we hail a work like this with peculiar pleasure. 'Our inland seas' are sources of as much poetic and imaginative interest, as half the seas of Europe. They have seen races born, the smoke of whose fires of council have arisen in the bright or shadowy lands along their borders, until generation after generation has passed away; and they are destined yet to receive and transport, as a highway for the innumerable population which will multiply from them to the Pacific, the riches of empires. We are glad to remember all the rural features of these vast regions; while step by step

we can trace up the rapid and brilliant advances of white innovation, and the well-ordered culture of civilized life. The *Pathfinder* reveals to us many pictures whose grand fidelity we recognize at once; and we should be unmindful of what we have ever owed and acknowledged to the author who has painted them, if we did not here express the hope that, abandoning abstract disquisitions, or a censorious portraiture of manners and politics of civilized nations, he would liberate his genius in the spheres where it must shine; upon the trackless ocean, and along our leafy land.' We shall aim to do more elaborate justice to the volumes before us, in a succeeding number.

THE REFORMATION OF MEDICAL SCIENCE DEMANDED BY INDUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY. A Discourse delivered before the 'New-York Physicians' Society.' By WILLIAM CHANNING. Second Edition. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE author of this discourse is known as one of the earliest advocates of the medical philosophy of HANSMANN, on this side of the Atlantic, and as one of its most successful and respected practitioners. Educated in the tenets of the old system of medicine, associated with its ablest professors, exposed to all the prejudices, and imbued with all the predilections, of the schools, it certainly required more than ordinary independence for such a man to release himself from the trammels of his professional and personal position, and more than ordinary courage to avow a faith which was regarded by the regular practitioner as quackery, and received by the community with distrust and incredulity. Against all these adverse influences, Dr. CHANNING has persevered in the advocacy and practice of HOMŒOPATHY, until it has in a great measure ceased to be the object of idle ridicule, and equally absurd denunciation; until public opinion has driven ignorance to inquiry, and has compelled many of the profession to substitute patient investigation for the easier privilege of contempt.

We have read the discourse before us with no little interest. It is an able and elaborate performance, indicating habits of well-disciplined reflection, of philosophical inquiry, guided by a sincere love of truth, and a boldness to follow its directions to their inevitable results. The author avers that he admits and believes nothing that he does not know, establishing his doctrines on the unshaken rock of the Baconian philosophy; assuming as the first principle and axiom of his faith, that 'man, the servant and interpreter of nature, understands and reduces to practice just so much as he has actually experienced of nature's laws; more he can neither know nor achieve.'

The general object of this discourse is to establish the position, that medicine cannot be entitled to a rank among the positive sciences, until its professors shall have compassed a successful generalization of the curative powers of the *materia medica*. Until the discovery and application of some common principle to the relations of disease and remedies, it is obvious that the whole system of medicine can be nothing but a patchwork composition of shifting expedients and lawless experiments. The accidental remedies of one day, are supplanted by the equally accidental discoveries of the next; and medicine blunders on, century after century, in a labyrinth of principles uninvestigated, and mysteries consequently unexplained. Homœopathy claims to lend a cue to the labyrinth; it presents a touch-stone to the mysteries; it claims to be the key-stone of the arch, to complete the hitherto imperfect circle of medicine, and to elevate it, by the introduction of an uniform and eternal principle, to the rank of a positive science. Its pretensions, moreover, are not speculative. They do not rest on any fanciful and unproved theory. They assume nothing that is not confirmed by the most searching analysis, and that is not based on the logical conclusions of inductive philosophy.

The leading principle of Homœopathy, and the foundation of the system, is presented in the compendious axiom, '*Similia similibus curantur*;' expressive of the general truth, that 'agents, medicinally administered, are curative of those sufferings of the sick,

which, patho-genetically administered, they generate in the healthful.' This covers the whole pretension of the doctrine. It does not claim to be a new system of medicine. *It only claims to have achieved the great desideratum of the healing art, the philosophical generalization of the curative powers of the *materia medica*, and to form in medicine the science of Therapeutics. It assumes to be the promulgator of a general law, whose truth and universality rest upon induction, and are capable of being demonstrated or disproved by experiment. Surely there is in all this nothing to excite the public distrust, or disturb professional equanimity.

The theory of Homœopathy assumes that all diseases are disorders of the common vital power, manifesting themselves in particular symptoms; that all medicines which can justly be considered remedies, are adapted to the specific cure of a certain exhibition of these symptoms; and that the general law of specific remedies, or the property which points out a substance for the cure of a disease, is the power of that substance to generate in the healthy subject effects similar to those of the disease it cures. With regard to the application of the last law, and the question of minute or infinitesimal doses, there is no teacher but the test of experiment. It is quite as difficult to understand the operation of a large dose as of a small one; and it is quite impossible to do away with the insuperable logic of fact, by the easy and ready resort of that ridicule which is more frequently the refuge of error, than the test of truth. To give a precise idea of the positive pretensions of Homœopathy, their extent and character, we copy a paragraph of the discourse before us, in which they are stated with great distinctness, and felicity of illustration :

'Homœopathy is often styled 'New System of Medicine.' This it does not claim to be; for, a system of medicine must embrace all the important medical sciences. Now, Homœopathy came into existence not to supplant these; not to subvert, indeed, any thing previously established; but to supply an acknowledged, an imperative want; to complete, as it were, the arch of Scientific Medicine. So far from denying her obligations to the experience of past ages, in the very introduction of Hahnemann's Organon, its author has drawn largely upon this experience in support of his doctrine. So far from disowning the great advances which modern researches have effected in many departments of science, she frankly admits, and gladly avails herself of these essential elements of the great arch it was her province to complete; for example, the sciences of Special and General Anatomy, of Physiology, and General Pathology, on the one side, and the various departments of Natural History and Chemistry, as sources of the *Materia Medica*, on the other. But, conceding even perfection to these indispensable sciences, it is manifest that without its key-stone, a scientific system of Therapeutics, the arch of the medical sciences was alike devoid of symmetry and strength. For, what could it avail to the Art of Healing, though on the one hand, every fibre and every function of the animal frame, in health and disease, were perfectly disclosed; and on the other, creation had yielded up its stores, and Chemistry had analyzed them all, and re-combined their elements without limits, if that science which should teach the adaptation of agents thus multiplied, to the removal of morbid action, was yet to be created? And that it was to be created, the whole history of Medicine testifies. All that was positively established on the subject, all that had effectually withstood the revolutions of medical opinion marking this history, consisted of a few specific medicines and a few specific practices, (for which the art was chiefly indebted to fortuitous or empirical sources,) and these not referred, but deemed irreferable to any consistent system of general principles, and of course offering no claim to the appellation of a science.'

Our limits will not permit us to pursue a subject, the discussion of which is doubtless better adapted to the pages of a medical than a literary journal. But the Homœopathic doctrine has of late excited no little interest in our community. The recent establishment in this city of a beautiful and well-conducted monthly journal, devoted to its illustration and promulgation, will form an important era in its transatlantic history. Its professors are beginning to be treated with more forbearance and consideration by their brethren of the healing art; they are increasing in numbers, and they enjoy, in a higher degree than hitherto, the respect and favor of the community. These are indications which promise well for the science. Physicians of established standing, practice, reputation, and prejudices according to the old system, begin to find that Homœopathy cannot be sneered down; that it survives even the silent contempt of the profession, and what is still more fatal, the detected charlatany of at least one of its pretended practitioners. We have been informed that numbers have so far surmounted their repugnance to small doses, as to commence inquiries; and it is not impossible that they may ulti-

mately be induced to institute experiments. It is pretty hard, to be sure, to convince the 'gentlemen of the old school' that there is any virtue in infinitesimal particles; but when we know that the mere inhalation of an infected breath may be fatal to human life, we should scarcely be surprised that an equally imperceptible agency should be potent to sustain and preserve it.

We do not intend to enlist among the professed believers in the Homœopathic principle; although its beautiful generalization, in bringing light out of darkness, and order out of confusion, presents an interesting and attractive system of medical philosophy. It is certain, however, that the science is making rapid progress in the confidence of our metropolitan community, and that it is introduced with a show of authority which should incite the Allopathic school of physicians to investigate its merits with patience, even if they are not prepared to decide with impartiality. They have had their joke at the small doses, until the small doses seem to have got the laugh on their side.

We cannot take leave of this philosophical and original discourse, without alluding to the fact, that it has not yet been answered by any member of the body before which it was delivered, nor, as far as we have been able to learn, by any member of the medical profession, although it was first published more than a twelve-month since. The reason we take to be simply this, that the discourse is too closely reasoned, too logically put together, to be met in a manner that shall be altogether satisfactory to the 'New-York Physicians' Society.' It demonstrates, beyond dispute, that a science has been hitherto wanting, to complete the circle of the medical sciences, and without which the whole system must be imperfect. Whether or not this defect is supplied by Homœopathy, may remain to be seen; but that the defect exists, is abundantly proved in this discourse, by its own conclusive exhibition, and by the cited admissions of many of the most distinguished disciples of the Allopathic school. If the positions of this discourse are so well taken that they are impregnable, this fact may account for the silence of the profession; but if they are untenable, it is the duty of Allopathists to expose their weakness. If they suffer their patients to be misled by the acute and plausible arguments of a writer so skilful as Dr. CHANNING, and will see these heresies running the lengths of a second edition, without rebuke or reply, they must not be surprised if popular faith should get the start of professional distrust, and regard Homœopathy as a science, even before it shall be duly recognized by the 'Society of Physicians.'

AN HISTORICAL DISCOURSE: Delivered at the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I., November 7, 1839. By WILLIAM HAGUE, Pastor of the Church. pp. 192. Providence: B. CRANSTON AND COMPANY.

We are glad to notice the increasing interest manifested in various parts of the Union, in collecting materials toward a more perfect history of our country and its institutions. Local histories, and the records of our primitive settlements, are among the most important materials for the future historian. Historical discourses, such as are frequently delivered at our public institutions, are of equal importance; as the authors are enabled, by confining their attention to a particular period, or a particular subject, to elucidate that subject more fully. As many of the old New-England towns were settled between the years 1630 and 1640, the present period has been prolific in the production of these valuable documents, as two centuries have passed away since their establishment. Next to the landing of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and the settlement of Plymouth, no event of the times is so fraught with interest, as that of the founding of the colony of 'Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,' by ROGER WILLIAMS. But it is not the history of this colony that forms the subject of Mr. HAGUE's discourse exclusively. It embraces a condensed history of the first Baptist church established in America; also biographical notices of ROGER WILLIAMS, the several presidents of Brown University, and other eminent men of the Baptist denomination, in this and other countries.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A LITTLE GOSSIP WITH OUR READERS. — 'I hold it to be a good thing,' says the ever-entertaining DEFOE, 'to sit down, as it were, and converse with my reader, as though he were by my side, and his eye glancing ever and anon into mine. Of this kind of imaginary companionship, is begotten that ease and naturalness, so indispensable to true literary enjoyment.' We must ask a reduction of the force of this observation to the humble and unpremeditated matters which follow; wherein, if any thing that may seem to savor of reflected vainglory be encountered, it is desired that it may be placed to the account of a distinguished modern philosopher, who says that 'the world meets nobody half way.'

IN asking attention to the 'Lay Sermon' of an exemplary and high-minded correspondent, in preceding pages, we must beg leave to say, that his defence of well-conducted theatres might have included a more severe reprehension of those which are rendered 'ministers of evil,' by reason of the abuses which are tolerated within their walls. That which is the receptacle of open vice, can scarcely be considered subservient to the cause of virtue. An antagonistic correspondent, under the signature of 'JOHNSON,' whom we must arraign for great illiberality of spirit, in certain of his positions, is yet on tenable ground, when he inquires, in one part of his communication: 'Can that be deemed a 'school of morality,' which is the notorious gathering-place of the depraved and the vile? It may be argued, that things good in themselves are sometimes perverted to the worst purposes; that establishments founded on just and moral principles, are not always to be estimated by the consequences they produce; that the abuse of a privilege is no argument against its intrinsic excellence. All this is granted: but when original purposes become frustrate, by the permission of measures contrary to their spirit and purity; when bad habits have obtained an ascendancy over good manners; in short, when the most abandoned females are suffered to take their nightly station in a theatre, to insult the modest part of the audience by their presence and their actions; what is such a theatre but a licensed house of assignation? While these things last, it is idle to talk of the 'morality of the stage.' We may write in its defence, we may declaim in its favor; but we are defending a nonentity, we are using a falsehood. Let us beware of sophisms. We cannot incite to virtue, and encourage vice, at the same time.' We may have men of genius to write for the stage, and able critics to point out the moral; but is not all this nugatory, if PROSTITUTION be written, in large and legible characters, upon the walls? The force and justice of these remarks can neither be gainsayed nor denied. We cannot agree, however, with our correspondent in his sweeping remarks upon the example and influence of actors, as a class. It is true, indeed, that from those few members of the theatrical profession who may have sought to retrieve and obtain in this country the character and reputation which they have lost, or never possessed, in their own, little can be anticipated that is not baneful in its influence upon society, and especially upon the young and the thoughtless, who ape not only their thin varnish of external politeness, and their broad caricature of the true gentleman, but the vices which are inherent in their old habitudes and associations. Yet such members of the profession

soon lose their power of evil example. They are scarcely tolerated, we have often observed, by the better class of their brethren. Among these latter, in the various branches of dramatic art, we count many warm friends, whose hearts are generous, whose principles are honorable, and whose characters are in all respects beyond reproach; and we have reason to believe, nay we *know*, that the only repugnance many of them ever feel to their occupation, arises from their temporary association with such persons as 'JOHNSON' describes. Doubtless this aversion, too, led SHAKESPEARE to leave behind him that memorable passage, in which he records his detestation of a theatrical life. He evidently did not so much grieve that his avocations compelled him to

— 'go here and there,
And make himself a motley to the view;'

but the rather, that he was thus thrown into contact with the ignoble and the vile. But we are getting toward the end of our tether; having present space but to add, that in our judgment, a theatre properly conducted, and with proper actors, may be made a place where one may be humanized without suffering; become acquainted with the manners of nations; acquire a polish without travelling; and without the trouble of study, imbibe lessons the most pleasing and useful.

It has ever been the fortune of historians, including the most conscientious and trustworthy, that their veritable records have come at last to be distrusted by an incredulous few, among their posterity. Even the narrative of SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE himself, the most veracious of chroniclers, has been considered fabulous, by divers narrow minded commentators, prone to believe in nothing which their eyes have not seen, or their ears heard. Coming down to our own era, we have seen certain tales and legends, the truth of which has been considered as firmly established, questioned by pragmatistical unbelievers, and that in the very teeth of the strongest testimony. To this day, we make bold to assert, many unimaginative readers find it difficult to believe, that the 'Sleepy Hollow' of our own GEOFFREY CRAYON was once actually bewitched by a high German doctor, and that it has ever since continued under the sway of a mysterious power, that holds a spell over the minds of the people who inhabit it, causing them to see marvellous sights, and to hear strange sounds. We ourselves have heard the fact questioned, within the short space of ten years. And yet nothing can be more true, than that there exists such a spell, which, as our historian well observes, is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may be, before they enter that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative; to dream dreams, and to see apparitions. We have just received from an estimable friend and correspondent at Tarrytown, a private confirmation of the 'sober truth of history,' which is too remarkable to be lost to the world; and which, we hope without a breach of friendly or social trust, we may venture to lay before our readers. 'We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the deuce to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow; a circumstance, by the by, with which you of New-York have some concern, as it is connected with your Croton aqueduct. This work traverses a thick wood, about the lower part of the Hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted church; and in the heart of the wood, an immense culvert, or stone arch, is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the aqueduct. As the work is unfinished, a colony of Patlanders have been encamped about this place all winter, forming a kind of Patsylvania, in the midst of a 'witherness.' Now whether it is that they ever heard the old traditionary stories about the Hollow, which, all fanciful fabling and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in this part of the country, or whether the goblins of the Hollow, accustomed only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Dutch families, have resented this intrusion into their solitudes,

by strangers of an unknown tongue, certain it is, that the poor paddies have been most grievously harried, for some time past, by all kinds of apparitions. A wagon-road, cut through the woods, and leading from their encampment, past the haunted church, and so on to certain whiskey establishments, has been especially beset by foul fiends; and the worthy Patlanders, on their way home at night, beheld misshapen monsters whirling about their paths, sometimes resembling men, sometimes bulls, sometimes horses, but invariably *without heads*; which shows that they must be lineal descendants from the old goblin of the Hollow. These imps of darkness have grown more and more vexatious in their pranks; occasionally tripping up, or knocking down, the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word, the whole wood has become such a scene of *spuking* and *diablerie*, that the paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night; and a whiskey-shop, in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gatherings, has been obliged to shut up, for want of custom. This is a true story, and you may account for it as you please. The corporation of your city should look to it, for if this harrying continues, I should not be surprised if the Patlanders, tired of being cut off from their whiskey, should entirely abandon the goblin region of Sleepy Hollow, and the completion of the Croton water-works be seriously retarded.'

THERE is a vein of sly satire running through the 'leaves' of the 'Georgia Lawyer,' in preceding pages, which we would not have escape the uninitiated reader. A desire to flog a watchman, is in cities a well-defined symptom of the disease called drunkenness; and we suspect that this part of our correspondent's sketch must have been founded upon critical observation, gained, doubtless, by being mayor of a large metropolis, and holding a daily police court. Every lawyer will appreciate the faithfulness of the picture of the 'female witness;' and as to 'homicidal insanity,' it is the great stumbling-block of the criminal writers and judges of the present day. Indeed it is amazing to see the extent to which men, intelligent in other respects, carry this absurd doctrine. By and by we shall arrive at the conclusion, that if a man kills another, it is *prima facie* evidence of insanity; *ergo*, he ought, as a proof of insanity, to be immediately discharged. Our correspondent enacts the legal Cúrtius, throwing himself manfully into the breach which threatens to swallow up the criminal justice of the country. Drunkenness, too, is latterly scarcely less abused than insanity, being often practically regarded as an apology for crime. The charge of the Georgia judge, with its very relevant phrenological digression, reminds us of a similar lucid effort, of which we have somewhere heard, that was intended to define the crime of murder to a Wolverine jury: 'Murder, gentlemen,' said the western Solon, 'is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now murder by poison, is as much murder, as murder with a gun. It is the *murdering* that constitutes murder, in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another: therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and if it be not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case: one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another: that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like!'

THE reader will need no incitement to a perusal of the history of that remarkable delusion, the 'Mississippi Bubble,' by Mr. Iving, in the present issue. The diligent research which it has evidently cost the author, it will be conceded, is simply repaid by the almost romantic interest of the narrative, and the useful lessons with which it is replete. From a note, which should have accompanied the text, we learn, that in the preparation of the article, the following authentic works were consulted, most of them in the originals: MACPHERSON'S 'Annals of Commerce;' Biographie Universelle; SAINT

SIMON'S Memoires; Correspondence of the Duchess d'Orleans; DUCLOS' Memoires; DULAURE'S History of Paris; VILLAR'S Memoires; VOLTAIRE'S History of Parliament; and LACRETELLE'S History of France. The story of COUNT VAN HORN, in our last number, was but an episode in this veritable history. It was of the shares of LAW'S famous bank, it will be remembered, that the Count and his companions robbed the Jewish broker. Large quantities of this stock were borne about the persons of more than two-thirds of the citizens of Paris; and the thirst for gain which this spurious wealth engendered, undermined the morals of half the community. The picture of the late high-exalted financier, pale and trembling in his hiding place, through fear, of the 'tempestuous populace' of Paris, is sufficiently striking; but to appreciate it fully, one should bear in mind the peculiar character of the excited multitude, of whom the less mercurial Scotchman was so justly in awe. A little incident, which we derive from a friend who had it from the eloquent lips of the poet ROGEE'S, will effectually 'define the position' of the deposed banker. Before the French revolution, the abbés were privileged persons in the fashionable world; a kind of general gossips in politics, literature, and court scandal. At the tables of the principal noblemen, there would always be a vacant place left for any abbé who might drop in, and the first that arrived took it. About dinner time, the abbés might be seen, neatly dressed, picking their way from one dry stone to another, along the dirty streets of Paris, ringing or rapping at the great port-cochères of the lordly hotels, and inquiring of the porters, 'Is there a place at table?' If answered in the negative, away they would tittup, in hopes of better luck at the next place of call. An abbé of this sponging order was seated one day, in the bloody time of the revolution, at the table of a nobleman, where there was a large company. In the midst of the repast, a cart drove by, carrying a number of persons to the guillotine. All the company ran to the windows, to see if they had any friends among the victims. The abbé, being a short man, tried, by standing on tip-toe, to peep over the shoulders of those before him, but in vain; so he ran down to the port-cochère. As the cart went by, one of the prisoners, who knew the abbé, bowed to him. The abbé returned the salutation. 'What!' cried some of the mob, 'you are his friend! You are of the same way of thinking! Here, citizens, here is another traitor! Away with him!' The poor abbé was hoisted into the cart, in spite of his protestations, and hurried off to the guillotine. In the mean time, the noble company up stairs, having satisfied their curiosity, resumed their seats at table. One chair, however, remained vacant; and after a while, the question began to be asked: 'Where is Monsieur the abbé? What has become of the abbé?' Alas! by this time, the poor abbé was headless!

WE would invite the attention of such of our readers, of both sexes, as have been, are, or hope to be, in *love*, to a guide-book to true lovers, in the *JOURNAL OF LOVE*, elsewhere in the present number. We are aware that we are appealing to a very large class; for what says (and very beautifully) that cerulean Beatrix, Miss MARTINEAU: 'The lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on; unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse. True love continues, and will continue, to send up its homage, amid the meditations of every even-tide, and the busy hum of noon, and the 'song of the morning stars.' The 'Journal of Love' is fruitful in lessons of good, to maiden lovers, and lovely maidens. Its teachings, so simple and natural, will embolden the timid on the one hand, and subdue the haughty on the other. The individual to whom the poem relates, and who had suffered severely all the pains and penalties which arise from the want of those personal charms, so much admired by him in others, gave to the author, as he informs us, many years since, some fragments of a

journal, kept by himself in his early days, in which he had bared his heart, and put down all his thoughts and feelings. 'This prose journal, writes 'FLACCUS, 'has here been transplanted into the richer soil of verse; where, although it has become more enlarged in its dimensions, and more showy in its coloring, there is much doubt whether it may not have lost some of the wild fragrance and touching simplicity that distinguished it in its original and uncultivated condition.' Be this as it may, our modest correspondent may rest assured that even *his* version is not without its fair proportion of the attributes he enumerates. We read it the other evening to a susceptible friend, in whom 'the hey-day of the blood is tame, and waits upon the judgment;' yet did it so move him, that he went back, through a long vista of years, to the days of his boyhood, and related his first 'course of true love;' dwelling with much fervor and enthusiasm upon a tale of passion, told for a long time in sighs and glances between two young hearts, until at length, one balmy eventide in summer, it was confirmed by repeated kisses, in which their fluttering souls met at their meeting lips. The story was a rich one, and its skeleton is in our 'Note-book,' to be 'clothed upon' hereafter, should leisure and memory serve. In the mean time, we must commend our 'Lover's Journal' to all shrinking, sensitive mortals, who, although 'head and ears in love,' seem utterly incapable of appreciating BYRON's undeniable argument, that 'brisk confidence the best with woman copes;' but rather, as Mr. YELLOWFLUSH observes, 'lay the flattering function to their souls' that she is to be won by whining and sighs. By the mass, not so!

Not more grateful to his well-educated palate was the *Black-fish*, which, on a fine summer morning, he devoured with memorable gusto, between the rocks by the water's side, than are the intellectual *entremets* of the gentle 'JOHN WATERS' to our familiar taste! How skilfully he moves a horror, and produces affrightments, let the reader judge, who shall peruse the authentic story of '*The Iron Foot-step*,' elsewhere in the present issue. Yet is not this a fair example of the writer's power. Does he place before you, with a few touches of his pencil, a portrait of a departed friend? How faithful and striking the delineation! Does he transcribe heart-records, or depict the affections? What a quantity of kindred thought and feeling he conveys to the reader! Does he dally with the Nine? What a tender regard they manifest for him, what time he traces his graceful fancies! No cumbrous and misplaced description; no disproportioned and injudicious ornament, mar the beauty of his poetry, or the clearness of his prose. He will ever be thrice welcome to these pages, which, judging from the past—and we have been one of his most attentive and eager readers—he can never fail to adorn. And here, in justification of our enthusiastic laud, let us introduce to the reader a brief passage from a defence by Mr. WATERS of a social practice, which, in the gradual desuetude of old observances, and since the introduction of foreign airs and graces among us, has begun to decline, with the ultra fashionables. Premising that our correspondent has been contending, with his accustomed skill, against the new practice of servants' carving at the side-board—fellows that cannot even tell the Pope's eye from Queen Elizabeth's bone, in a leg of mutton—and handing round the mangled meats to the guests; while the host, solemn it may chance as a Herculaneum man, and in a lamentable state of worry, twirls his fingers beneath the table—premising, as we said, all this, let us pass to a burst of eloquent indignation, and a portrait of a sometime friend, whose fame, as a benevolent and tasteful operator, the world will not willingly let die:

'Is it come to this, my masters! Is it to be imagined that guests are to be treated like capons? filled with undistinguishable food? The very corporate system altered and disordered, without any participat exercise of the ethereal spirit? Is there to be henceforth no luxury of choice? No view of the chosen viand in its unity of form? No witness of partition? No allotment of the parts? No nice preparatory movement of the gustatory organs? No descent from the brain unto the palate? No appreciation? No apprehension? No analysis? No interchange of sympathy between two inviolable principles that ally man to the spiritual and the natural worlds, upon an occasion so vitally important to both? . . . When writers and speakers now-a-days would call the attention particularly to their subject, 'Here,' say they, 'is a matter which comes home to the business and bosom of every man who hears me:' but *here*, Mr. Editor, is a matter which lies

deeper than the bosom of any man, and which comes home to what 'the great moralist of England' calls the most important business of the day to every man, namely, his dinner. If the exhibition and the carving of our food are to be banished from our boards, farewell to the honest pride of the host in his successful catering, and to the joy of the cook in the brightness of her russet! Banish carving! Banish all the world! Thou and I, dear Editor, must both long have remembered a gentleman, whose excellence at this delightful art was one of the wonders of his time. Honest BOB WALKER! Yes, I think his name was Bob! To see him with his fork thrust home in the breast of a canvass-back duck, and his face beaming with benevolent intentions toward the expectant parties, was enough to have created an appetite under the ribs of death! . . . What a master he was of his bird! After the fork was once inserted — and he planted it with an effortless grace — the severance of the limbs was a matter of charm! The duck touched the dish *par courtoisie*, while legs and wings were laid on one side, somewhat in the form and posture that we used at the dancing school to call the '*double allemande*,' when we practised figures with misses who wore ashes of pink and blue — digress not, good heart! — and these being disposed of, was it not a gratification to behold the glorious bird, with its back extended on the dish, yield up its round and matchless breast to the exquisite divisions of that unerring knife!

Could any thing be more picturesque and LAMB-like? An uncompromising enemy to the decadence of our ancient usage, would almost be willing to be 'served' at the board of such a felicitous defender of a noble science, not as a guest, but as a meat!

A CORRESPONDENT, in a brief note to the editor, speaks in exalted terms of praise of the lectures recently delivered by the Rev. Mr. LEVINS, upon the life and character of GRATTAN. We regret that our avocations did not lead us to a survey of the newspapers, wherein these lectures were advertised. For no name in Irish history have we a more deep respect and honor, than for that of GRATTAN. Many years since, we read in the Edinburgh Review, and never have forgotten, a sketch of this great man's character. We quote from memory, and a mnemonic line or two of our note-book, what we believe formed the concluding passage: 'No government ever dismayed him, the world could not bribe him. He only thought of his country; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on, for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man. He is gone! — but there is not a single day of his honest life, of which every good Irishman would not be more proud, than of the whole political existence of his countrymen, the deserters and betrayers of their native land!' An eloquent tribute, and just as eloquent.

We have yielded a portion of our department of literary notices to a review, from an able and disinterested hand, of Dr. CHANNING's pamphlet upon the new science of medicine, concerning the principles and nature of which we are free to confess a general ignorance. It is an undoubted fact, however, that very many professional nanas, of the highest authority in the old world, are numbered among the converts to the new theory, and not a few in this country; including such inveterate opposers of every species of quackery, as our friend Dr. TICKNOR, whose recent calm and apparently well-reasoned letter upon this science we may consider hereafter. Certain it is, moreover, that the new doctrine is exciting much discussion, even among those learned doctors who have, in the ancient way, 'practised to a great extent in this community.' We have seen the old school 'medicine-man' arrest a brother practitioner, as he was rushing from an act of phlebotomy in the west, to insinuate a bolus in the east, and while he held him by the button-hole, tell him of the ridiculous principles of the new theory; and yet both these persons are now its hopeful converts. The alleged *simplicity* of homœopathy may not a little aid its pretensions. FOOTE has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as 'a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures, or medicines kill him.' Howbeit, blessing and honor,

say we, be upon the head of the *true* physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and of love. There be those among us, however, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker. 'Do you eat well?' is the language of one of our modern pill-venders, in the manufacture of a patient. 'Yes.' 'Do you sleep well?' 'Yes.' 'Eh?—that's not exactly the thing for one in *your* condition! I'll do away all *that* for you. Take four of these every morning, and four after dinner. You'll soon see a change!'

FROM a kind and entertaining companion, whose visits to our 'sanctum,' fruitful as they always are of the pleasantest intellectual discourse, can never be untimely nor unwelcome, we derive the subjoined anecdote, gathered originally at the table of an illustrious nobleman in England. It strikes us as well deserving embalmment in these pages. Certain it is, as MATTHEWS was wont to say, 'it made a great laugh at the time.' The Rev. Mr. SIMEON, a zealous divine of the Church of England, though of Jewish descent, was a man whose wit and humor almost equalled his piety. A worthy though credulous and simple-minded lady of his acquaintance, Mrs. L—, once related to him a wonderful story, of a clergyman who had recently received a message from a lady in trouble, requesting to see him, but stating that he must come blind-folded. He complied. He found the lady in bed, in great affliction, and recollected to have often seen her in church, one of the most attentive and devout of his congregation. She informed him that she was a Jewess by birth, but a Christian by conviction; that she wished to be confirmed in the church; that her relatives opposed it, and finding her resolute in her purpose, had determined to make way with her. 'And there,' said she, pointing to a heap of stones, in a corner of the room, 'there are the stones with which they intend to stone me to death to-morrow!' Did you ever hear so shocking a story?' continued Mrs. L—; 'and what makes it worse, the clergyman was brought away again blind-folded, so that there is no knowing who the lady was, or how to help her, or what has become of her!' 'Madam,' said Mr. SIMEON, gravely, 'all farther meddling in the matter would be useless. The poor lady is dead. She was stoned to death, as she predicted. I can assure you of the fact, for I swallowed the stones after the ceremony!' 'Ah,' said the good lady, 'you are jesting; but I assure you the story is true. I heard it from Mr. Grimes, who told it with tears in his eyes.' 'Mr. Grimes—Mr. Grimes?' replied Mr. SIMEON; 'oh, is not that the gentleman who was tired of the version of the whale's swallowing Jonah, and insisted that it was Jonah who swallowed the whale?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed the good Mrs. L—; 'well, I did not know that any one held *that* belief!' . . . On the same occasion, the following amusing instance of kingly ignorance and stupidity, was related by a distinguished foreigner present. The late King of Naples was not very remarkable for his knowledge of literature and literary people. He inquired casually, one day, of one of his courtiers: 'But tell me, what has become of a man who was here some time since, *qui avait la tête un peu monter*?' (who had his head a little turned;) ALPIERI, I think was his name; what's become of him?' The courtier, blushing at the king's ignorance, exclaimed: 'He's dead, sire.' 'Dead, eh? dead—is he? He was a singular fellow; he kept very fine horses. And, he's dead, is he? How long has he been dead?' 'Fifteen years, sire.' 'Ah! fifteen years! He kept very fine horses!'

WE are glad to perceive the currency which has every where been given to Mr. PALMER's fine poem, 'LIGHT,' in our last number. There is scarcely a public journal in the country, in which it has not appeared, and in many with the accompaniment of high and cordial praise. The following, from one of the most popular contributors to this Magazine, may serve as a sample of many kindred tributes, contained in the notes of correspondents: 'Mr. PALMER must have been full of his theme, when he wrote 'LIGHT.' It absolutely sparkles. In reading the first stanza, I could hardly convince myself that I did not see the scintillations starting from the page. The two last lines

of the second stanza are rich and beautiful in the extreme; and throughout the whole, there is a fine manly feeling, and a pious spirit. One feels that the writer is neither an atheist nor a tailor; that the object of his adoration is the King of kings, and not the king of the dandies; that he is one who would not, after spending an hour with an intellectual man, sit down and write an account of the cut of his coat, and the tie of his cravat. You did right to announce him as '*a true poet*.' His verses bear more evidence of genius than of art. They are sparkling, but not meretricious; mellifluous, but not flimsy; energetic, and yet graceful; but above all, devout, without whining. I hope you will cherish the author.' . . . 'Your Mr. STREET, too, is a fine poet, who possesses a most *Daguerreotypic* eye.' The reader will be glad to learn that Mr. PALMER's future communications will appear exclusively in the KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LATE DR. FOLLEN.—'A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Dr. FOLLEN, by WILLIAM E. CHANNING,' has been sent us by the publishers, Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston. It is marked with the best characteristics of its distinguished author, both as a religious and literary performance. Having recently devoted some space to a sermon, similar, in some respects, from the pen of Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, of this city, we shall content ourselves with calling the reader's attention to the entire discourse, of the merely literary merit of which he may form an estimate from the following passages. Speaking of the burning of the ill-fated Lexington, Dr. CHANNING observes:

'It is not my desire to bring back to your imaginations that affecting scene. Our imaginations in such seasons need no quickening. They often scare us with unreal terrors, and thus our doubts of God's goodness are aggravated by the fictions of our own diseased minds. Most of us are probably destined to pass through more painful, because more lingering deaths, than the lamented sufferers, who have within a few days been so suddenly summoned to the presence of God. The ocean is a softer, less torturing bed, than that which is to be spread for many here. It was not the physical pain which I shuddered at, when I first heard of that night of horrors. It was the mental agony of those, who, in a moment of health and security, were roused to see distinctly the alyas opening beneath them; to see God's awful ministers of fire and sea commissioned to sunder at once every hold on life, and to carry them so unwarmed into the unknown world. Even this agony, however, in the first moment of our grief and horror, was perhaps exaggerated. When my mind, composed by time, now goes back to that flame-encircled boat, I search for one among the crowd, who was singularly dear to me, the close and faithful friend of many years; and as he rises to my mind, I see no terror on his countenance. I see him with collected mind and quick eye looking round him for means of escape, using every energy of a fearless spirit, thoughtful too of others as well as of himself, and desisting from no efforts of love and prudence till the power of effort failed. I see indeed one agony; it was the thought that the dear countenances of wife and child and beloved friend were to be seen no more on earth. I see another, perhaps deeper agony; it was the thought of the woe which his loss was to inflict on hearts dearer to him than life. But even at that hour his love was not all agony; for it had always lived in union with faith. He had loved spiritually; he had revered in his friends an infinite, undying nature; he had cherished in them principles and hopes stronger than death. I cannot doubt that in that fearful hour, he committed them and himself with filial trust to the all-merciful Father. I cannot doubt, that death was disarmed of its worst terrors, that the spirit passed away in breathings of unutterable love and immortal hope. Thus died one of that seemingly forlorn, desolate, forsaken company; I hope, thus, others died. But one such example mingles with the terrors and agonies of that night so much that is heavenly, soothing, cheering, that I can look at the scene without overwhelming gloom, and without one doubt of the perfect goodness of God.' . . . 'We may learn from the friend we have lost, now sleeping in the ocean, another lesson. We may learn the glorious power of virtue, how it can throw a brightness over the most appalling scenes of human life, and can rob the most awful forms of death of their depressing influence. To the eyes of sense, what a sad spectacle was the friend we have lost, first circled with flames, then weltering in the cold, lonely sea. At the moment of hearing the sad news, a feeling of horror oppressed me; but soon a light beamed in this darkness, and it beamed from his virtues. The thought of the spirit which I had communion with, gradually took the place of the body, which had been taken from us under circumstances so appalling. I felt that the spirit which had informed that body, had spoken through those lips, had beamed from that benign face, was mightier than the elements. I felt that all the waves of ocean could not quench that spark. I felt how vast, how unutterable the transition from that burning deck and pitiless sea to the repose and life of a better world. I felt that the seal of immortality had been put on the virtue, which we had seen unfolding on our earth. Still more, his virtues have gradually brought back to my mind his outward form divested of painful associations. As I now think of the departed, his countenance is no longer defaced by death. It rises to me in the sweetest, noblest expression which it wore in life. Thus the body, through which virtue has shed its light, becomes hallowed and immortal to the memory and the heart.'

It is gratifying to perceive, from these and kindred passages, that Dr. CHANNING's own style is not in accordance with a principle which he once, we may believe hastily, laid down; namely, that *clearness* was not an essential element in good composition.

MISS SHIRREFF AND MR. WILSON have just commenced an engagement at the Park Theatre, in an opera which has a high reputation in Paris, where it was played upward of two hundred nights, with undiminished attraction. The music is by ADOLPHE ADAM, and is said to abound with melodies of a pleasing and effective kind; and we doubt not it will prove to be very popular here. Indeed, if we may judge of the opera by the romance so charmingly sung by Mr. WILSON, at several of his late brilliant concerts, where it was received with marked enthusiasm, its success is certain. The plot is represented to us as good, and many of the situations as exceedingly comic. We may now hope to see the Park, as of old, filled nightly with the beauty and fashion of the town. As the engagement of these artists is only for ten nights, we fear it will be impossible for them to produce any other novelty during that period; since to produce an opera well, requires weeks of preparation. But should a reengagement be effected, at a future time, with these admirable performers, before they leave our shores for England, it would unquestionably give great satisfaction to our music-loving citizens, to hear '*Amilie*' again. And how well it might here be cast, with nearly all the original performers who were in it, when it was first produced at Covent-Garden! Miss SHIRREFF and Mr. WILSON, in their original parts of '*Amilie*' and '*José*,' and MANVERS as the original '*Anderl Brenner*;' GIUBILEI would make a capital representative of the '*Count*,' and Miss POOLE, in the part of '*Lelia*,' would give the public an opportunity of hearing the music of that part sung. The leader, too, Mr. THOMAS, was the leader at Covent-Garden, when '*Amilie*' was produced, and led it every night. His perfect acquaintance with it, therefore, and his steady, quiet, and unobtrusive manner in his situation, would throw a new and additional charm around this much-admired opera. We must have '*Amilie*,' Mr. SIMPSON!

AMERICAN LITERATURE. — We tender our cordial thanks to Rev. LEONARD BACON, of New-Haven, for a copy of his '*Discourse before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa in Yale College*,' in August last. It is a sound, manly, and very forcible illustration of the proper character and functions of American Literature. The observations upon feudal privileges; the eloquent defence of the nobility of of labor, physical as well as intellectual; the inculcation of frugality and simplicity of manners; and the exposition of the tendency of the religion of the Bible, as a constituent force, a grand element, in the civilization and literature of the American people; these stamp Mr. BACON as a true American, an admirable writer, and a practical Christian. We cannot resist the inclination to quote the following paragraph, as forcibly exhibiting the influence of the old hereditary distinctions upon the common mind in England, where even now the greatest honor is to rise to the level of the old feudal aristocracy:

'The orator in the House of Commons, whose eloquence adorns and enriches his mother tongue; the patriot statesman, whose skill guides his country through the storm; the jurist whose genius and industry have thrown light along the Gothic labyrinths of the law; the warrior whose exploits, on the deep or on the land, have made 'the meteor flag of England' burn more terrific than before; mounts at last to the peerage, and thus attains the goal of his ambition. And what an ambition! He is a peer indeed; but he comes a *novus homo* into the circle of the old nobility. He is a peer indeed, and is permitted to uphold the decayed aristocracy, by bringing to its aid the vigor of his talents, and the lustre of his performances; but after all, the stupid descendant of some iron-fisted, heaven-headed old baron, of the days of King John; the coroneted gambler, 'whose blood has crept through' titled 'scoundrels ever since' it was ennobled by the Tudors; yes, and the rowdy profligate who traces his pedigree back to some unmentionable female in the court of Charles the Second; takes precedence of him, and blesses himself as of a more illustrious birth than this new-created lord of yesterday. Meanwhile, the man of science and of letters has no hope of rising to so glorious an eminence. The astronomer who writes his name among the constellations; the chemist at whose analyzing touch nature gives up her profoundest secrets; the inventor who gives new arms to labor, new wings to commerce, and new wealth and comforts to mankind; the historian who illuminates his country's annals, and turns into wisdom the experience of past ages; the poet who entrances nations with the spell of song and fable; seeks the patronage of the high-born, happy to share that patronage with actors and Italian fiddlers; thrice happy if the king, deeming him fit to stand in the outer court of aristocracy, shall dub him knight, or exalt him to the rank of baronet. Thus DAVY, transformed into Sir Humphrey, or BAZWATER, elevated into Sir David, is made equal in rank with such samples of human nature as Sir Mulberry Hawk; even as NEWTON, after having revealed the system of the universe, and having made his simple plebeian name the most illustrious in the history of human knowledge, was belittled into Sir Isaac, and enabled to stand in the court of Queen Anne at the same degree of greatness with Pope's

'Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.'

Thus 'the Ariosto of the North,' after having filled the world with his fame, received the honor of a baronetcy, and was made almost respectable enough to be company for such as the high-born Earl of Munster, and the noble Marquis of Waterford. Thus perhaps, if MILTON were to come to life again, under the present administration, and were so far to divest himself of his old Puritan and republican whims, as to make himself agreeable to my Lord Melbourne, we might hear of Sir John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost* !

Who does not feel the full force of this strain of eloquent satire, and respond to the honest indignation of the writer ?

THE DRAMA. — We regret that we are again compelled to postpone a large portion of the remarks of our able theatrical critic upon the 'doings at the PARK THEATRE.' But as there is matter in his first critique of more than a temporary interest, it will not be lost hereafter to our readers. He pays an elaborate tribute to DONIZETTI's beautiful opera of '*The Love-Spell*,' the overture, and the admirable singing of Miss POOLE, Mr. MANVERS, Mr. GIUBILEI, etc.; concluding with a most laughable description of the 'chariot, and the horse thereof,' in which 'Doctor Dulcamara' makes his imposing entrée, wherein he gives the following sage advice to the manager: 'Let there be one gentleman to officiate as the fore-legs of your quadrupeds, as well as one to play the hind-legs; and let him who playeth the hind-legs feel himself equal in dignity to the artist in the anterior department; so that the 'entire animal' shall move naturally and quietly along, and the hind-legs be not overtasked!' 'C.'s second communication is devoted to a just analysis and commendation of the acting of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF, and to some admirable comments upon Mr. HENRY PLACIDE, in connexion with a notice of his benefit, and recent departure for England. Crowded as we are, we yet cannot omit the following, which is as true as it is satirical: 'Mr. PLACIDE has been gradually winning upon the admiration of the public, until he has become their greatest favorite; and most deserving is he of the high reputation which he enjoys among us. In these days of charlatanism, when the drama has become a sort of stalking-horse, to bear upon its back the grimace, buffoonery, gaggery, and rant, of quacks and pretenders; when a comedian is measured by his capacity to improvise coarse jokes, as foreign to the subject as to common decency, or to distort the features by such grimace as will 'set on barren spectators to laugh,' while the true wit of the scene, if any such there be, is left to itself; when the antics of the buffoon are the true 'spice and season' of a popular comedian; while the drama has been thus degraded by certain of its members, here and elsewhere, who have found a quickly-earned notoriety in the applause of the unthinking; it required a dignity of purpose, a steady and honest perseverance, to sustain the just character of a true comedian. With all his great talents, such have been the impulses which have urged Mr. PLACIDE in his career, and he has for his reward the reputation of being the first of his class in this country, and we believe equal to the best of any other. . . . Much more could we say of Mr. PLACIDE's merits; of the respectability which he has thrown around his profession, both upon the stage and in his intercourse with society; of his unwearied attention to his duties; of his constant respect for his audiences, and his invariable exertions to gratify the few, as earnestly as to please the many.' We had written, but must also omit, a sketch of the performances at the BOWERY THEATRE, where Mr. FORREST has been fulfilling an engagement with his invariable success; of Mr. HILL's triumphant career at the 'NEW CHATHAM;' and of the lively and popular entertainments at the 'OLYMPIC,' whose capable manager, in the richest strain of burlesque, 'ever anxious to snatch at and seize, with the utmost avidity, every thing in the line of novelty and genius,' lately announced, that he had succeeded, 'at not very enormous expense,' and 'without much trouble,' in inducing Mr. JOHNSON to 'make an operatic effort,' in which he was to dance and sing 'Jim Crow,' together with 'All round my Hat'

MR. WINTHROP'S ADDRESS. — We shall embrace another occasion to present our readers with several extracts which we have marked for insertion in an 'Address delivered before the New-England Society,' in this city, in December last, by ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Esq., a near descendant, in direct line, from the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' whose history and character he has so eloquently set forth. The city reader, who sat among the breathless auditory that crowded the 'Tabernacle,' during the delivery of this distinguished performance, need only to be told, that in the dignity of types it is scarcely less impressive; and by a parity of reasoning, those who read only, can form some idea of the effect created by that additional appeal which is to the eye and ear; the eloquence of personal presence, graceful gesture, and an impressive and musical voice.

LITERARY RECORD.

OWING to lack of space, this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* — usually devoted, as its title imports, to a brief 'record' of, rather than criticisms upon, new publications, of the existence of which we would not have our readers wholly ignorant — is in the main, in the present number, but the medium of mere passing comments upon several works which demand, and may hereafter receive, a more adequate notice at our hands.

'MR. C. E. HORN'S 'MUSICAL SOUVENIR.' — We congratulate our musical amateurs on the appearance of this work, as being likely to afford them a great deal of gratification, and to do much for the advancement of the study of music, an improving taste for which divine science is daily extending itself over all classes of the community. Each number, it is intended, shall comprise generally a song or two, a duett, a trio, and perhaps a quartette, thereby affording a delightful variety for a domestic musical soiree; and as the selections are made by Mr. HORN himself, whose refined taste is the natural result of a deep love and long practice of his art, we have no hesitation in asserting that they can hardly fail to be judicious. Among his own compositions, there is a very extensive variety, and we could name many of his duetts and trios, which are admirably calculated for chamber music, and which are scarcely known here, from not having yet been reprinted in this country. In the second number, there is a song called 'The Lily of the Valley;' the words by a Scottish poet, GILFILLAN, and the music by Mr. G. LODGE. It is beautiful in simplicity, and must become a universal favorite. We should like to see WILSON take hold of this song, and sing it. Take the hint, Mr. WILSON, and do so; it will be sure to please. BLANCINI's charming duett, 'Per valli e boschi,' has been adapted, with English words, very well, but they do not sing so naturally as the original; and we question the propriety of departing from the original; for every young lady now-a-days studies the most mellifluous and musical of all languages, the Italian; and her singing in it not only increases her knowledge of the language, but refines her taste for the *bel canto*. The mechanical part of the work is well and beautifully executed. The 'Musical Souvenir' should command success, for it deserves it.' Thus remarks a disinterested and most able musical critic, to us, in a recent note; and we are glad to find our former praise of the excellent publication alluded to, confirmed by so competent a judge. A third number of the 'Souvenir' has, as we infer, appeared, although our copy has not yet reached us. We find, however, in several of the public journals here, and elsewhere in the vicinity, the poetry of a glee that is said to grace its pages, from the prolific pen of Brigadier-General GEORGE P. MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror,' which partakes, in no small degree, of the peculiar characteristics of the writer, and which has been pronounced to be 'one of the most beautiful things ever written by that eminent composer.' The lines are as follow:

'WELL-A-DAY.

I.

'Love comes and goes
Like a spell!
How, no one knows,
Nor can tell!
Now here, now there,
Then away!
None dreameth where:
Well-a-day!

II.

'Love should be true
As the star,
Seen in the blue
Sky afar!
Now here, now there,
Like the lay
Of harp in th' air!
Well-a-day!

III.

'Should love depart,
Not to die
Binds up the heart
'Till we die!
Now here, now there,
Sad we stray!
Life is all care!
Well-a-day!

Contrasted with long Alexandrines, these stanzas do not — as little KEELEY observes in the play of 'The Swiss Cottage,' when he comes marching down the stage, high over-topped by RICHINGS, the 'divine PETER' — make a very 'commanding figure.' It is not the number of words, however, that constitutes poetry, as our contemporary's efforts sufficiently evince.

'THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE, AND OTHER POEMS.'—There are certainly tokens of fine poetical *matériel* in this evidently young writer; but he has as certainly very many faults to amend. His shorter pieces are much the best: and we have dog's-ears at two or three pages, which open to pleasant and graceful stanzas. His style is too diffuse. Had some tasteful friend put him upon an allowance of wordy embellishment, his volume would have been all the better for the scarcity. 'Do you Remember?' is not without merit; but it is an ill-judged and not over-modest imitation of a beautiful poem by Hon. Mrs. Norton, with which a truly original writer would scarcely have sought to contrast his own second-hand imaginings. 'Do you remember them,' susceptible reader?—and thereabout especially, where the much persecuted and beautiful authoress says:

'Do you remember when we first departed
From all the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us?
*And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfeigned weariness o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again?*

'Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
How we thought less of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?
Do you remember in far countries weeping,
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
And made us years for those we left behind?'

We would commend our young friend to a studious perusal of the master-spirits of English poesy, and to a careful cultivation of his 'gift of song,' for he has it, although as yet it is rather shadowed forth than developed.

'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,' PHILADELPHIA.—Among the papers we have found leisure to peruse in this periodical for March, the only number we have seen for many months, we find two cantos of an elaborate historical poem, entitled 'COLUMBUS,' from the pen of our correspondent 'QUINCE,' in other words, *FREDERICK WEST, Esq.*, editor of that lively and entertaining journal, the 'Sunday Morning Atlas.' The writer displays an intimate knowledge of his subject, and brings a subdued imagination happily in aid of history. The progress of the autobiography is natural, the rhythm easy and flowing, and the images felicitous, yet not profuse. The whole poem, unless it should greatly deteriorate in its closing portions, will reflect much credit upon the author. We observe, also, in the same number, a continuation of the 'Journal of JULIUS RODMAN, being a minute account of the first passage across the Rocky Mountains ever achieved by civilized man.' We think we discover the clever hand of the resident editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' Mr. E. A. POE, in these records; the more, perhaps, that the fabulous narrative of 'Mr. ARTHUR GORDON PYM,' of Nantucket, has shown us how deftly he can manage this species of Crusoe matériel. The number is accompanied by a view of the pretty little white house in the Highlands, owned, or occupied for two or three summers, by our worthy poetical and military contemporary of the 'New-York Mirror,' but for some time past the property of Mr. TOMPKINS, of Staten Island, the original owner. A few good-sized trees, and a little easier access, would add to its attractions as a summer residence, though it would still scarcely be 'the gem of the Hudson,' as it is termed in the description, which was evidently penned 'a long time ago.' It should be remembered that there are several 'gems' of country-houses on our glorious river—if not more! This 'gem,' however, says the description, acquires additional value, from being the spot where, under the inspiration of the scene, several of our amiable poet's cleverest lyrical effusions have been 'ripened for the world.'

GREENBANK FEMALE SEMINARY. — We have often remarked, in an occasional trip to Tarrytown, a spacious and beautiful mansion, on an eminence, looking down upon the pleasant little village, and the fine scenery which environs it on every hand. This edifice, we perceive, by some one of the daily journals, has been converted into a seminary for young ladies, by Mrs. ROMEYN, 'under whose immediate care, as principal, all pupils will be placed.' With competent instructors in every branch of female education; a fine climate, delightful scenery, and easy access to town; above all, with grounds laid out in gardens, walks, and orchards, for purposes of recreation; the 'Greenbank Female Seminary' would seem to possess every important requisite for an institution of its class.

'PICTURES OF EARLY LIFE.' — We cannot better devote the few lines of space it is in our power, at a late moment, to command, than by calling attention to Mrs. EMBURY'S 'Pictures of Early Life,' one of the most instructive and delightful little volumes for children we have ever seen. Simple in language, pure in style, entertaining in its narrative, and good in all its inculcations, it should find its way every where to the hands and hearts of the young.

NEW WORK BY BOZ. — The Philadelphia publishers of Mr. DICKENS'S publications have made an arrangement for the receipt of the sheets of his forthcoming new work, in advance of the appearance of the numbers in London. They will be read almost simultaneously in every part of this country, being first sent to the most distant quarters of the Union, and issued in the Atlantic cities on the first of every week.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our readers will share the pleasure with which we welcome 'Mrs. MARY CLAVERS,' (author of that spirited and original work, 'A New Home, Who'll Follow?') as a regular contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER. The work in question has already passed through two large editions in this country, and has been republished in England, with the highest commendation from all the best critical sources. It may be necessary to explain to the uninitiated reader, that the term '*Thram's Huddle*,' in the present number, is the western designation of a small settlement, or village. The expressive French term, *l'embarras des richesses*, exactly defines a category in which we found ourselves placed, in relation to sundry communications from our best contributors, which it was greatly desirable — but owing to circumstances, wholly impossible — to present in the present issue. Admirable chapters of HARRY FRANCO'S 'Haunted Merchant,' a characteristic and delightful paper from the author of 'The American in Paris,' 'The Day-Book of Life,' from a new and esteemed correspondent, and a poem by P. HAMILTON MYERS, Esq., are reserved therefore, for the May number. The following unacknowledged articles have been received, and are filed for insertion: A very remarkable and interesting 'Reminiscence of the Late War'; 'The Four-Bears, a Tale of the Mandans'; 'The Pictured Rocks, with 'Sketches by the Lake Superior'; a lucious poem on the White-Fish; A Leaf from Florida; 'Ephraim Pipkin,' by the popular author of 'My Fishing-Ground'; and a poem by ALFRED B. STREET, Esq. The review of, and extracts from, DEFOE'S history of 'the Old Gentleman,' will be presently resumed. We shall not forget to 'give the Devil his due.'

The KNICKERBOCKER is growing cosmopolitan. Its name and fame are no longer confined to the vernacular. A few weeks since, the whaling story, 'Mocha Dick,' which our readers will well remember, appeared in a French dress, in the '*Cabinet de Lecture*,' one of the best weeklies published in Paris, and we are told, was received with great favor by its readers. Several of our articles have also appeared in a new German magazine, published at Pittsburgh. Who knows where we may figure next? Perhaps in the 'Sandwich Island Gazette,' or 'Timbuctoo Register.' We observe that ESTHER CHUNDER GOOPT has started a new daily in Bengalee, called by the mellifluous name of 'The Prabhakar.' We shall propose to exchange with Mr. Chunder Goopt. GEOFFREY CAYTON will read gloriously in Bengalee. The unfortunate difficulties at Canton will prevent our making an arrangement with the Ling-che-foo-yan, or 'Canton Literary and Scientific Review,' for the present; but we hope to do so hereafter. In this way, we shall 'enlarge our borders,' till Parsee, Wallachian, Circassian, and Tartar, are all enabled to read the KNICKERBOCKER in their native languages. Our Magazine is destined to be of immense service in introducing civilization and literary taste into Asia, Africa, and Madagascar!

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REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

'THE Americans certainly exhibited a good degree of courage in several of their obstinate contests with the mother country; but in general, on land and sea, they showed little training, and less finesse. A successful *ruse de guerre* was a rare achievement; yet sometimes signal advantages were obtained by an emulation of the arts and small cunning of our Gallic neighbors.'

DE ROOS.

IN the summer of 1811, I was passenger in a ship lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands, waiting for a convoy gun-brig, daily expected from Leith, in Scotland, to protect us to the Baltic sea. The detention of a week swelled our fleet to about twenty vessels, of various nations, among which were three or four Americans. Becoming impatient with the delay, seeing no prospect of a speedy deliverance, and fearing the French cruisers, which then infested the German Ocean, we had no choice but to await the arrival of the expected brig, or form a convoy of our own, sufficiently formidable to defend ourselves in case of attack. We determined on the latter; and a Yankee commander of a brig, which rejoiced in the security of fourteen *wooden* guns, and myself, undertook the management. We selected this brig as a look-out vessel, and a large American ship, painted entirely black, as our commodore, who was required to carry by day a large red flag at the main, and a lantern at the peak during the night.

Our next difficulty was to obtain signals, to inform the fleet from time to time of the intentions of our commodore. This caused some perplexity; but my Yankee friend and myself, after some deliberation, contrived, with three pieces of different colored bunting, and the ensign and pendant, to form seventy-five questions and answers, including a few points of the compass, in our course to Leith.

Walking one afternoon on the highlands overlooking the Pentland Frith, I met a gentleman, a passenger in one of the vessels forming our fleet, to whom I mentioned the arrangements we had entered into, and exhibited a plan of the signals. He examined them attentively, was amused with the contrivance, and remarking that he had a taste for painting, asked me if I had ever seen *the signals used by the British navy*. I answered in the negative, wishing him to explain what they were. We sat down, and with my pencil, on the back of a letter, I marked down, with lines and dots, used by heraldry painters, each signal as he described them, including the compass-signals. I never knew the name of this gentleman, but presume he was a British naval officer,

on furlough. I thought no more of these signals; but on going on board our ship, threw them into my trunk, among various loose papers.

Our fleet sailed, making a truly formidable appearance, with our black commodore and his bloody flag, the look-out brig ranging ahead, and sometimes far astern; and our vessels, of all nations, firing almost every hour in the day, and running up and down signals, by way of amusement. In this manner we passed along the coast of Scotland, within sight of the land, and sometimes sufficiently near to discover the towns, observing, what we then considered remarkable, that no vessels were to be seen, save at a great distance, and those standing in for the shore.

Thus we continued quietly on our course, until the afternoon of the third or fourth day, when our attention was drawn to a vessel bearing down upon us. At the time, her top-gallant sails were only visible, but soon the top-sails made their appearance, when our commodore run up the signal, 'A large merchantman ahead!' Having charge of our signals, and observing that the stranger's yards were very square, and her canvass dark, I answered, 'A *man-of-war*!' Immediate preparations were now made for action, by our fleet coming together, hauling up courses, and taking in top-gallant sails; but not a flag was displayed, save the bloody one of our commodore. In a short time the hull loomed up, and we then discovered the vessel to be a large gun-brig, displaying the English flag; and if any doubts existed as to her character, they were soon dispelled by a heavy shot thrown directly across our bows, when we hove to, as did all the fleet, and displayed our national colors. In a few moments a boat was alongside, and the officer, mounting the side-ladder, exclaimed, 'In the name of heaven, who are you?'

We informed him of what the reader already knows, and entering our cabin, explained the plan of our operations. Being one of those jolly fellows with which the British men-of-war then abounded, he laughed heartily at the idea, helped us to finish a bottle of wine, and stated that the fishermen from all parts of the coast north of where we were then lying, had run into Aberdeen, and reported an Algerine fleet near the coast! They were certain of the fact, from the circumstance of a large black ship, carrying a bloody flag! This rumor was transmitted to Leith by telegraph, and his vessel was despatched to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

In bidding us good afternoon, he observed that he would 'pay a visit to our commodore, and simply request him to haul down his red flag;' adding, that we were sufficiently formidable, without it, to frighten all the Frenchmen we might meet, before our arrival at Leith. Such proved to be the fact. We continued our course, falling in with no vessels, until we reached Leith Roads, where we were announced as a large fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of a United States' gun-brig.

But the reader will naturally inquire, 'What has all this to do with the late war with Great Britain?' To which I answer, that it is merely given by way of introduction, to show how I came in possession of her signals, and the use I subsequently made of them.

In the summer of 1813, the frigate 'President,' Commodore RODGERS, arrived in Boston harbor, after an unsuccessful cruise.

The war was extremely unpopular among the people, and the uncharitable portion charged his not capturing any of the enemy's ships, more to cowardice, than to the difficulty he had encountered in finding any thing worth capturing, that was not convoyed by a force superior to his single frigate.

For the first time it occurred to me that the signals, obtained two years previously, might be of service to the commodore, in decoying some of the enemy's vessels within reach of his guns; and the thought no sooner entered my mind, than I sought them from among my papers, and put my plan into immediate execution. I drew a compass, in the centre of which was represented the President, lying at anchor in the harbor, and on the points, the thirty-two signals by which the men-of-war designated to the fleet the course to be steered during the night, to evade a pursuing enemy; below, I painted the ten numbers, represented by as many flags, with two others, forming the affirmative and negative.

I was not personally acquainted with Commodore Rodgers, at the time, although intimate with most of his ward-room officers, by one of whom I sent the picture, with a letter addressed to him, showing how the signals were to be used, and observing, that he should obtain the number of one of the largest class of British frigates, and by hoisting it when an enemy was in sight, it would without doubt decoy her within his reach.

Meeting the officer intrusted with these despatches a few days afterward, he informed me that the commodore, soon after he had taken them into his cabin, appeared on deck, apparently highly pleased, and ordered one of his warrant officers to have some blue bunting painted black, very much to the surprise of the officers, who could not conceive for what purpose he intended it; but I was satisfied that the signals were to be made, one of them being black-and-yellow.

The 'President' sailed, and I thought no more of the affair, until some weeks after, taking up a newspaper, I therein saw it stated that she had taken the British government schooner *Highflyer* by stratagem.

Soon after the peace, dining with Commodore Rodgers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give nearly in his own words:

'I acknowledged the receipt of your letter,' he observed, 'and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which she answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her main-top-gallant mast head, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the 'Sea-Horse,' one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once, and coming under our stern, I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

'This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal-book; enjoining on him, and the crew, the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain,

whose schooner proved to be the 'Highflyer.' Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown-and-anchor was on the button; but casting his eyes on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock-netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

'The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal-book on board the 'Sea-Horse,' in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the numbers! This ruse had the desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the *whole correspondence of the British navy*. I then sent the gig for the captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any despatches he might have in charge.

'On reaching our deck, he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which every thing appeared; admired the new red-coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation.

'I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood? He said, to intercept the American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rodgers, who he understood had command of one of the largest and fastest-sailing frigates in the American navy! I inquired of him what kind of a man this Rodgers was, and if ever he had seen him? He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and devilish hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put this question to him:

'Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?'

'Why yes, Sir,' he replied; 'on board His Majesty's ship Sea-Horse.'

'Then, Sir, you labor under a great mistake. *You are on board the United States' frigate President, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service!*

'The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors, than did this poor fellow's face. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking!' I assured him it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' on our quarter-deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of the marines turned blue, and the crown-and-anchor button metamorphosed into the eagle.

'This affair,' observed the commodore, 'was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non-receipt of his despatches, were destroyed for the season; and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running, at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night.'

ALPHONSO:

A SENTIMENTAL POEM: BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

'For it doth appear that our young men are becoming inflated with what they call sentimentality, the which leads to a false estimate and neglect of the every-day pursuits of life. Many have begun (in imitation, I suppose, of that puffed-up young man, GEORGE BYRON,) to write poetry, and one of our youth, BERNARD BARTON, has acquired some reputation with the worldly-minded by so doing.' 'A disease which it appeareth to me can only be overcome, by placing their conduct before them in its proper ridiculous light; for reasoning availeth not.'

LETTER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

I.

In 'these hard times' of notes and speculation,
When towns are built (on paper) in a day;
And even this, the sober German nation,
Forsakes 'the even tenor of its way,'
And borrows what it knows not how to pay;
When banks suspend, and coin of any kind
No more reflects an ever-welcome ray,
But to the keenest sighted, as to blind,
Is like the lost Pleiad, whom no bell-man can find:

II.

When the melodious and magic sound
Which issues from a well fill'd, shaken purse,
Making the heart of youth and age rebound
Like a young infant when it hears its nurse,
Or poet when he pens his maiden verse,
Is but to us as a bewitching strain,
Heard in our childhood's years, before the curse
Of wordy lore had pressed upon the brain,
With teacher's ready rod, to soothe the hour of pain.

III.

In these dull days, then, when the sunny gold
No more may gladden with its mellow chink,
And we through weary hours may not behold
Even the silver coin; when sad we think
Of credit that unto the shades will sink,
Unless 'The Key Stone' wakens from her sleep,
Is it not well at 'the hard times' to wink,
For a short season, and no longer weep,
Nor think of private cares, nor woes, however deep?

IV.

Forget all these, my bored-for-money friend!
And listen to a tale of love and joy,
Simple as truth; I may not with it blend
Aught born of hate, its beauty to destroy;
No stormy chiefs, like 'those which leaguered Troy,'
No rough-boned knight a-singing love-sick ditty,
No pirate rover, with his 'Sail a-hoy!'
But all shall be most peaceable and pretty,
Befitting those who dwell in quiet Quaker city.

V.

'T was in the mild and pleasant month of June,
When roses 'gin to open to the sun,
And wild birds, with an ever joyous tune,
And brooks that murmur praises as they run,
Tell that the earth once more to smiles is won,
That on the banks of a rock-girdled stream,
A happy band were gathered; sportive Fun
Held there his mirthful court, and he would deem,
Who heard their merry laugh, that all their milk was cream.

VI.

Oh, Wissahickon ! could the poet's art
 Depict thee in thy beauty and thy bloom,
 Such as thou seemest to the boyish heart,
 Before bright hopes have been begirt with gloom,
 Or day-dreams found their ever-certain tomb,
 Thy praise would swell in every foreign land,
 And hotels with a many well-crammed room
 Would greet the tourist hastening to thy strand,
 To look upon thy hills, and hear FRANK JOHNSON'S band.

VII.

Many have been the cool though summer hours,
 That I have passed on gray rocks by thy side,
 Plucking the sweet and delicate wild flowers,
 Those fittest types of modest maiden pride,
 Or joyed along the stony road to ride,
 My courser slowly stepping over rills
 Which gently hasten to enrich thy tide :
 If any wish to canter o'er these hills,
 They'll leave the old 'Ridge Road' at Robinson's flour mills.

VIII.

Silence reigns o'er thee, and we tread thy banks,
 Forgetful for a time of worldly care :
 Nought to disturb (confound the noisy pranks
 Of those young urchins in the water there !)
 The spirit as it mounts into the air,
 Above the things of time, and sense, and earth,
 Winging its way into those regions fair,
 Where all our dreams of happiness have birth ;
 And oh ! without such dreams, what were existence worth !

IX.

For what were life, with its too real woes,
 Its disappointments — no illusions they !
 Its bitter cups — oh ! blest is he that knows
 Not of these things, even in childhood's day !
 Its sinful deeds, for which we bend and pray,
 Then madly rush to tread Guilt's pathway o'er,
 Till checked by Conscience in our downward way,
 Again we kneel our madness to deplore,
 Sinning e'en while we pray that we may sin no more.

X.

What would life be, if we might never know
 Fair FANCY, with her changeful magic glass,
 Which, like the prism, bids the bright colors glow
 Around each object which we swiftly pass,
 And all seems fairy land. Too soon, alas !
 The charm is broken ; yet to her we cling
 Mid all the cares that daily life harass,
 Leaving them for a while, with hopeful wing,
 When cheered by some blest spot, like that which now I sing.

XI.

The laurel blooms upon the wrinkled brow
 Of time-worn rock, which guards thy rugged path ;
 And who would pluck, will find, I rather throw,
 That here, as in the mingled tears and wrath
 Of gory battle-field, that he who hath
 Desire to wear the wreath, must danger dare :
 Oh ! 'it is fun' to see a cooling bath
 Given to some big-whiskered, clumsy bear,
 Who strives by agile feat to please his ladye-fair !

XII.

Adieu, sweet stream ! thou fair and holy spot
 To all who in the morning's vocal time
 Have wandered by thy side, or met the hot
 And quiet hour of noon, where merry chime
 Of water falling comes like pleasant rhyme
 Upon the drowsy ear ; or sauntered slow,
 Filled with high thoughts, sky-reaching and sublime,
 When the soft moon her gentle smile doth throw
 Over the valleys hush, and waters' murmuring flow.

XIII.

We think of thee, and with thy presence come
 Thoughts of the young, and beautiful, and gay ;
 Voices as joyous as the bee's quick hum,
 Eyes which then beamed as with a heavenly ray,
 Are heard and seen as if but yesterday.
 We laughed, or wept with them, in mirth or wo ;
 We were so happy then ! — but who can say
 If we again such blissful hours may know,
 When with excess of joy the heart shall overflow !

XIV.

But let us leave this too bewitching theme :
 We said, in the commencement of our tale,
 Some happy hearts were gathered near this stream ;
 Pity it is not deep enough to sail
 A pleasure-boat, without its timbers frail
 Scraping acquaintance with the rocks beneath,
 Which from each fair evokes a doleful wail,
 Like that which rings on some deserted heath,
 Where ghost-chased rustic speeds, with terror-chattering teeth.

XV.

Seated around in many a joyful group,
 They held brisk converse, or half-chiding, smiled
 At foolish jest, while some 'neath boughs which droop
 Over the road-side, thought of him who piled
 Rock upon rock, in such confusion wild ;
 Till startled from their meditative trance
 By some mirth-loving, fun-creating child,
 Who from far height above, sent stone to dance,
 And from sharp crag to crag, like steed to madly prance :

XVI.

Till with a whizzing and impetuous leap,
 It bounced into the middle of the throng ;
 Scattering 'all hands,' even as a little sweep,
 Who, in hot haste courses the pave along,
 When our big fire-bell peals its loud ding-dong !
 Some seeking shelter behind rocks and trees,
 And others shouting in a cadence strong,
 'There, stop that ball !' while the rude joker flees,
 Like one who with long stick has stirred a hive of bees.

XVII.

But there was one apart from all the rest,
 Perched on a peak which overlooked the scene,
 Which once for all I know was eagle's nest ;
 Right noble was the heart that there I ween
 Was soaring with an eye as bright and keen
 As Freedom's bird, through fancy's upper air,
 Through realms by all but poet's ken unseen ;
 He had a princely brow, and oh ! his hair
 Foretold that he a wig, or scalp, need never wear.

XVIII.

His stature was five feet say nine or ten ;
 His form was faultless as it well could be ;
 His fingers seemed but made to hold a pen ;
 His boots (for feet we could not hope to see,)
 Were small, and tapered to nonentity :
 And there he stood, with earnest, thoughtful gaze,
 Gently reclined against a strippling tree,
 (So gracefully, it was beyond all praise,)
 And looked on wave and sky, glowing with sunset's blaze.

XIX.

Then seized by a most sentimental thought,
 He sat him down upon a mossy stone,
 And with pen, ink, and paper, which he'd brought,
 Expecting as he did to wander lone,
 And feel within him thrill that witching tone,
 Which nature, in her merriment or wo,
 Whether in joyful song or sad'ning moan,
 Wakes ever in the souls of those who go
 To see her with the awe felt by a youthful beau :

XX.

He scribbled down a sonnet to the sun,
 And melted by it to a softer mood,
 He wiped his noble brow, and then begun
 (While breezes played around, and gently wooed
 Away hot beams, which oftentimes will intrude
 When wanted least,) some verses to indite
 In praise of one to whom he ne'er had sued
 Before in words, but now he felt 'the might
 Of thousands' in his heart, and fear was put to flight.

XXI.

His work's complete. He reads it o'er with joy,
 Such as a lover-poet only feels ;
 Beside, Alphonso was no more than boy,
 Of warm, sincere nineteen ; and fiercely steals
 Bliss through the heart, when first it proudly kneels,
 With trembling, at some idol's beauteous shrine,
 And with a faltering tongue, wildly unseals
 The inmost soul, as at a fane divine :
 Blessed her lot who knows the worth of the rich mine !

XXII.

There is one privilege an author hath,
 Thanks to no earthly power, my friends, for that !
 One which in these sad days of vengeful wrath
 'Gainst all monopolies, no saucy brat
 Of a big-fisted, reckless democrat
 Can pluck from out our tender ink-stained hand ;
 That is, of reading, be it rare or flat,
 Whate'er our heroes write ; and we'll withstand,
 And laugh his name to scorn, who dares this right demand !

XXIII.

In my next number, I will read to you
 Alphonso's verses, as a sample fair
 Of what young men will sometimes wildly do,
 When they are left at liberty to stare
 At pretty face : if maids would only wear,
 As in the eastern lands, a close-drawn veil,
 And thus the youths in mercy sometimes spare,
 I had not penned this sentimental tale,
 Nor on Apollo's harp thus levied my 'black mail.'

THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTAINS CERTAIN MATTERS, WHICH AN HONEST HISTORIAN SHOULD NOT OMIT.

It was on the occasion of some great gathering on the Battery, when all the idle people of the great city of New-York appeared to have been attracted by a common sympathy to that beautiful spot, that the two Tucks, in company with our hero, made their appearance among the crowd, and by their shouts helped to increase the hubbub and confusion. Of course there were many personages present, of greater importance than these three young gentlemen, and who probably attracted more attention at the time; but, as we believe, there were none there for whom the reader will feel a greater interest.

Whether it was the arrival of some great man, or the execution of some great rogue, that caused the gathering, is not material to the right understanding of this history; but it was a gay and exhilarating scene. The day was warm, yet not oppressive; and a timely shower in the morning had washed the dust from the trees, and given to the grass on the Battery, and the opposite shores of Jersey and Governor's Island, an appearance of verdant beauty. The bay was covered with boats, which were moving about in all directions, with gay pennons flying; and from some strains of martial music proceeded, and from others, the reports of fire-arms. On shore, crowds of elegantly-dressed women were jostled by crowds of badly-dressed men; and nurses were out-screaming the interesting little creatures placed under their protection; while numerous companies of citizen soldiery were performing evolutions that Napoleon never dreamed of, to the immense delight of innumerable little black boys, who were perched on the overhanging branches of the elms and sycamores; and sentinels, as fierce as regimentals could render them, were repelling the invasion of any stray cow or old apple-woman that might chance to encroach upon the district placed for the time under martial law. Bands of music were playing, and guns were popping off in every direction. Every body seemed resolutely bent upon making a noise, and our three young gentlemen had every disposition to increase the tumult, by letting off a few squibs and crackers; but on examining their pockets, they discovered that they could not muster a sixpence between them. It chanced, unluckily, that Mr. Tremlett was out of town, and our hero could think of no way to procure any money. Tom Tuck tried to persuade him to pawn his watch, but that he resolutely refused to do, because his father (for so he called Mr. Tremlett,) had given it to him but a few days before. He said he would not part with it to procure himself bread, much less squibs. While they were trying to hit upon some plan for raising the necessary funds for a frolic, their mortification was increased, and their desires were excited, by a party of youngsters of their acquaintance, who

rowed past in a boat, with a horse-pistol and a flask of powder. At last Sam Tuck said he knew where his mother kept her purse, and he promised, if the two would wait for him, to go and bring it. Accordingly he started off, and his brother Tom and our hero indulged themselves during his absence with a couple of hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of ginger beer, meaning to pay for them as soon as the adventurer returned. But that enterprising young gentleman soon came back, quite out of breath, and as destitute of money as when he left. His mother had caught him in the very act of breaking open her bureau, and he had to fight hard to escape. They were now placed in a very disagreeable situation. They had before them a practical illustration of the evils of the credit system. They had contracted a debt, with the expectation of paying it out of the proceeds of an uncertain adventure, and being disappointed in its issue, they were involved in great distress, which was very much heightened by a boatman coming up to them, and offering to row them about the bay for a dollar. It was such a gay, exciting scene upon the water; the boat lay rocking so temptingly, with a white awning stretched fore and aft; what should they do? The Tucks knew nothing about restraining their desires; it was a part of their education that had been neglected. Their mother was always fearful of spoiling their dispositions by crossing their inclinations; and so she always let them have their own way, when it did not interfere very much with her own.

Here I would willingly pause, and either bring this history to a close, or blot out from it the transactions of this gala-day; but as I have already promised to record all the controlling events of our hero's life, I feel myself bound to do so, however prejudicial it may prove to his reputation, or repugnant to my own feelings.

After many idle suggestions on the part of the Tucks, Tom at last hit upon one that promised to afford the required funds.

'I know how I could get some money, and our own money too,' said Tom Tuck.

'How? how?' eagerly inquired the other two.

'I know exactly where my uncle Gris keeps his pocket-book, in his desk, and I could very easily get it,' said Tom; 'and it would only be taking it a little in advance, you know, Sam, because mother says he will leave all his money to us when he dies; and he can't live much longer; so what difference does it make, whether we take it now, or after he is dead?'

'That is prime!' said Sam; 'that is first rate! — is n't it, Jack? That is capital! That is equal to Rinaldo Rinaldini. Come, let us have it right off, Tom.'

Whether it was because our hero thought he had no right to interfere in family arrangements, we cannot determine, but he remained perfectly silent, and neither opposed nor approved the proposition of the brothers to rob their uncle. It was finally arranged between them that Tom and Sam should proceed to their uncle's counting-room, and that while one of them called the old gentleman away, the other should rifle his desk. Our hero, in the mean time, was to remain as a hostage with the dealer in hard-boiled eggs and ginger-beer. But just as the two adventurers were about starting on their

perilous expedition, Tom Tuck said: 'I tell you how it is, Jack,' addressing himself to our hero, 'you are putting all the work on us, while you are not going to do any thing.' At this imputation, young Tremlett blushed, and held down his head.

'Do n't be a sneak, now,' said Tom.'

'I have done all I can do,' replied our hero.

'Well then, if you do n't do something, you shall not have any thing,' said the wily Thomas, tauntingly.

'What can I do,' said the youngster.

'You can go with me, and let Sam remain here,' replied Tom.

'But I won't steal, if I do,' replied our hero.

'Nobody is going to steal; it's our own money; mother has said so fifty times; has n't she, Sam?'

'Yes, fifty thousand times,' said Sam.

Our hero could think of no argument to oppose to the specious reasoning of the young lawyers; and although he felt it was wrong, yet as he had been accustomed to look upon them as his superiors, he thought they must be better judges than himself of what was right and proper. Beside, he could not bear the idea of sharing in their money, while he incurred no part of the risk of obtaining it; although he always shared his own allowance with the two brothers, without expecting any thing in return. And so he allowed himself to be led by them to do what he knew was wrong, lest they should reproach him with a want of courage.

All the clerks in the employ of Tremlett and Tuck had left their desks, and gone down to see the parade upon the Battery, with the exception of Mr. Bates, who remained in the counting-room to post his books; but the unusual silence and stillness of the office had such a soothing influence upon the book-keeper's nerves, that he fell fast asleep while in the very act of footing up a long column of figures; his head dropped down upon his opened ledger, and being quite unconscious of what he was doing, as all sleepy people are, with the exception of professed somnambulists, he had contrived to overturn a bottle of red ink, and the contents of it were running down in streams across the ledger, and along the side of his face; giving him very much the appearance of a man with his throat cut from ear to ear. Mr. Tuck was also alone in the private office, apparently engaged in some absorbing calculations at his desk, when his favorite nephew Tom walked in, through a private entrance which led directly into the street.

'Ah! Thomas, is that you?' said Mr. Tuck, laying down his pen.

'How do you do, Uncle;—are you pretty well?' inquired the young gentleman, affectionately.

'Yes, pretty well; or rather, I am not very well; I took a slight cold yesterday at an auction,' replied the uncle.

'I hope you are not going to be sick, uncle,' said his nephew.

'I hope not, I hope not,' said the uncle, coughing slightly; 'but what, what brought you here just now?'

'I wanted you to see the soldiers,' said Tom; 'they are just marching along at the foot of the street.'

'What, soldiers? What a foolish boy! Do you think I want to

look at a regiment of counter-jumpers with bob-tail coats on! I have got more profitable business than that to attend to, Thomas.'

'Ah, but you never saw any thing so handsome!' said the boy; 'these are real soldiers, with great long swords and guns: hark! hear the drums! You do n't know how fine they look; you can see them without going off the stoop, too.'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Tuck, 'since you have taken so much trouble on my account, I will just step down to the foot of the stairs to gratify you; but I would as soon look at a drove of sheep with their fleeces painted red, as at a parcel of men dressed up in regimentals, and marching through the streets, without any object in view. I tell you it's a poor way of making money, Thomas; there is no profit in it; it is a most ridiculous waste of time; because, Thomas, it requires but a few hours to make a soldier of an able-bodied man, when there is any real occasion for his services; and to compel a poor white-livered denizen of a counting-room, or one of the human fixtures in a cobbler's stall, or a tailor's shop, to shoulder a musket for a part of two days in the year, with the idea of preparing him the better to defend his country, if he should ever be called upon to do it, is too nonsensical.'

By the time that Mr. Tuck had delivered himself of these remarks, they had reached the bottom of the stairs that led to the street door, and on looking out, there was not a soldier to be seen.

'But where are the soldiers, Thomas?' inquired the old gentleman.

'They will soon be along, uncle; only wait a moment,' replied Tom. 'I hear the drums now.'

'And then, Thomas, the thing is unjust, as well as absurd,' continued Mr. Tuck; 'because the burden has to be borne by those who are least able to bear it; but that is always the case in public affairs. You see, Thomas, if it is actually necessary for the safety of the country that men should learn to be soldiers, a trifling fine of a few dollars ought not to be considered a sufficient punishment for neglecting so important a duty, because the rich can easily discharge the penalty, while the poor cannot; and consequently they are compelled to fight for their country, not because they have property at stake, to protect which armies are raised, but because they have not. You see the unreasonableness of it, Thomas.'

'Yes, uncle,' said Thomas, 'but I do n't see the soldiers yet; I am afraid they have gone up the next street.'

'And if I had my way, Thomas, I would make the women train, too,' said Mr. Tuck.

'That would be funny!' said Tom; 'my! how I should laugh to see a regiment of women go a-soldiering!'

'You see, Thomas,' said the gallant old bachelor, 'the women are eternally talking about their rights; they want to vote, confound them! and if they will vote, they ought to fight!'

'O, I have seen women fight, many a time,' said the youngster: 'only yesterday morning, I saw two great fat women fighting, down in Fulton market: one of them took up a weak fish, and struck the other right in the face with it; my! did n't they call each other such names!'

Just then our hero was seen to pass the corner of the street, and although he must have heard Mr. Tuck and his affectionate nephew talking together, yet he never turned his head, but walked quickly along.

'I am afraid, uncle, you will take cold, standing here,' said Tom; 'you had better step back into the office, while I run down the next street, and if I see the soldiers coming, I will call you.'

So saying, the youngster ran down the street, and Mr. Tuck returned to his office, saying to himself, as he went: 'What an affectionate boy that Thomas is! — most remarkable child; always so considerate and respectful to old people! I should n't wonder if I gave that boy something one of these days: if I was sure of having just such a boy as that, I do n't know but I might get married after a while, when the times get better: plenty of women that would have me, I dare say; it would n't cost much to bring up a boy like that; he never asks for money, like some children.'

'I wonder,' thought Mr. Tuck, 'what Mr. Bates is doing; I do n't hear him stirring;' and so, to satisfy his curiosity, he lifted up a corner of the green curtain that hung before a little window that looked into the outer office; but he suddenly let it drop again, and came very near dropping himself; and if he did not scream murder, it was because fright had deprived him of utterance. Such a spectacle as met his eyes, would have frightened a butcher. It requires but a very short space of time to jump at a conclusion; and Mr. Tuck was not so terrified as to prevent his drawing an inference. Seeing, as he supposed, his book-keeper lying with his throat cut, his first thought was, that some body had robbed him, and then murdered his clerk; and going to his desk, he discovered that his pocket-book was gone, which confirmed his suspicion, and quickened his senses as much as the first glance at Mr. Bates had stunned them; and running out into the street, he shouted 'Murder! murder!' with all his might. The noise awoke the book-keeper, who perceived at a glance the mischief he had done; and he jumped at a conclusion and jumped off his stool at the same moment. His first thought was, what his wife would say to him, and his next, to run to the nearest bath and wash himself, before any body should see him. So he shut up his ledger, and hurried down stairs in an opposite direction to Mr. Tuck, for the store was on a corner, and as we have already stated, there were two entrances to the counting-room.

A murder is a matter of interest to every body, and therefore Mr. Tuck was soon surrounded by a multitude of men, anxiously inquiring for particulars. But he was too much excited to give any details: he told them to follow him, however, and see for themselves; upon which a great number crowded up the narrow stairs, all anxious to have the first sight of the horrid spectacle.

'There he lies!' said Mr. Tuck, turning away his head, but pointing with his out-stretched arm to the door of the outer office; 'and here is where the murderer took the pocket-book from; full of all my valuable papers.'

'Where is he? where is he?' exclaimed a dozen voices; 'we do n't see him.'

'Not see him!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck, with astonishment, as he elbowed his way into the outer office.

'I see nothing that looks like a murdered man, but this bottle of red ink that is spilled here,' said one of the crowd.

Mr. Tuck was a second time rendered speechless with astonishment; so he said nothing; but he looked as blank as a new ledger.

Some of the men tittered, and some winked very knowingly, but none of them indulged in outright laughter, because they all knew that Mr. Tuck was very rich, and it would not have been genteel to make light of a rich man's mishaps.

'All I can say is, gentlemen,' said Mr. Tuck, at last, 'it is a very strange world we live in. I know I have been robbed of my pocket-book, and I am very certain that my head book-keeper lay here a moment ago, with his throat cut; but what has become of him, is more than I can say.'

As Mr. Bates' house was but a few steps from the counting-room, some humane individual, who had heard an exaggerated account of the disaster, had run there in great haste, and informed Mrs. Bates that her husband had been murdered by his employer, Mr. Tuck.

As the book-keeper's wife had promised herself the prolonged gratification of harassing her husband to death by piece-meal, she was not disposed to view the summary process of Mr. Tuck in a very favorable light; but she hesitated a moment, on first hearing the awful news, between going into hysterics, and going down to the counting-room, to make a display of her outraged feelings: she determined, however, on the latter course, as she would then have the greatest number of spectators. So, without stopping to put on her bonnet, she threw a shawl over her head, and ran with all speed to the office of Tremlett and Tuck, where she arrived before all the men had dispersed, who had been collected together by the outcries of the junior partner. As she ran up the stairs with great agility, the first intimation that Mr. Tuck had of her presence, was a piercing shriek, that went to his very soul.

'You sanguinary wretch! you old hoary-headed, brown-wigged murderer! You villain! you have made my poor children fatherless, and me a widow! Where is his body! — let me see him!' exclaimed Mrs. Bates, in the first agony of her lacerated feelings.

'Woman, be still!' exclaimed Mr. Tuck.

'I won't be still!' replied the imaginary widow; 'give me my husband! O where is he! — where is his murdered body!'

'Poor creature!' said one of the by-standers; 'it is a very hard case; very hard case indeed.'

Nothing feeds grief like sympathy, and these few words had such an effect on Mrs. Bates, that she redoubled her shrieks, and gave vent to her feelings in such piercing tones, that Mr. Tuck was compelled to put his hands to his ears.

'Do n't let that woman come near me!' he exclaimed; 'take her away, take her away!'

'Give me my dear husband! — give me back my husband!' still shrieked the lady, when in walked Mr. Bates, with his face washed clean, and his coat buttoned up to his chin, to hide the stains of the red ink on his shirt-bosom.

'Here I am, dear,' said Mr. Bates, in his most placid manner; 'what is the matter with you, dear?'

People should be very cautious how they work themselves up into a high passion, as it is one of the most difficult things in the world to descend again to an ordinary level, with ease, and credit to themselves. Mrs. Bates felt the full force of this truth, when her husband made his appearance; and thinking, probably, that the most unnatural conduct would be the most becoming on the occasion, she uttered another piercing scream, and fell senseless in the arms of Mr. Tuck, who being quite unprepared for her reception, fell with her, to the great danger of both of their necks; but fortunately, neither was much hurt, although the merchant was very much frightened. The lady obstinately refused to be brought to her senses, and she was conveyed to her house by Mr. Bates, in an omnibus, where the poor man learned, for the first time, the cause of all the confusion.

As soon as Mr. Tuck had collected his scattered senses, he began to think about his pocket-book; and when he remembered that it must have been taken by some one who entered his office through the room in which Mr. Bates sat writing at his desk, he began to have suspicions of his book-keeper.

'A man with such a wife as that, would do any thing!' said Mr. Tuck to himself; 'confound her! she called me a brown-wigged old villain, and I'll have revenge of her!'

Just as Mr. Tuck had come to the determination of sending for a police-officer to arrest Mr. Bates, Mr. Tremlett returned to the counting-room, and on hearing Mr. Tuck's suspicions of his book-keeper, he put them all to rest, by reminding his partner that Mr. Bates had it in his power to rob them of any amount he pleased, without any risk to himself, by false entries in his books; and it was not at all likely that he would do so foolish a thing as to steal his pocket-book, when he must know that suspicion would immediately attach to him.

But Mr. Tuck was unwilling to relinquish the idea that there had been a conspiracy to rob him, and that Mrs. Bates was at the bottom of it. 'There is one consolation in it,' said Mr. Tuck; 'if I have lost my pocket-book, I have not got an extravagant wife, to spend what little property I have saved up.'

While the two partners were arguing about the most prudent means to be taken for the recovery of the pocket-book, a messenger came in great haste to inform Mr. Tremlett that his adopted son had been upset in a boat, and that he had been taken from the water, as was supposed, lifeless. The old merchant turned ghastly pale at the intelligence, and sank back in his chair, quite overcome. But he revived again immediately, and took his hat and cane, and hurried to his house, where he found our hero, who had just begun to show signs of life. A physician had been summoned, and all the means that could be made use of, had been put in requisition for his recovery. The old merchant fell on his knees by the side of the boy, and kissed his wet cheeks. 'Poor, dear child!' he exclaimed, 'I did not know that I loved you half so well. May God in his mercy, spare you to me a little longer!' Mrs. Swazey was busily engaged rubbing him with her flannels, while Bridget was wringing her hands, and crying piteously. After a while, the color returned to his cheeks,

and he opened his eyes and stared wildly around for a moment, and then relapsed into a lethargy again. But the physician pronounced him out of danger, and he was put to bed, where Mr. Tremlett watched by him until morning.

'Ah! my poor boy!' said he, 'you shall never stir so far from me again, until you are better able to take care of yourself.' He was anxious to learn all about the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to the boy, but the physician having advised him not to ask him any questions that would be likely to excite him, he refrained from doing so. But as soon as it was light, he despatched his coachman to find out the boatman who had rescued him, as he wished to reward him, as well as to learn from him all the particulars of the accident. In about an hour the man returned, bringing the boatman with him, whose name was Bill Van Tyne.

'Brave fellow!' said Mr. Tremlett, in the warmth of his gratitude, 'you shall be rewarded for your exertions.'

'Well, I always like to save a gentleman's son from drowning when I kin,' said Mr. Van Tyne, 'because then I know I shall get well paid for it; and I don't mind it if I do get hurted a little. I have had a good many dollars given me for saving people's lives sence I first followed the water for a living.'

'And how did this accident happen?' inquired Mr. Tremlett.'

'Why you see,' said Mr. Van Tyne, 'it was all the same as if you was sitting here, and I was sitting there, and this here table was a bar'l of 'ysters: then up gets one of the boys on top, and begins to say how he will fling the pocket-book overboard, because he said if he did n't 't would be found out arter he got to hum.'

'The pocket-book!' said Mr. Tremlett.

'Yes, a yellow sheep-skin pocket-book, tied up with a piece of red tape,' said Mr. Van Tyne. 'Then little Jack, the littlest boy, which almost got drowned, got up and swore he should n't do no such thing.'

'Did he swear?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'Well, I can't rightly say whether he did or not,' said the boatman, 'but he said to t'other, I believe he called him Tom, that he should n't throw it overboard, because he was going to carry it back ag'in. Then all three on 'em had a clinch, and I jumped in between 'em, and fust I perceived, I 'm blest if I don't wish I may never see another 'yster, if the boat didn't capsize; and before I know'd what I was doing, I was ten foot under water. So says I to myself, 'Fanny, you are done for this heat, any how you can fix it!'

'What, was there a woman on board?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'No, not exactly a woman,' replied Mr. Van Tyne, 'only Fanny Kemble, that's the boat's name.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Tremlett; 'then what became of little Jack, as you call him?'

'Well, when I come up and blowed,' he said, 'I looked round, and there was two of the youngsters clinging to the boat, but the littlest one I could n't see; so I looked down in the water, and there I seen him. He looked green enough, I tell you, and all crinkling like; so says I, it won't do to let a gentleman's son go off in that way, no how; so I fetched a good long breath, and down I div, and just caught

him by the hair of his head. And so another boat picked us up; and that was the way of it.'

'And this pocket-book,' said Mr. Tremlett; 'what did the boys say about it?'

'Well, perhaps I shouldn't like to tell,' said the boatman.

'Why not, Sir?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'Well I don't know; perhaps I might, if I had any thing giv to me to make it a consideration,' replied Mr. Van Tyne.

'We will see about that at another time,' said Mr. Tremlett; 'call here again at three o'clock, and I will then pay you.' So Mr. Van Tyne left the house, and Mr. Tremlett returned to our hero's bed-side, with sad misgivings in his mind. As the youngster was quite recovered, he asked him about the pocket-book, how it came into his possession, and what it contained. At first he was going to deny any knowledge of it; but Mr. Tremlett told him if he detected him in a falsehood, he would send him back to the asylum from whence he had taken him, and that he would never see him again. And thereupon the boy made a full confession, of how Tom Tuck called his uncle out of the office, while he slipped in at the other door, and finding Mr. Bates asleep, softly opened the door of the private office, and took the pocket-book out of Mr. Tuck's desk, and then slipped out again by the same way he had entered, without waking Mr. Bates.'

Although our hero made a full confession of the manner in which he had stolen the pocket-book, yet he did not attempt to criminate the Tucks, by relating the specious arguments by which they had overcome his aversion to the act, but on the contrary he rather strove to shield them from any blame. But Mr. Tremlett could not fail to perceive that Tom Tuck was the principal instigator in the business; and therefore he resolved that the two brothers should bear their full share of the blame; for although he would have gladly hushed the matter up, yet it was of too serious a nature to be passed lightly over. The pocket-book was still missing, and our hero could not tell what had become of it. Tom Tuck had it in his possession when the boat upset, but whether it had been lost, or whether he still had it, could not be known. Mr. Tremlett was too much agitated by the discovery he had made, to attend to any business. He sent a note, therefore, to his partner, stating that he had some important information to impart to him, which brought Mr. Tuck immediately to his house.

Mr. Tuck was overwhelmed with astonishment and indignation, when he heard how his pocket-book had been stolen; he sent for his two nephews and their mother, who soon made their appearance; the lady looking very grand, and the two boys very demure and innocent. Their sister also came with them, and she contrived to seat herself in a chair by the side of our hero, which Mrs. Tuck no sooner perceived, than she made her remove her seat to the opposite side of the room. On hearing the accusation against her two boys, the lady burst into tears, while the youngsters themselves swore it was a lie from beginning to end; and that they had never seen the pocket-book, nor heard a syllable about it before. Their mother called our hero a thieving, lying brat, and said she always knew some harm would come to her children, by their associating with such a creature. Just then

Bill Van Tyne, the boatman, made his appearance, and not only confirmed all that young Tremlett had disclosed, but also related the conversation which passed between the boys, while they were proving so clearly that they had a perfect right to the property of their uncle. This the two brothers also denied; and their mother bestowed some very choice expressions not only upon the boatman, but upon Mr. Tremlett and his son, whom she called by a name that it is not necessary to repeat.

'Well,' exclaimed Mr. Van Tyne, 'if that don't beat all my wife's relations! I never seen taller lying than that at a ward meeting! Face it out, young fellers; you'll make first rate lawyers, when you grow up!'

Mr. Tuck was beginning to think that there was in reality a conspiracy to injure his two nephews, when the door opened, and in ran little Julia Tuck, who had stolen out of the room unperceived, at the commencement of the dispute, and put the lost pocket-book into the hands of her uncle.

'They shan't lie about Jack!' said the little girl, exultingly. Mrs. Swazey and Bridget had been listening at the key hole, in a state of great excitement, during the whole examination; but they now broke through all restraints, and rushed into the room. The latter caught our hero round the neck, and almost stifled him with kisses, while the house-keeper threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

As it would be quite impossible accurately to describe the scene which ensued, I shall not make the attempt, but leave it to the imagination of the reader to form such a tableau out of the materials which I have furnished him, as will best agree with his feelings.

CHAPTER IX.

WILL INTRODUCE A NEW PERSONAGE TO THE READER'S NOTICE.

THIS life is called a chequered state of existence, and with the majority of human beings it doubtless is so. But there are instances in which it would appear that one long black shadow has rested upon a man's destiny, from the time he first opened his eyes upon the world, until he has closed them in death. Unhappy wretches there have been, across whose path no bright gleams of sunshine have ever darted; in whose ear no gentle tones of love and affection have ever been breathed; doomed mortals, whose misfortunes were boarded for them by their ancestors; whose chains were forged by those whose duty it was to smoothe their pillows, and strew flowers in their way. There are those to whom a seeming affliction brings a counteracting benefit, while there are others whose apparent turns of good fortune are always accompanied by a more than an overbalancing evil.

Of this class of unfortunate beings, was Jeremiah Jernegan. He was a clerk in the counting-room of Tremlett and Tuck; and in addition to the ordinary duties of the office, he was made, through his own gentle and obliging nature, to perform the duties of a butler for the whole establishment. His keen sensibilities and lively appre-

hensions, added to a very weak frame, and forgiving disposition, rendered him a very suitable person for fools and cowards to exercise their talents upon ; and scarce a day was allowed to pass, without his being made to feel the misery of his uncomfortable situation. Even Mr. Bates used to domineer over him, by way of revenge for the indignities that his wife put upon him.

The retrospective pleasures, which to some are a source of happiness, under afflicting circumstances, were wholly denied to him. His infancy and childhood had been the most wretched part of his existence. A brutal father, and a weak-minded mother, whom he more than suspected of crimes that chilled his heart to think of, embittered his earliest recollections. His parents were both dead, but he was denied the satisfaction of thinking of them as divinized existences, with whom he could hope to mingle hereafter ; for neither their lives, nor the manner of their death, afforded cause for such a belief. He had a brother, but he was brutal in his temper, and dissipated in his habits ; and instead of proving a consolation to him, he was a continual source of mortification and grief. Jeremiah was possessed of none of those nameless little graces, so worthless in themselves, and yet so powerful in winning the esteem of others ; but, on the contrary, there was an expression in his emaciated face, and a hesitation in his manner, which rendered him almost personally disagreeable, even to those who really esteemed him for his good qualities. He had but few relations, and they were all in the humblest walks of life, and were withal extremely poor ; so that whatever his earnings or savings might have been, his generous feelings would not allow him to keep what he knew those who were closely related to him stood in need of. He was accordingly not only very poor, but there was every prospect of his always remaining so. But even the happiness which springs from contented poverty, was denied to him. He was very proud and very ambitious ; but his pride was not of that kind which feeds upon riches, neither was his ambition of that nature which aims at mercantile greatness ; and although he was forced to make the humiliating confession to himself, that he did not possess the qualifications requisite to give him a claim to the world's notice, yet that did not abate in the least his desire for distinction, or make him more contented with his humble position in society. He had not received even the poorest education that the poorest school could afford in his younger days ; but having, by some chance, acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, he had learned just enough of books by employing his leisure hours, and stealing from his body the moments it might justly claim for refreshment and sleep, to devote them to reading, for the benefit of his mind, to make him more sensible of his ignorance than he would have been, if even his slight glimmer of knowledge had been denied him : like some poor wretch, the light of whose dungeon is but just sufficient to reveal to him the narrow bounds of his prison walls. Jeremiah never had a friend to whom he could impart his secret griefs, or upon whom he could rely for reciprocal consolation and assistance ; while he saw every body around him paired off with a mate or a companion, he wondered why it was that he had never met with a congenial spirit. He was too honorable to flatter,

and too proud to solicit. As he never frequented places of public amusement, nor wore fine clothes, he was of course not a suitable companion for the other clerks in the counting-room of Tremlett and Tuck. But he had begun to possess his soul in patience; his thoughts had been directed to the meek sufferer of Nazareth; and looking up to the cross on which he expired, the poor clerk discovered a bright star, whose light gave a holy calm to his soul; but its rays were sometimes obscured by clouds of darkness and distrust.

Jeremiah had become greatly attached to our hero; for the youngster had been in the habit of making frequent visits to the counting-room, where he was an universal favorite. Mr. Bates treated him with the most profound respect, and never disputed him or denied him any thing, because he was his employer's pet; and he gained the goodwill of the other clerks, by his good nature, and the smart replies he made to their teasing questions: but Jeremiah loved him because he was an orphan, like himself; and instead of feeling envious of the boy's handsome person, and flattering prospects, he exulted in the thought that there was happiness in store for at least one outcast, and that the world was full of gentleness, and beauty, and love, even though they were all denied to him. And when it was made known that our hero was the thief who had stolen Mr. Tuck's pocket-book, while all the clerks agreed in saying that they always thought he had a thievish look, Jeremiah wiped a tear from his eye, and said, 'Poor boy! I cannot condemn him, for I might have done the same thing myself, if I had been tempted like him.'

'Yes, I dare say you would, Mr. Jernegan,' said the cash-keeper, 'and I shall keep a sharp look-out for you in future.'

'Why, the fact is,' said Mr. Bates, 'they do say, that is, I have heard so often, that birds of a feather will fly together; and I should n't be surprised if Jeremiah did feather his nest one of these days.'

'It is very hard,' said Jeremiah, 'if one cannot express sympathy for an unfortunate boy, without being subjected to such cruel suspicions.'

'The fact is, Jerry,' said another of the clerks, 'you are just fit for a black-guard missionary.'

'Ah!' replied Jeremiah, 'I wish I were.'

'Well, I will give you a certificate, if you wish,' said the clerk; 'my father is one of the directors of the Board of Missions, and I heard him say at breakfast this morning, that they wanted a nice young man to act as chaplain in the Grand Turk's harem.'

This was such an exquisite joke, that every body laughed, of course, except Jeremiah, who continued writing at his desk. Many more jokes would have been uttered at his expense, but the entrance of Mr. Tremlett caused an immediate silence, and every body caught up a pen, and began to write very fiercely.

Mr. Tremlett looked very serious; and after giving some directions to the cash-keeper, he told Jeremiah he wished to see him in private. The poor clerk trembled with apprehension, being fearful that he had been guilty of some indiscretion that would cause him to be discharged; and as he followed his employer into his private office, his knees almost sank under him.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINS SEVERAL SURPRISING ADVENTURES, WHICH WILL, PROBABLY BE QUITE NEW TO THE READER.

THE immediate consequences of the recovery of Mr. Tuck's pocket-book, and the discovery of the thieves who stole it, were, the disgrace of the two brothers, and their high-spirited mother, in the estimation of their uncle, who swore he would neither spend another copper for their benefit while living, nor leave them a dollar at his death; and the determination, on the part of Mr. Tremlett, to abandon our hero to his fate, and never see him again.

As it may appear somewhat unaccountable to the reader that Julia Tuck should have got possession of the pocket-book, we will explain that circumstance. When the two brothers were taken home to their mother, after they had been picked up in the river, she found the pocket-book in Tom's cap; and on being accused of stealing it, his brother Sam made a full confession, while the other justified himself on the ground that she had herself taught them to look upon their uncle's property as their own. Upon which the lady read them a lecture on the enormity of their guilt, and endeavored to explain to them the difference between taking possession of their uncle's money before and after his death; a distinction which Tom Tuck still persisted in saying he could not clearly comprehend. His mother, in examining the pocket-book, found that it contained but little money, and that the other papers, which she supposed to be valuable, were but little injured by the water. She intended to enclose it in a wrapper, and drop it into the post office, directed to her brother-in-law, as soon as it should be dry; but the unexpected summons to appear at the house of Mr. Tremlett, had prevented her from doing so. Little Julia heard all the conversation between her mother and her brother; and when she heard her favorite accused of the crime that she knew they were guilty of, she ran home and took the pocket-book from her mother's bureau, and returned it to her uncle, as has been already related. And in doing this, the young lady was not influenced solely by a love of justice; she had conceived a great fondness for our hero, which she evinced on all occasions, without much reserve; and her brothers not having always treated her with becoming kindness, she was glad of an opportunity to do them an injury, at the same time that she gave her favorite a proof of her regard for him. The mortification and anger of her mother was intense. They almost converted her maternal love into hatred to her own offspring; and she returned to her home with her heart full of revengeful feelings, which she burned for an opportunity to gratify.

Although Mr. Tremlett determined, in the first excitement of his feelings, to turn his adopted son into the street, and to steel his heart forevermore against all kindly feelings toward the human race, and particularly orphan boys, yet when he reviewed the whole affair in his mind, and considered the youth of the boy, his temptations, the examples that had been set him in his earlier years, and his own culpability in not teaching him more pointedly than he had done, to do no evil, the guilt of the youngster did not appear so enormous, nor his nature so depraved as at first. And then the gratitude of the lad

in refusing to pawn his watch, because it had been given to him by his father, was a proof that he was not destitute of generous qualities. In truth, Mr. Tremlett did not reason with himself long, before he was astonished that he should ever have thought of parting with his son; and on visiting the boy in his chamber, as he lay asleep, all his fond feelings were revived, and he felt that he loved him more tenderly than ever. 'If the good and pious only were entitled to our love,' thought Mr. Tremlett, 'how many would go through the world unfriended and desolate!'

On consulting with Mr. Hodges, the boy's teacher, that discreet gentleman, against his own interest, advised Mr. Tremlett to send the boy to a private school in the country, where he would be free from the influence of such companions as the Tucks, and not exposed to the thousand temptations that surrounded him in the city. This advice Mr. Tremlett could not but acknowledge was very just and proper; and although he would gladly have kept the boy with him at home, yet professing to have the child's permanent good at heart, he agreed to be governed by it; and Mr. Hodges having recommended a school kept by a clergyman of his acquaintance in one of the pleasant towns in the interior of Massachusetts, it was resolved that our hero should be sent there without delay. As he was too young to travel alone, and his father's engagements being such that he could not accompany him, Jeremiah Jernegan was selected, as being the most suitable person in the employment of Tremlett and Tuck, to take charge of the young gentleman, and deliver him at his place of destination; and it was on this important business that Mr. Tremlett wanted to speak with Jeremiah, when he called him into his private office. The poor clerk was overjoyed at this proof of his employer's confidence, as well as delighted at the thought of travelling in company with our hero, although this pleasure was not without its drawback; as he would be deprived, on his return, of the gratification of seeing the lad for a very long period, if not for ever.

The next day our hero left his happy home, in company with Jeremiah. They were accompanied to the steam-boat by Mr. Tremlett, who had reserved some very solemn advice to be imparted to his son just before they parted, thinking it might make a more lasting impression upon his mind, if delivered at such an impressive moment. But when the time arrived, the old gentleman was so full of grief, that he found it impossible to utter a word; so he pressed the boy's hand, and silently invoking the blessing of heaven upon his head, he turned from the boat and left him.

Now, although Jeremiah was a very suitable person, in one respect, to have the charge of our hero, yet he was in another quite the opposite, seeing that he had never been but a short distance from home, and that he was totally unacquainted with the ways of the world, as well as the ways of stage-drivers and steam-boat agents. It was almost night when the steam-boat left the dock, and as it soon grew dark, our travellers went up on to the promenade-deck to look at the stars, and to enjoy the novelty of being afloat in the night. While they were leaning over the railing, making their remarks on every thing that struck them as being curious, a stranger approached

them, with a segar in his mouth, and after listening to their conversation a few moments, he ventured to address them.

'Charming evening, gentlemen,' said the stranger.

'Yes, Sir, it is, very lovely,' replied Jeremiah; 'I was just remarking to my young friend here, that the solemn grandeur of the scene was very impressive.'

'Upon my soul,' said the stranger, 'I was just thinking that very thing myself; what a liquid appearance the water has!'

'Very,' replied Jeremiah; 'it is a pleasant thing to travel; there is such a constant succession of new and surprising scenes, that one has hardly time to dwell upon his own sad feelings.'

'Yes,' replied the stranger; 'but d—n it! I have got sick of it, and I am now going home to settle down quietly on my own farm, where I can eat my own eggs, and drink my own cider.'

'Ah! there's a pleasure in that, too,' said Jeremiah. 'Pray have you travelled much?'

'Not much,' said the stranger; 'I have been as fur as Rome, and once I was as fur from hum as Batavia. I have got a sister married in Vienna, which I go to see once a year; and once in a great while, I go to see my uncle, in Pekin.'

'You must have been a very great traveller,' said Jeremiah.

'I do n't call that nothing at all,' said the stranger; 'I mean to go to Niagara next fall.'

'How long since you were in Batavia?' asked Jeremiah.

'Only last spring,' replied the stranger.

'Our house has some correspondents in Batavia,' said Jeremiah; 'we received a large consignment from them last week. I suppose you know the firm of Gluttstiver and Gruntwitchel?'

'No, I can't say I did,' said the stranger. 'I thought I knowd all the merchants in that place, too. Have they been long in business?'

'Oh, it is a very old house,' replied Jeremiah; 'our firm have been in correspondence with them for a great many years. And pray what is the quality of the coffee there?' asked Jeremiah.

'The d — st stuff I ever swallowed in my life! — nothing like as good as you get at the Eagle, in Palmyra. I would as soon drink the water out of the Grand Canawl,' replied the stranger, with some warmth.

'Your account does not agree with my impressions at all,' said Jeremiah; 'I thought the coffee was very fine.'

'All humbug!' said the stranger; 'it is not worth that!'

'Palmyra must be a very interesting spot,' said Jeremiah.

'So-so,' said the stranger; 'the fact is, it was built up too suddenly. Folks said 't was a very flourishing place, and so 't was; but 't was *all* flourish; and now it's going down hill fast enough.'

'Perhaps its rise *was* too sudden,' replied Jeremiah; 'but it was always a matter of wonder to me, how such a city ever sprung up at all in such a place.'

'It is no wonder at all to me,' said the stranger; 'it was all done by speculators.'

'Not unlikely,' replied Jeremiah; 'human nature has doubtless been the same in all ages; and I suppose there were speculators even among the Palmyrenes.'

The stranger now perceived that his segar had gone out while he had been talking to our travellers, and he left them to get a light.

'That is a very remarkable man !' said Jeremiah. 'Only think of it, Jack ; he says his sister lives in Vienna, and his uncle in Pekin ; and that he has been in Batavia, and Palmyra, and Rome ! Perhaps he has kissed the Pope's toe.'

'I guess he did,' replied our hero, 'for he had a dreadful disagreeable breath.' The bell now rang for supper, and our travellers went down into the cabin, where they sat opposite to the communicative stranger ; but as they were all very hungry, Jeremiah asked no farther questions about Palmyra, neither did the great traveller appear at all disposed to communicate any farther intelligence respecting the famous places where his aunts and uncles resided. But when they landed the next morning, another agreeable gentleman addressed Jeremiah, and asked him if he had much luggage.

'Not much,' replied Jeremiah, 'but what I have, is of some consequence ; and I am very anxious about it, because the most of it belongs to this young gentleman, who is placed in my charge.'

'I suppose there is nothing of much value in it ?' said the stranger.

'Yes, it is rather valuable,' said Jeremiah ; 'and for the greater safety, I have put my purse into my valise, as I have heard of a good many robberies on board of steam-boats.'

'You did right,' said the stranger ; 'I always keep a bright look-out myself ; which is your luggage ?'

'Those two trunks,' said Jeremiah, pointing to them.

'Where did you say you were going to ?' inquired the stranger.

'We are going to Willow-mead Academy,' said Jeremiah, 'in Berkshire county, Massachusetts.'

'Ah ! it's the very place I am going to myself !' said the stranger ; 'my youngest brother is there at school. But I forget the name of the principal ?'

'The Reverend Doctor Whippy,' said Jeremiah.

'Yes, that is it,' said the stranger ; 'and a most appropriate name, too, for my brother writes me he is a devil of a fellow for whipping.'

This piece of intelligence was rather unpleasant to our hero, who seemed to have taken a dislike to the stranger. When their trunks were taken up to the stage-office, the stranger very kindly offered to take charge of them, upon which Jeremiah thanked him for his politeness, and told him, as they were not much used to travelling, he would be obliged if he would keep them with his own luggage until they got to Willow-mead ; all of which the stranger very obligingly promised to do. They rode all day, and about eight o'clock in the evening, at the place where they stopped to change horses, they met the returning coach. It was a cloudy night, the wind blew strong from the east, and it was very dark. When Jeremiah and our hero got into the stage again, they did not observe that one of their number was missing, and being fatigued with riding, they soon fell asleep, and did not wake again until it was midnight, when they stopped at an out-of-the-way tavern to change horses. The wind had increased, and it rained very hard, and our travellers were stiff and cold ; their legs were cramped, and they felt very wretched. It was a long time before the tavern-keeper opened his door ; and

when he did, his bar-room presented a most cheerless and dreary appearance. There was no fire, and only one small tallow candle burning in a huge tin candle-stick. The tavern-keeper himself was very tall and thin; his hair was long, and so was his face, and in fact every thing else about him, except his answers, which were very short and crusty. And indeed his ill-humor was not to be wondered at: to be roused out of a pleasant sleep, in the middle of a cold, rainy night, to admit half a dozen temperance customers, could not have been very soothing to the feelings of a publican.

As it was necessary to pay for the next stage at this house, Jeremiah put his hand in his pocket to take out his purse, and to his great horror discovered it was not there. He procured a lantern from the landlord, and searched the coach, without finding it; and then he remembered that he had put it into his valise for safe-keeping. Jeremiah now began to make inquiries for the obliging stranger who had so generously undertaken the charge of his luggage; and he was terrified beyond expression, when he was told how that kind gentleman had pretended to have left one of his trunks behind him, and had taken a seat in the returning coach, which they met at eight o'clock. On inspecting the boot of the stage, it was farther discovered that he had taken with him our hero's trunk, and Jeremiah's valise.

Our travellers were now in a most uncomfortable situation, for the driver of the coach not only refused to take them a mile farther, unless their fare was first paid, but the tavern-keeper refused to give them a bed, although he consented to their remaining in the bar-room until it was day-light. Jeremiah begged hard for a little fire, as the night was cold, and their clothes were damp; but this the host also refused; and indeed he would not even allow them the light of the miserable tallow candle; but, having first locked all the doors, and taken a five-cent piece and two bung-town coppers out of the till, he retired to bed, and left our hero and Jeremiah in darkness. They were too cold to sleep, and so they sat close together on a wooden bench, without any back to it, and tried to divert their thoughts from their uncomfortable situation, by relating the many unpleasant dilemmas in which they had both been placed before. 'Once,' said Jeremiah, 'I should have considered it a great happiness to have obtained such a shelter as this cheerless bar-room affords, on a night like this. Then why should I repine at what I should once have felt myself called upon to give thanks for? I will not; but let us rather, John, kneel down, and thank the Giver of all good things, that we are not exposed to the piercing wind, and the cold, driving rain.'

'I have no objection,' said our hero; and so they knelt down, and Jeremiah prayed thus:

'O, Lord, God! we give thee humble and hearty thanks, that thou hast created us in such wise that our happiness is not dependent upon the outward circumstances and conditions of our bodies; and though we do not exult because that they who are clothed in soft raiment, and who fare sumptuously in rich men's houses, are not happier than we, to whom thou hast wisely denied these things, yet we rejoice, O Lord! that to the meek and humble, the outcast and the wretched, thou hast graciously been pleased to manifest thyself,

and hast condescended to pour into their hearts an oil of gladness, of which those know but little, who look only upon their outward seeming. And we beseech thee, O Lord! that thine outstretched wings may be over this house, and that its inmates may be kept from all harm; and that he who has kindly given us a shelter beneath his roof, may never be exposed, himself, to the inclemency of the elements. And we beseech thee, O Lord! to remember in mercy that misguided wayfarer, who has unjustly deprived us of our little property ——'

'Stop! Jeremiah,' said our hero; 'I am not going to pray for that scamp who stole our trunks!'

'Certainly we must,' said Jeremiah, 'for we are commanded to pray for our enemies; and we do not yet positively know whether the gentleman has wronged us or not.'

'O, I know he did it,' said our hero; 'for I saw him wink at the great traveller two or three times, while he was talking to you.'

'I am strongly inclined to believe, myself,' said Jeremiah, 'that he is guilty, but still he *may* not be; and even if he is, we do not know how sorely he may have been tempted, nor how much he may have resisted.'

Jeremiah would not hurt the feelings of the youngster by reminding him of his own temptation and fall; but lifting up his voice again, he continued his prayer. And when he had finished, he declared he had never felt more comfortable in his life. So huddling close together, the two fell into a sound sleep, from which they did not awake until the entrance of the landlord in the morning aroused them.

L I N E S .

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER, DURING SICKNESS.

Come to my arms, and lay thy head
Upon thy mother's breast,
And lift those sweet blue eyes, and smile,
As if thou lov'dst its rest;
For oh! 't is midnight with her heart,
And every star that shone
So brilliant in life's firmament,
Is waning, or has gone.

My God! I would not pine at aught
Thy justice should decree,
Yet spare this fluttering leaf that hangs
Upon a blasted tree!
For she 's my life's Æolian harp,
Which, as its storms rush by,
Draws music from the tempest cloud,
And sweetness from a sigh.

Father of Mercy! many a pang
Hath rack'd this aching brain;
Oh! tear not thou another link
From feeling's broken chain!
In prayer I've asked submission still,
To say 'Thy will be done!'
But like the sea-shell far removed,
Love murmurs for its own.

New-York.

L'ABRIEILLE.

OUR VILLAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'LETTERS FROM LONDON,' ETC.

AMONG the curiosities of this country, is the sudden growth of its towns. Any one may have assisted two or three times, in a moderate life, in clearing out the wolves, panthers, and rattle-snakes, and seen growing in their place potatoes, cabbages, and towns, with ladies fit to dance at Almacks; or may have stopped in his coach to leave a card for Madam, where a year before he had reposed in the shades of the wilderness. I think myself rather young, and yet am older than a city of fifty thousand inhabitants. Indeed, in some places, towns are ready-made, and kept for occasion. A family bound from Pittsburgh to the Ouisconsin, would not be thought very prudent to set out without taking a house along, as part of the luggage. Nor do these houses always lose their capacity for locomotion, when settled into permanent dwellings. You must have met more than one looking out for new lodgings in the streets of Philadelphia or New-York. The population of such towns is gathered from the four corners of the earth, and the employments being laborious, the new settlers are of a healthy and sturdy constitution, and have a fair chance of all the improvement resulting from a crossing of the breed.

But before the new modes of travelling had opened an easy intercourse with the older settlements, an American village had a very different character. Its growth was slow; its population native and unadulterated; and it maintained its original and traditionary customs. It was my lot to grow up to the dawn of manhood in one of these towns, which lurked in a corner a long time unheeded by the world; and I had an opportunity of observing its changes of condition; of seeing its barbarism fade away under what the courtesy of the world calls civilization. Pardon, gentle reader, if I shed a tear or two upon the recollection of this age, never to be recalled, of innocent and pastoral enjoyment!

A few engineers, young gentlemen from the cities, were in the course of time stationed in this town. Gentility is so portable a commodity, that a single beau may import enough to refine a whole community. There was an immediate and visible change. The women began to wear stockings; calico superseded worsted gowns; and landladies were seen killing the bugs in hotels, putting two sheets on the same bed, and water and other conveniences in the chambers of their lodgers. The rustic who, with two new patches on the knees for Sunday, escorted the prettiest belle of the village to church, aiding her to put on her shoes, and garter up her stockings at the church-door, was now fashionably tailored, and washed his hands in *pâte d'amand*; and 'modestes' made frocks and bonnets of the freshest patterns, for the girls. One was partial to *tissue sylphide*, and another thought *paille de riz* was more becoming. The very girl whom I had seen — dear little thing! — scamper upon the flanks of the mountain, bare-foot, and who counted the excoriation of her legs among the incidents of a rural excursion, now walked out in prunellas; and instead of the simple dance of nature, that once so became her, so delighted her, it

was now '*Tendez vos jambes ;*' '*Ecartez vos genoux, Mademoiselle,*' under the dominion of Monsieur Pirouette, and his fiddle-stick. The vanity of dress is one of the most stirring of our passions, perhaps instincts. Indeed, one cannot observe the display of the peacock, and some other birds, without the conviction that even the lower animals are not exempt from its influence. A package of French fashions having been tossed overboard on the coast of Norway in a storm, a shoal of porpoises were seen next day tricked out, one in a petticoat, another in a spenser, and a great sea-calf had on a jacket from Moreau's. This story I give on the authority of Horace Walpole.

A change of custom, which some amateurs have regretted much, was the allotment of separate apartments to the two sexes, which in my younger days lodged indiscriminately ; and this, too, without apprehending, in the innocence of their Platonic loves, any worse consequence than a marriage. Ten irregular citizens are now born to the republic, for one in those days of '*bundling*' simplicity. Nor was their safety in their indifference, but in their conscience and equality of condition, which did not allow injury to be unredressed. One of those primitive maids would make as much love by a look, as would now fill a dictionary about as big as Scapula. It was a kind of '*short-hand*' of love, but totally incomprehensible to a modern sense. How, alas ! interpret the unaffected kiss, given to the sweet-heart after an absence, and the affectionate exclamation which accompanied one of those dear little '*ohs !*' which mothers use when they caress their children, and which the musicians call a *slide* ; sweeter than the kisses of these times, as much as the honey of the wild bee is sweeter than the tame ! . . . The mystic barrier now set up, guards the village Danæ in vain from the golden shower ; and jiltings, intrigues, breaches of promise, elopements, and even now and then an ugly *crim. con.*, are found among the records of a country town.

It was worth while to be born then, if for no other reason than to go to a village ball. I will summon my recollections, and try to give you an idea of it. You must fancy a country dance, with two or three cotillions, the reflex of figures long since obsolete, to a fiddler of three tunes, repeated in distinct reverberation from the planks. But in default of the fiddler, then a rare and important mortal, the amusements did not flag. Some one would sing ; or a principal beau of the set would '*hum*' during its movements ; or, in a kind of recitativo, sing out the figures, with a chorus : '*Now, Polly, dance up to me ; doodle-de-doo ;*' '*Now, Polly, cross over ; diddle-diddle dum,*' etc. And in this way the dance would gallop on with infinite spirit. A youthful aspirant, too, would now and then start up, supplying the place of the Greek chorus, in the interlude, and shake the rafters with indefatigable feet. A little hot whiskey, allayed with the Junata, was sweetened with maple sugar for the fair sex. Nothing more *recherché* had yet entered our conceptions, in the way of sumptuous refreshments. On these occasions, I felt the wings of pleasure raise me from the earth, and I could not imagine for human nature a higher degree of enjoyment. The beautiful mother was not then driven from the choir, in her mature age, but hung over her own sweet daughter in the dance,

— '*as the full blown rose*
Bends o'er its neighboring bud.'

We had also our 'evenings at home.' Perhaps you will allow me a description of one of these '*homes*,' which is ever present to my recollection. It was situate at the bottom of a craggy hill, which defended it from the winter, and the flanks of which, being planted with rich beds of acacia and honeysuckle, diffused a delicious fragrance upon the spring and summer. On the summit was a grove, overlooking the stream, adorned with the most romantic and fascinating imagery; a grove in which Scipio would have delighted to stray with his Lælius, and Tully to have forgotten the bustle of his beloved Rome. Here grew up a numerous rustic family, innocent of the world's wisdom, in a hut built with their own hands, with a chimney half equal in extent to the entire house, and often containing the whole family within its focus. Here BILL sat, cracking the nuts he had stored for the winter; TOM running rifle-bullets for to-morrow's hunt in the forest; and the 'old man,' as he was familiarly called by the whole family, shelling corn in the midst of the floor, while the wheel of his partner, twirling around, discoursed excellent music, often till midnight. DICK, for he had been, for some unknown reason, set apart as the prop and dignity of the house, was engaged in some rational cultivation of the mind. There are persons whom fortune cannot abase, or retain in their obscurity. By their proper motion, they ascend, as waters to their level, as fire above the vapors. Thus we read, in history, of individuals, whose birth and infancy have been oppressed; who have been exposed in deserts, to be suckled by wolves, and reared by shepherds, and who, by their instincts, have reasserted the high dignity and glorious prerogatives of their nature. The eagle will not the less soar, though he be hatched by the incubation of the wren!

Dick had seen the picture of a fiddle in an almanac, and had made himself one, of cedar boards, furnishing it with silken strings, and hair for its bow from Surry's tail, and had already scraped himself into an extensive reputation. It was usual on Saturdays for the highland hunters, and plough-boys of the valley, when their labors for the week had ended, to travel five and even ten miles, to listen to the exquisite melody. Often they would sit, forgetful of their tender wives, until midnight, in admiration of the new Orpheus, who, mounted upon the meal-tub, or some other convenient elevation, regaled them with the enrapturing notes of 'Molly put the Kettle On,' and sometimes the more melting strains of 'Nancy Dawson.' The wheel of his mother would often stand still, the thread untwisted between her finger and thumb; his father's corn-cob would rest upon the knife, and Tom's lead would grow cold in the shovel. Thus he contributed not a little to soften the flinty humanity of these 'original men;' and had the fine arts been unknown to the world, they had unquestionably been invented upon the banks of the Juniata. The dance, the natural companion of music, was soon introduced, other fiddlers arose, and various kinds of talent were brought into exercise and improvement. I return from my digression.

On these occasions, we had plenty of fruits, nuts, whiskey-toddy, apple-pie, tea, and cakes, and sometimes a turkey, or a little pig, roasted; and jolly conversation and a variety of games. We hunted the slipper as naturally as you see it in Chalon's picture; or we

played pawns, sending two whom we suspected of being very fond of each other, into a dark entry, to make up a mystery; and the rogues would stay contriving it a long time. And pay-day would come, with a display of pocket-handkerchiefs, thimbles, knives, and the owners were amerced usually in a kiss. I wish we had such creditors in these hard times! There was much maiden coyness, of course; but encouraged by degrees, and the toddy and joyous spirits getting the uppermost, the kissings (for I will confess it,) did sometimes come to extremities; often, like those sung by Catullus, no longer subject to the cold principles of arithmetic. Gentlemen and ladies of 1840, you think you have all the fun to yourselves. Not I. You have not even gained in romantic or poetic beauty by your refinements. You have a lubberly common-place rail-road for the coach, and its noble steeds; a steam-boat for a ship, with canvass spread to the winds; a ploughed field for the virgin forest; and for the graceful bow and quiver, that straight, unmeaning thing, a gun; and the archer, so graceful, so delightful, even in a picture! Alas! there is

‘No archer now, but the little rogue that lies
Concealed in Izabella’s eyes.’

Every year brought some new adventure of the fine arts upon our rude community. I beheld the first introduction of pianos, and the earliest efforts of this instrument. The first concert, which I am not likely to forget, was at Mrs. Thrumm’s party, and was designed to show off Mary and Cornelia’s acquirements, in this branch; brother accompanying with the flute. ‘*Tanti palpiti*,’ not so designed by Rossini or the gods, was selected. . . . In order to be very pathetic toward the end, Cornelia set up a kind of a scream along the semi-tones, and then rebounded two octaves at a jump. Father, who was of the old school, took a pinch of snuff; *An-ch! An-ch!* Grandmother also took a part, who had a cold; and baby, who was frightened, joined in, ‘*Ya-e, ya-e, ya-e, ya!*’ and was carried out. Then Mary played ‘*Ah, se M’ama*,’ alone, and then Cornelia something else, till the sun (he was very happy!) had got on the east side of New Holland.

Were I to tell you all that is interesting of my native village, I should never be done. I will therefore leap over a gulf of twenty years, and come at once to our own times. You would perhaps suffer me to describe for you an entertainment of us moderns, which I have just attended. Thank you. I should like to do it now, while the event is fresh in memory, and invested with the charms of novelty.

‘Roxy, my love, you sat last night under the full blaze of the chandelier at Mrs. Waddy’s. That was wrong. It was wrong, too, to sit by the window: you are pale, dear, and the curtains were a light green. I ought to warn you, also, never to indulge in attitudes at home, which would be improper abroad. They grow into habits. I observed you twice this morning, with one knee riding upon the other.’ . . . ‘No, dear, I am *not* unnecessarily particular. It is excessively inelegant. Beside, it stops the circulation of the blood. My love, you will take the gentleman’s arm for the evening.’

‘Why, mother, he will spoil my complexion; his coat is bottle-green!’

We stepped, with this dialogue, upon the threshold of the lady patroness, and after a proper attention to our several toilettes in the dressing-room, descended, half an hour past nine, into the saloon, already filled with the village and neighboring towns. The company was seated about the margin, on chairs and sofas, or stood or walked in groups, through the interior and entries, under the light of brilliant chandeliers. The conversation was soft and subdued, movements gentle and studied, and the picture altogether excessively lovely.

'I cannot recover from my surprise,' said the gentleman, 'at seeing women so beautiful, and tastefully dressed, in a village.'

'Do try to recover!' replied Roxalana; 'I should be sorry that a gentleman put under my care should fall a victim to a lady's toilet.'

'A pretty woman attired gracefully is every where dangerous, but in contrast with this rude drapery, and desolate prospect ——'

'The drapery, Sir, is damask, as you see, and the prospect pretty men and women, tastefully dressed. To say a company is well dressed, on such an occasion, is not a high compliment, since it hints a suspicion that it might have been otherwise. I had imagined, too, a woman being well dressed, that the *woman* only was seen; and when the dress was remarkable, that the woman was not well dressed. But do please point out these beauties that have such dangerous powers of captivation, for I really do n't see them.'

'I can see nothing else. It seems to me they have picked out beauty expressly for the occasion.'

'It seems to me they have assembled together all the deformities of the village.'

'This one, for example, mounting the stairs; is she not beautiful? Alcina never saw, I am sure, a prettier foot and ankle.'

'Then Alcina never saw a very great assortment. It is an insignificant beauty, any way, to be in such raptures about; not having seen the lady's face.'

'I think differently. Delicacy of feet and hands are the marks of true nobility; so says Byron.'

'Byron says nothing about feet.'

'You rail, I see, at a pretty foot, in perfect security.'

'Yes, you may look at it — there! But as a well-bred gentleman, I presume you will not venture a word in praise. Violent passions are silent, and the gentle ones are complimentary.'

'Now that I have recovered the use of speech, do let me ask your opinion of this little creature in the blonde or auburn tresses? To my mind, she is exceedingly pretty.'

'With that piece of a face?'

'Men have sometimes died of little women.'

'I suppose so; they made them sick.'

'Has n't she pretty eyes?'

'Has n't a toad pretty eyes? I ask, at least, a little round sufficiency and plumpness, in my conceptions of beauty.'

'Like this in the rocking-chair, so panting ripe, and lips so persuasively pouting!'

'How scandalous you are! She has a face like a rabbit's. She seems as if she would enjoy a cabbage-leaf. But hush! Matters of more interest are now to be discussed.'

Here a dumpling black boy, in sea-green jacket, and a tawny maid, also in graceful attire, entered, and were followed soon by others, carrying in, some the tea, and some the cakes, upon trays.

'You must do the ladies fust, then the gemmen,' said Dina; and now the bohea, imperial, and gunpowder went round; the guests being displayed in fancy and picturesque groups; the women mostly seated, and their gallants in relief; one leaning gracefully toward the wall, or upon a marble mantle; another god-like erect in the midst of the saloon; another bending over a group of beautiful and bare-necked maids, seated lowly upon stools, and surveying the undulating prospect; and many showed their civilities, by administering fresh cups, and bearing off the vacant China to the side-board. Roxalana and I — we stood vertically by the side of each other, and sipped and looked; applying the warm lips of the cup simultaneously to our own lips, and inhaling the balmy nectar, as it were in the same breath together; and then we took a bit of cake. I flatter myself we had our share in the general effect.

Tongues were now set loose (such is the potency of tea,) to very incontinence, and the house was in a buzz; dividing variously, according to the several humors. One, the centre of a circle, entertained with wit his numerous audience, who burst out now and then into flashes of merriment; another walked, with his belle, up and down the entry, in soft and secret conversation; and another was seated humbly at Izabella's feet, while she poured the poison of her beauty in his ear. Suddenly, to interrupt these intellectual delights, came in the same sea-green Ganymedes and Hebes, bearing oranges, citrons, pears, peaches with rosy cheeks, pine-apples, kisses, wrapped in poetry, and luscious *bon-bons*, in silver baskets, and trays over-heaped; and the gentlemen vied with each other in puns, and other soft things, according to their several capacities, pouring the treasures of Ceres upon the ladies' laps.

'What are you two *yammering* about so earnestly?' said Mr. Dibble.

'And pray, what is the meaning of that pretty word, *yammering*?' 'Talking and eating.'

'How very expressive!' said Mrs. Ketchum; 'I would have it in Webster's next.'

'Yes,' replied Rox.; 'it would be a word to the wise. (*y's*)'

Notwithstanding a great authority, I like 'eating women;' especially when they eat in public, and after the rules of a fashionable etiquette. They contrive to perform this function with such an appearance of easy leisure, and graceful negligence; with an air which seems to indicate they have obliged the company by condescending to eat at all, which is exceedingly genteel.

The wines came in next, accompanied with syrups, lemonades, punches, and with those two pet tipplers of the ladies, curaço and maraschino, and circulated through the rooms, flanked with confectionaries, queens, Spanish buns, and wafers, delightful for their croquancy. There are in the village numerous confectioners, charcutiers, and restaurants; one excels in *entrées*, one in the *entremets*, and another is preëminent in *patés*. When the guests had taken the 'bloom off their appetites,' and bottles and dishes were removed, the music

struck up its thrilling notes, and the house was in a flutter of quardrilles; the girls dancing as if their legs had taken leave of their senses, and the mothers sitting round the margin of the room, like so many flower-pots, and looking silently on.

Roxalana, having fulfilled her duties in the dance, now returned to me, longing.

'I beg pardon for treading on your toe.'

'It is the lightest impression you have made — that on the toe.'

'So you have been to France, as any one may see. Then let us talk of French girls.'

'There are no French girls. They keep the children nursing, till they are as big as their mammas, then marry them. Till then, the society of men is forbidden altogether; even their doll-babies are little girls. I knew one who screamed out when she first saw a man, at twelve years of age.'

'Yes, I heard of her; she ran away at sixteen with her father's coachman, and stole his horses. . . . They lock up their unmarried women, and give their wives the key of the fields. I presume you think our customs in this a little more sensible.'

'Yes; here is Mr. Dalby, not content with monopolizing his pretty wife all the week, has stuck to her the whole night as close as —'

'As close as U does to Q, if you want a simile.'

'I want it reversed, for Q only deserves the credit of this fidelity; U plays truant occasionally with the other letters.'

'Now let us be seated. I begin to feel sick of this nonsense: it disagrees with me. Do n't, if you please, be so familiar!'

'What use of chaining those born savage, free among these mountains, to the tyranny of city usages?'

'Savage,' 'free;' you must belong, I should imagine, to the *Pawnees*. I should advise another visit to Paris.'

'I had thoughts of going back this winter; but luckily, having heard of Pottsville —'

'Perhaps you did well; for nothing, they say, polishes *brass* like coal-dust.'

'Roxy, my dear, I hope you are entertaining the gentleman.'

'Yes, ma, he seems a good deal entertained.'

'A good deal abused, you mean, and vexed. Play on what key I will, I am sure of being out of tune with Miss Roxalana. However, she has so much open-hearted benevolence mixed up with her malice and contradictory spirit —'

'Now I shall have my brains knocked out with a compliment. Come, I confess I have been naughty, and I am going to agree with you in whatever you may say, however absurd, for the rest of the evening.'

'Do n't you think Mr. Squally good-looking?'

'Very good looking! He is not too big for a dwarf, nor too little for a man.'

'I mean 'good-looking;' I am glad you did not say *very*!'

'Your village is indeed delightful!'

'Is n't it!'

'One thing only I regret; it is the confixed, erratic life of its inhabitants. You make an agreeable acquaintance; she steals by de-

degrees upon your affections, and when your happiness is involved in the attachment, you are compelled to take leave of her, perhaps for ever !'

'Yes, that is very bad. It is the reason I do n't like to ride in an omnibus. . . . Now wrap this shawl about my shoulders. . . . A plague on the stars ! — what are they good for ? But I won't abuse them, if you like them. This is the door. We shall be very glad to see you to-morrow. Good night !'

T O L U C I F E R .

BY ALFRED E. STREET, AUTHOR OF THE 'FOREST WALK,' 'FOWLING,' ETC.

'And there was war in heaven.' — REVELATION.

SON of the Morning ! brightest mid the throng
Of those that stood before His blazing throne,
Undazzled by its glories ; who didst raise
Loudest thy songs of joy, and casting down
Thy diadem, and hiding thy pure brow
Beneath thy gorgeous wings, didst swell the shouts
Of 'holy, holy, holy,' to His praise :
Thou of the loftiest intelligence !
Whose form was moulded in God's brightest beauty ?
Majestic in thy deep and black despair,
And the sublimity of thy matchless crime,
Thou towerest mid the fierce, hot, ravenous flames,
Eating thy heart, but not consuming it —
Thy horrid lot, for ever and for ever !

Why didst thou shoot 'so madly from thy sphere,'
Burning with thy ambition ; leaving all
That made thee happy, good, and great ; thy life
A ray of thy Creator's glorious light ?
Paradise was around thee ; radiant brows
Bow'd at thy bidding, and thy harp's sweet sounds
Were most acceptable to Him. Yet thou,
Fired by that flame which leads to 'wo and death,'
Didst dare to raise thy arm in wildest hope
Against His majesty, whose breath was thine,
Who fashioned thee as the potter moulds his clay.

The dazzling ranks, long taught to look to thee
As chief among them, rush'd to do thy will,
When thy proud flag defiance waved to heaven ;
Oh, what a sight must that pure heaven have seen !
Foreheads that wore immortal crowns, and wings
That waved o'er harps God fashion'd for his praise :
Minds that were brighten'd by the wisdom cast
From Him who made them, and the home they dwelt in,
Rising in bold rebellion to his power,
And standing in proud daring to His might !

And thou, the loftiest one, with burning rage
Towering in front, thy brow, late holy, plough'd
By care, sin-born, and thought, that made thy heart
A den of stinging serpents ; thy bright harp
Cast from thee, and a gleaming spear instead,
Summoning thy energies for the battle-burst !

As the black cloud roll'd round the Almighty's throne,
Lurid with horrid lightnings, and expanding
With the fierce blasts, that soon would whirl thy hosts

And thee, quick rushing to thy destined hell.
 Did not thy conscience smite thee for thy deed,
 In wiling those bright spirits from their homes,
 Where late they lived in music, light, and peace?
 No! for the ravenous vulture was upon thee!
 No! for the fire was raging in thy breast,
 Which burned thy former purity to ashes.

And when the dread shock came; when that strong arm
 Grasping the red-hot thunderbolts of wrath,
 Shot their fierce terrors on thy daring host,
 And scattered them as the wild Autumn blasts
 Do the light trembling leaves; when those bright ranks,
 Rallied by the stern trumpet of thy voice,
 Still leading them to ruin, shook, as showered
 The lightnings of His awful anger on them,
 Trying in vain to breast the terrible storm,
 And thou, like some bright star 'mid rolling clouds
 Blazing an instant, and then lost in gloom;
 Who, formed of clay, can fancy the deep shade
 That darkened heaven! Oh, who can tell the tears
 That fell from soft, pure, gentle spirits, dwelling
 In His effulgence, and who wished for nought
 But the bright smiles He vouchsafed to 'his own'?

And now, thy punishment has been dealt to thee;
 Hurl'd from thy throne, thy crown cast from thy brow,
 Thy wings scorched from thee by His burning wrath,
 In the fierce flashing flames thy pride is plunged,
 With those thou lured'st to follow thee: brow scathed,
 Heart blackened, form made horrible to view,
 Thou dwell'st in torture; still unconquerable,
 Still gathering greater strength in thy despair,
 Thou liftest thy broad front, and scornest all
 Of agony and fear His ceaseless wrath
 Can yet inflict. Routed, but not subdued,
 Still does that arm which grasped rebellious spear
 Point in undying hate, and proud defiance,
 To Him who swept thee from thy seat in heaven!

Thou hast a glorious empire: gorgeous flames
 And sky-wide smoke thy mantle and thy crown,
 The damned's wild shrieks thy music, and the toll
 Of centuries, thy pride, in that black crime
 Which cannot be forgiven.

Still lift up

The terrible glory of thy stricken crest,
 For man, the creature of a loving God,
 In heart and soul is with thee! Thou canst claim
 The lovely and the great, among the race
 Which soils, with their vile dust, this little ball,
 Whirling amid the myriad throngs that form
 A spangled pavement for His glorious feet!
 The warrior with his wreath, sword-reaped in fields
 Of sick'ning slaughter, the base creeping worm,
 Whose soul was bounded by his hoarded gold,
 The butterfly beauty, fluttering in the glare
 Of fashion and of flattery; these, all these,
 Hast thou, to fill thy burning, sulphurous realm.

Ply thy fierce torments, for thy slaves deserve them!
 Roll thy bright billows; cast thy piercing hail,
 And hurl thy blasts; they're worthy of them all.
 That awful judgment-day will not spare thee,
 (Amid the blackened sun, and dropping stars,
 And shrivelling worlds, thy sentence will go forth.)
 Then spare not them; but with avenging hand,
 Scourge those who scourged in lie the poor and weak;
 Scorch the fierce pride from those who walked the earth
 As gods, not feeble worms, and let man feel,
 Like thee, the justice of Omnipotence!

MAH-TO-KHAY TO-PAH, 'THE FOUR-BEARS.'

A TALE OF THE NORTH-WEST.

THE FOUR-BEARS was the second chief of the Mandan tribe in rank; but, from his preëminent bravery, the first in consideration and authority. He derived his somewhat singular name from the fact of having slain, with his own hand, four grizzly bears; no contemptible exploit, for this animal is the sovereign of the great American Desert, to whom the lion and the tiger would be as rats and mice. Mah-to-khay To-pah — But stay; before we plunge *inter medias res*, the reader will not perhaps be displeased to know something of his people,

'To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!'

They were swept from the face of the earth, three years ago, by the small-pox. They knew not the disease, nor its remedies; and the terror it created was in proportion to their ignorance. The mother forsook her child, the wife her husband, when smitten, as they conceived, by the hand of the Great Spirit; and the men of the last seven surviving families, after having slain their women and children, stabbed themselves upon their dead bodies, in the frenzy of utter despair. So perished a tribe that could muster four thousand warriors; the most gentle, the most civilized, and the most chivalrous of the North-west. Let us make one faint effort to rescue them from oblivion.

Whether the Mandans were the Welsh Indians of former writers, or the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, we are unable to say; certain it is, that they differed in language, in complexion, in the color of the hair and eyes, and in religion, from every other known tribe on the continent. To us, they appeared a mixed people, the offspring of a whiter foreign race, engrafted upon the original aboriginal stock. Their language was not Sioux, although it contained a great many Sioux words. Some of them were perfect Sioux in complexion and feature; others, to whom the blood of their ancestors had descended pure, had handsome Jewish countenances, and were fairer than most of the natives of the south of Europe. Some had gray and blue eyes, and bright, silky, auburn hair; features unknown in any other tribe. Others, though young, had coarse gray hair, and not a few had it of three different colors, gray, black, and red at the ends. Some of the Mandan maidens would have been accounted belles in Broadway or Pennsylvania Avenue. The men were all elegantly formed. They were a mixed people, varying in every shade, from one of the two races from which they sprang, to the other, like our people of color.

The 'poor savages!' The Mandans were not savages, nor poor. Worse savages, and poorer people, may be found by thousands in any of our large cities. No man, not even an enemy, ever appealed to their humanity in vain. They lived in villages of huts, of very large dimensions. Hundreds of smaller, worse-built, and less convenient edifices are taxed in New-York as dwelling-houses. Twenty families

inhabited one hut, but each individual or pair had a separate crib, with its curtains. No drop of rain could penetrate. They were rich in horses and wives — for among Indians wives are wealth — and in the inexhaustible, never-failing wealth of the prairies. The soil almost spontaneously produced corn, beans, melons, gourds, etc., sufficient for consumption, and these were raised by the women; for the men considered it derogatory to their dignity to labor, and the women thought it no hardship. But there was no need to cultivate the ground at all. The vast herds of buffaloes were a sure resource; and if they chanced to remove far from his village, the Mandan warrior mounted his whole family on horseback, and followed them.

The Mandans were uniformly well and even gorgeously clad. The fops of our cities would have made a pitiable figure among their flowing robes, and fringed tunics and leggins. The men killed the buffalo, the deer, the elk, and the antelope, and the women converted the skins into garments softer, finer, and much more durable, than cloth. The white clay of the prairies gave them the whiteness of snow. There could not be a nobler or more picturesque figure than a Mandan on horseback, in his gala dress. We have him before our mind's eye now. From the crown of his head to the crupper of his horse, streams a long tissue of swans' feathers. The steed wears a coronal of the same material, and prances proudly beneath his rider. He deserves the distinction, for he is of the best blood of Barbary; in no wise deteriorated by its transmission through Andalusia and Mexico. His saddle is a cushion of the softest doe-skin, his crupper of the same; both, as well as the reins, curiously inwrought with porcupine quills. A hundred hawk-bells jingle from the bridle. From each corner of his mouth depends the scalp of a slain foe. The rider wears a loose white tunic, which leaves the arms bare, and over it is a robe, which rather graces than hides his person. In his head are the feathers of the war-eagle, denoting the number of the enemies he has slain, otherwise he would not dare to wear them. The women of the village would pluck them from his head. Certain small painted sticks, affixed in like manner to his top-knot, indicate the number and manner of his wounds. A necklace of grizzly bears' claws encircles his neck. His robe is covered with hieroglyphics, and tells the history of his life. His leggins are fringed with scalp-locks, each of which is the price of a horse. On his left arm is his shield, of tough bull-hide, which will stop an arrow, or turn a bullet. At his back hangs his bow, which will bury every one of the sixty shafts in the quiver beside it, to the feather; and his right hand grasps his quivering lance, twenty feet long; its head an entire sword-blade, rusty with blood. Such is the costume of the 'poor Indian.'

The 'poor Indian!' He eats, the river supplies him with drink, the prairie clothes him, and furnishes him with a bed. His horse and his bow are to him plough and spade. He toils not, neither does he speculate. He is independent of all the world, excepting his wives. He despises the religion of the whites, because he sees how little their practice accords with it; of their learning he knows nothing, and their civilization he contemns. He needs nothing of them; not even a gun; his bow is a better weapon. He has enough, and he is satisfied with it. The exertion by which he sustains his life, is his

sport, and the toils of war are his glory. We do not pretend to decide whether or not plenty with ignorance, be preferable to toil and want with knowledge; but certain it is, that he who has enough for the present, and a certainty of its continuance, cannot be called poor.

To return. The Mandans were, perhaps, the most religious people the sun ever shone upon. Like the Jews, they were theists; but their imagination peopled the whole universe with spirits of good and of evil. They had their Ahrimanes, like all other Indians, and prayed to him that he should do them no harm; making true the supposition that so shocked our 'Pilgrim Fathers,' that the heathen worshipped the devil. To the Mandan, every remarkable place had its presiding spirit; every event, no matter how trifling, was the effect of supernatural agency; but the Supreme was ever uppermost in his mind. Sacrifices to him were strewn all over the country; the first fruits of the season, the best part of the animal slain in the chase, the most costly of the goods obtained from the trader. A Mandan would not eat a morsel of a buffalo, till he had first made a burnt-offering, though he were starving. The 'Medicine-House,' that is to say, the temple, stood in the midst of the village. On its top were several tall poles, on which were constantly suspended blankets, broadcloth, etc., the best these devout worshippers could procure, there to rot, as a thing acceptable to God. The like was seen in a thousand other places. Into the Medicine-House no woman was ever permitted to enter; and in it, every spring, were enacted and suffered such cruelties as were never surpassed by the Holy Inquisition, all for the glory of God. There was this difference, however, between the Inquisition and the Medicine-House, that in the former the suffering was compulsory; whereas in the latter, the victims underwent the most horrible tortures voluntarily, and gloried in their torments. Nay, as the latter part of the ceremony was performed out of doors, wives and mothers looked on, and exulted in the pangs of their sons and husbands, and even assisted in increasing them. It were tedious to describe these barbarous rites; they involved an allegory, in which the Spirit of Evil was supposed to enter the village, and to be driven out of it again by the Spirit of Good. Mah-to-khay To-pab suffered these unheard of tortures five several times. How any man could survive them once, is wonderful; but that any one should desire to undergo them even a second time, is little less than miraculous. Catlin is the only white man who was ever admitted into the Medicine-House, during the performance of these rites; and four pictures of them may be seen in his gallery of paintings. Persons of weak nerves, however, had better not listen to his explanation of them.

Turtle doves swarmed in and about the Mandan villages, and it was held sacrilegious to molest them; 'because,' said the Mandans, 'this was the bird that brought the willow-branch back to the canoe.' It was at the time, too, when the first willow-buds opened into leaves, that the ceremonies of which we have spoken took place. Some persons might argue, from these premises, that the Mandans were certainly descended from the Israelites, and possibly the supposition might have been corroborated by other traditions; but as no one has ever yet had opportunity and inclination to inquire, and as the Mandans are all past hope of any farther explanations, the question must

rest on this solitary fact, and on the decidedly Jewish physiognomy of the whiter half of the tribe.

After this long preamble, we come to our story. Before Mah-to-khay To-pah arrived at maturity, he offered himself as a candidate for the dreadful honors of the Feast of the Willow Leaf. His father and brother dissuaded, and his mother prayed, in vain. The young martyr was proof alike to entreaties, tears, and lamentations. The family appealed to the elders of the village, and the elders appealed to the Medicine Man, or master of the ceremonies, to prevent his intention; but the latter was not to be won. 'I am the servant of the Great Spirit,' said he, 'and do you think I will offend him? If the young man dies under the torture, it will be an acceptable sacrifice, and he will have the reward of his piety in another world. It would be throwing away my own life.'

'But he will certainly die,' said old Sintaypay Chahpah, 'and not he alone, but his father, too. The old man has vowed that if his son perishes, he will go to the Pawnee village, and throw away his body,' (i. e., he will rush upon assured death; a very common practice with Indians, when suffering severe affliction.)

'His father will think better of it,' replied the Medicine Man. 'He has another son to comfort him in his old age, and if he had not, I cannot help it.'

'You can help it, if you will,' rejoined Hayhahkbah, the boy's uncle. 'You, and you only, can.'

'I cannot, if I would,' said the priest, 'unless I should be expressly commanded, in a dream, to forbid his initiation.'

'It is very well,' said Hayhahkbah, 'coolly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and folding his robe around him to withdraw.' 'It is very well. The boy must die. I have been through the ordeal myself, and I know that he must be a strong man who lives through it. Forty brave men have I seen die on the third day. This lad cannot go through the second. Peace be with you! If you should have a dream to-night, and the Great Spirit should forbid the sacrifice, it is my intention to give you ten horses to-morrow.'

'That is right!' grunted old Sintaypay Chahpah, 'that is right; 'the boy is my cousin, and I shall send you five more, beside ten new robes.'

And thus each of the old men endeavored, with simple cunning, to influence the dreams of the holy man, according to their several ability, or their earnestness in the task they had undertaken. Now we beg to be understood, that if we have not made our Indians talk upon stilts, and speak of themselves and others in the third person, like the Mobeaus and Mingoes of Mr. COOPER's imagination, it is for a very good reason. We could easily make them discourse in tropes, and soar above the fixed stars, and the human comprehension, in metaphor, as he does, and other American novelists, of far less merit, but even more pretension, do also; and perhaps it would accord better with the prevailing taste; but the fact is, Indians speak as plainly and as directly to the point as we do, on all ordinary occasions. It is only in premeditated harangues, that they adorn and obscure their discourse with the flowers and clouds of imagination and poetry.

In the mean while, the object of so much solicitude was undergoing a torture little less painful than that to which he had devoted

himself; we mean the oburgations of friends who knew better what was good for him than he did himself. His mother howled, and gashed her arms and bosom with an arrow-head, in token of grief. His sisters followed her example, and a score of squaws in and about their dwelling made the night hideous with a song of lamentation, which had for its burthen, 'I shall see you no more! I shall see you no more!' The father smoked his pipe, which he only took from his mouth to enforce the expostulations of his eldest born. The devoted listened unshaken, though not unmoved.

'Better to die like a man, than to live like an old woman,' said the Four-Bears, in reply to some remark of his brother.

'But you are not a man,' returned the other.

'You did not think so last year, when Letalesha killed your horse under you. I was just in time, then; and there hangs his hair in the smoke, and here is the eagle's feather in my head. Manhood is not reckoned by years. I have earned the right to call myself a man.'

'The Master of Breath smiles not upon parricides,' interposed the father. 'My son dies after two sleeps, and my scalp will be at some Pawnee's bridle-rein.'

'Take pity on your mother,' cried the other afflicted parent. 'O my son, my son! I shall see you no more! I shall see you no more!'

'We shall see you no more! — we shall see you no more!' chimed in the rest of the women.

The youth drew himself proudly up. 'Father, mother, brother, sisters, friends,' said he, 'I have heard all you have said, and you can say no more. I have seen but fifteen snows, as you say; but if no other Mandan boy has ever attempted the ordeal of men at that age, so much the more honor for me. It is the will of the Master of Life, which no one can resist. He commanded me in a dream. If it is his will that I should die, die I must; and you ought to rejoice at being so honored in your son. If it is his will that I should live, you will have so much the more cause to rejoice. Therefore, mother, cease your clamors, and dry your tears. We must all die, and why not as well now, as at any other time? Kill my black horse over my grave, and bury my bow and arrows with me, that I may not start for the world of shadows like a beggar, on foot and unarmed. Haply I may meet the revengeful ghost of Letalesha there! But I will not have our family's captives put to death to be my slaves. You, father and brother, must send me slaves fit to attend a warrior; slaves who shall receive their message on the ground where they fall. What is life, after all? It is but a cloud of smoke hanging over the house, which the first breath of wind will drive away. I have spoken, and henceforth I am deaf.'

'Well, then,' said one of the women, more anxious than ever to save so brave a boy, 'there is but one way. Let us send for the Spotted Fawn. I am sure he can refuse her nothing.'

The Four-Bears, at the conclusion of his harangue, had seated himself very quietly, with his elbows upon his knees, and stopped his ears with his thumbs; not so closely, however, but that the name of the Skipping Fawn reached his tympanum. She was a year his junior, and betrothed to him; for Indians marry very young. Well he knew that her supplications and her tears would shake his resolution. He rose with a wild cry, scattered the crowd of women right and left,

and vanished from the house and village, and was not seen again till the next morning.

In the morning the Medicine Man made proclamation for a public meeting, from the top of the Medicine-House, in a tone which scattered all the buffaloes within two leagues of the village. He then announced that the Master of Life had appeared to him in the visions of the night, and informed him that the sacrifices of boys were any thing but acceptable. None, he declared, upon whose heads the snows of twenty winters had not fallen, should participate in the holy and awful rites of the Willow-Leaf; and this was to be law, thenceforth and for ever. For this reason, and this only, the Four-Bears could no longer be considered a candidate; for which he, the high priest of the tribe, was sore at his heart, on which he impressively laid his hand. It would have made him happy to have seen how a boy of fifteen snows could have borne pangs which had quelled the courage of the bravest. Many a youth had he tortured; but never one so young. He ended his speech with a well-merited encomium on his own experience and skill in the science of tormenting, and another, less deserved, on the favorable terms on which he stood with the Great Spirit.

This discourse was received with unbounded applause by all who heard it, excepting him whom it principally concerned, and the boys of his own age, who were naturally curious to behold the agonies of their sometime companion. In the course of the day, several of them applied to the Medicine Man to relax the rule in their favor; but he repulsed them with rudeness and with blows. Before noon, many a blanket and many a yard of bright scarlet was fluttering from the poles on the top of the Medicine-House, in grateful thanksgiving and sacrifice to the Great Spirit.

In the mean while, the Four-Bears had blackened his face, which is the token of mourning, or of an intent to do some desperate deed, and had departed from the village, no one knew whither. He well knew, however, that for several days previous to the holy festival, it was the custom of the Medicine Man to repair to the woods which skirted the river, to pray, where no one was permitted to disturb him. Mah-to-khay To-pah resolved to break the custom, and presented himself before the astonished priest, with his teeth set, and his lips compressed, every nerve quivering with excitement, and drew an arrow to the head. 'Listen to me, lying prophet!' he said, with flashing eye; 'I submit to the will of the Great Spirit, but not to yours. The Master of Life cannot have two wills, nor speak with a forked tongue. In my dream, He told *me* what to do, and He cannot have told you to bring His anger on me by preventing me. You are a wise man, Keraguish, and I am a foolish boy; but I am not so foolish but that I can look through you, as the sun looks through a cloud. You have not dreamed for nothing. Why were so many horses and robes carried to your house this morning? Look at yonder herd of buffaloes; their flesh is fat and sweet; but you will never eat a morsel of it. Do you see these budding willows and cotton woods? You will never see the buds open into leaves. Look at that dark and rapid river; it shall cover you up, and sweep you away, and you shall have no other grave than the maws of the cat-

fishes. It is what belongs to the utterer of false oracles. Sing your death song! Before yonder antelope is out of sight, this arrow will quiver in your heart!

The false priest was not, perhaps, less courageous than other men; but he was old and weaponless, and there was none at hand to save. The determination that spoke from the youth's eye could not be mistaken, and he was tall and strong beyond his years. The Medicine Man, who had been the holy executioner of so many others, shrunk, but he did not tremble. 'Spare me!' said he; 'I am an old man. I am *onshekah*; (worthy of pity.) Do not take away my life. I have not long to live.'

'If I take pity on you,' replied Mah-to-khay To-pah, 'what dreams will you have to-night? To-morrow the festival begins.'

'The Master of Life was only laughing at his creature;' returned the magician; 'and the sacrifice of Mah-to-khay To-pah is more acceptable to him than any other.'

'Live!' said the boy; 'but — REMEMBER! Sure as that sun shines above; sure as that river runs below; sure as God's birds (the doves) are murmuring in these trees; if the Medicine Man does not have a true dream to-night, he will never live to celebrate another feast of the Willow Leaf.'

So saying, he left the priest comfortably assured that his life depended on compliance, and returned to the village.

Great was the grief of the family of the Four-Bears, when the Medicine Man the next morning announced that he had been honored with a second visitation of the Great Spirit, whose will now was to accept the free-will offering of the body, not only of Mah-to-khay To-pah, but of any other youth in the village; no matter of what age. 'Wherefore, good and brave young men, who came to me yesterday,' continued the priest, 'come forward, and share the glory of the Four-Bears. If ye live, ye will be accounted men among men, and if ye die, ye will not be forgotten for as many snows as there are blades of grass in all the prairies. Let the sacrifices of the Master of Breath come forward.'

But none of the youth who had wished to win imperishable glory at a cheap rate, the day before, made their appearance. The Four-Bears, however, stepped forth, at the head of six full-grown men, all clad in their gayest attire; and the whole seven were conducted into the Medicine-House. Not one of our hero's family made the least objection. It would have been in vain. An Indian can always endure what cannot be cured. Not even when the shrieks of the devoted rang through the village, shrieks extorted by the last extremity of mortal agony, was an eye-lid seen to wink, or a muscle to quiver. What took place in the Medicine-House, is best passed over in silence. It would excite no pleasant feeling in the bosom of the reader, were I to relate it. It was noticed, however, by those outside, that while the voice of every one of the men could be distinguished, in the intensity of their sufferings, not a groan was heard from the boy; and it was afterward known that he had fainted later than any of his companions, at every application of the torture.

In the mean while, all was joy and jubilee in the village. 'The First Man' had appeared from no one knew where, and having

announced the coming of 'The Second Man,' had disappeared, no one knew whither. The 'Second Man,' representing the Spirit of Evil, had entered the village in a guise dreadful to behold, and made an attack upon the women; they being supposed less capable of resistance than the men. But he was always foiled by another antic, who represented the Spirit of Good, and was at length driven with ignominy from the village. And there was singing, and dancing, and shouts of laughter, and playing at dice, and an enormous consumption of meat and vegetables, dressed in every style of Indian cookery. It was the nation's jubilee.

It had been supposed, from Mah-to-khay To-pah's silence under the torture, that he was dead; but his friends had not shed a tear, or uttered a sigh, to mar the hilarity of the festival. Such is Indian fortitude. On the fourth morning, the suffering seven were brought out of the Medicine-House into the area, ghastly and mangled, but still alive, to undergo new inflictions before the eyes of the multitude. Holes had already been bored through the muscles of their shoulders, and into these were inserted ropes. The skulls of buffaloes were then attached to their feet, and — We stop. Suffice it, that two of the men died under the operation, and that the nearest relatives of the sufferers looked on and applauded. The Mandans were not the first people who tortured themselves, to win honor and the favor of heaven. They were not more cruel to themselves than the Stylites, or pillar-saints of the East, and their holy contemporaries, or the voluntary martyrs of modern India; nor was their conduct a whit more absurd than that of Catholic devotees, who amuse themselves with scourge and hair-cloth. In all these cases, the principle and the motive are precisely the same.

Mah-to-khay To-pah survived, to the great joy of his whole tribe; and it was affirmed by the Medicine-man that in all his experience he had never seen any one evince such fortitude. As soon as he recovered, ten young men attached themselves to him, as to one who had earned the rank of a chief, and it was not many months before their number swelled to hundreds. He also espoused the Skipping Fawn, on which ecstatic occasion there were many hundred guests assembled, and his family proved their generosity, by giving away their horses, their arms, and even their garments, to such as stood most in need of them. There may be little interest in these details; but we are not endeavoring to create effect. Our aim is to describe Indians, such as they are, or rather, such as they were. Eighteen hundred horses changed owners in honor of the nuptials of the Four-Bears; and, what with gambling and horse-racing, it was thought that the whole moveable property of the tribe underwent three transfers, at least. These things could not last for ever. An Indian chief must prove himself worthy of the rank accorded him by the voluntary suffrage of his followers, and his fame must be kept bright by constant exertion, or he loses his influence, and sinks into a private man.

Our hero was by no means disposed to remain idle. To a strong sense of religion, he united a burning thirst for distinction, as we have already seen; and it was not long before he called his braves together, and informed them that he had been commanded, as usual in a dream,

to lead them against the Dahcotah Tetous, with whom the Mandans were then at war. The war-pipe was smoked, and the war-dance was danced about the war-post. Mah-to-khay Topah, when he struck it, instead of boasting of what he had already done and suffered, according to Indian custom, from time immemorial, modestly said that he had as yet achieved nothing worth mentioning; but that he would endeavor to bring back as proud a name as had ever been borne by any of his warlike race. His bride stood by, as he mounted for the chase of men; but she neither wept nor endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. His farewell might be rendered in the words of an old Troubadour song:

'Believe me, dearest, thy chief shall be
To country and honor, to love and to thee,
Toujours fidele!

And her reply:

'Since glory calls thee, away, away,
And still be thy watch-word on battle-day,
Toujours fidele!

Seven long days the little band continued on the track of the enemy, who had dared to hover about their village, and still nothing was to be seen but the monotonous ocean of verdure on the one hand, and the dark, turbid current of the Missouri on the other. On the eighth, as they halted at noon to eat their frugal meal of parched corn, and refresh their jaded steeds under the shade of the gigantic aspens which every where border 'the Rushing Water,' a party of five hundred Dahcotahs suddenly appeared on the opposite bank. The Mandans were little moved by the apparition: the enemy could only cross by swimming, and had they attempted it, the boiling torrent would have swept half of them to eternity. Several guns were fired across, but without effect. An Indian can commonly avoid a bullet, when he sees the flash; yet the river was not so broad but that the parties could hear and understand each other; and well did the enemy know how to make the tongue a keener weapon than lance or knife. The Mandans were reviled, with all the opprobrium speech can vent; but they bore it with stoical patience, till a term was applied to them, for which there is no English synonyme, but which, throughout the north-west, conveys the essential oil and double-distilled essence of reproach. It is something similar, but far stronger, than the ancient Saxon term of infamy, 'nidering.' Then the little band of Mandans would have rushed madly into the stream, to wash off the disgrace in its waters, or in their own blood on the opposite bank; but the Four-Bears interposed.

'Hold!' said he; 'one life will be enough to convince these dogs that we are neither children, nor old women, nor the vile things they have dared to call us. I will throw away my body. When you see me fall, turn back to the village, and tell my father and my wife to rejoice that Mah-to-khay To-pah has died like a Mandan. That is saying every thing.' Then, casting off his robe, he vaulted upon his horse, and rode off up the river.

The Mandans were not militia; in the presence of the enemy, they were accustomed to obey and respect their chiefs. Beside, examples of the most heroic devotion were not so uncommon among them as

to be deemed miraculous, and of the Four-Bears they were especially expected. His companions, therefore, made no opposition to his procedure, and evinced neither surprise nor emotion. They merely sat down and lighted their pipes. In the mean while, the young leader, who had calculated with an experienced eye the allowance to be made for the current, galloped to a point far above where he alighted, tied his horse to a bush, and divested himself of his apparel. The aspect of the river might well have appalled the boldest swimmer. In the midst eddied the whirlpool, and below slept the quicksand. The Four-Bears plunged in.

When his head appeared in mid-stream, drifting round a point far above, the Mandans raised a yell of triumph, and the Dahcotahs a shout of admiration. As he drew nigh the shore, two or three guns were raised; but the chief indignantly beat them up. The boy landed, straight as an arrow, limbed like Apollo, without spot or blemish, save the honorable scars of the ordeal of the Willow Leaf, and walked directly into the midst of his foes. 'Listen, Dahcotahs,' said he; 'if you have never seen a man before, and I wot well there are few in your tribe, look upon one now. I am Mah-to-khay To-pah. The feather in my hair is dyed in the blood of the Pawnee. If I had lived longer, I would have dyed more in the life stream of the Dahcotahs. Strike! You will not carry home the scalp of an old woman.'

They stood like marble. Not a hand was raised; not a muscle stirred.

'What!' said he; 'so many warriors, and all afraid of a boy who has not seen seventeen snows!' He turned, and sat down upon the ground, with his back toward them. 'Now, old women!' he continued, 'strike me now, since you are afraid to look me in the eye.'

The enthusiasm of an Indian warrior lies deep; but it is strong in proportion to its depth, and it never fails to awaken at the call of determined bravery. The fountains of the deep were now broken up. Such a shout as was raised by that hostile crowd, has seldom startled the wild denizens of the prairies. Many were affected even unto tears.

'Brave boy!' said Wawnahtou, ('He who Charges the Enemy,') he my *tah-ko-dah*, and let there be peace between my people and thine. We were friends in the days that have gone by, and our blood has mingled.'

With that, he tore off his silver ornaments, and threw them upon the still sitting boy. The others followed his example in silence; and without another word spoken on either side, the Dahcotahs mounted and rode off, as poverty-stricken a band of marauders as ever scoured a western prairie, leaving the young chief under a mountain of their spoils.

To make a canoe, now that the enemy had disappeared, was not a work of time to his followers. A rude frame was easily constructed of the pliant willows; two buffaloes were soon despatched, and their hides were stretched upon it. Our hero re-crossed the Missouri in comparative safety, laden with spoils and glory. The drum beat, the *chichiqua** rattled, and the song rose in the Mandan village; and

* The Indian rattle, made of gourd.

the old men proclaimed from the house-tops that so daring a deed had never been done; no, not since the Mandans were a nation.

Nor was the bravery of the Four-Bears without its solid advantages. He was now the tah-ko-dah of Wawnahtou, the most powerful chief of the all-powerful Dahcotahs. This term is equivalent to 'brother by adoption,' but the connection is closer than the tie of blood. The ko-dah must stand by his brother through good and evil, through fire and flame. Shortly after the hardy exploit of the Four-Bears, a deputation arrived from his adopted brother, with gifts of price, and overtures of peace. The Mandans were a much weaker tribe, and gladly accepted them, and the amity thus strangely born, died only with that people. Visits became frequent, and maids were married and given in marriage, where bullets and arrows had before been the only medium of exchange.

What need to dwell upon battles, and skirmishes with bears and wandering tribes, in which the Four-Bears never failed to win renown? One evening his brother went forth to kill a buffalo, out of a herd which was grazing not far from the village. Morning dawned, and he had not returned; another day passed, and he came not. On the third day, our chief saddled his horse to go in quest of him. At evening there was a voice of wail in the village for a great warrior departed. The Four-Bears had found his brother dead in a ravine, with a Pawnee lance sticking in his body. The men thrust splinters through their arms, in token of mourning for the deceased, and the women gashed themselves with knives, and all howled and lamented; but Mah-to-khay To-pah did neither the one nor the other. He stood over the body of his brother with the lance that had slain him in his hand. 'Brother,' said he, 'I give thee no tears; but I will give thee blood. I knew the hand that has slain thee. I have seen this lance in it, at the council where we made the peace which he has thus treacherously broken. Mah-to-khay To-pah's heart will be sick till his heart's gore is incrustured with thine on the steel of his own spear. I have said.'

He said no more; but suffered his hair to grow unshorn, and did not remove the black paint from his face, and never missed an opportunity to seek his foe among the hostile Pawnees. He would strike no other enemy, for his arm was sacred to vengeance. But for four long years he never had an opportunity to encounter the foe he had vowed to destroy. Meantime his spirit pined, and his frame wasted away; he never smiled; his very heart withered within him with that thirst for revenge which an Indian can only feel and understand.

At last, weary of life, he 'flung his body away,' (i. e., he devoted himself to death,) sung his death-song, and set off alone and on foot for the Pawnee village, three hundred miles distant, with the fatal javelin in his hand, his sole weapon. He travelled by night only, hiding himself by day, to avoid the observation of the enemies' war parties, and feeding upon such roots and vegetables as the bottoms afforded. After incredible hardships, he reached the Pawnee village.

It was a night of high festival, and it was not difficult for him to mingle with the drunken throng, and ascertain, unobserved, the

dwelling of his foe. This done, he retired, for a space, to 'bide his time.' The night was pitchy dark, and he therefore ran little risk of observation. It was cold, yet he dared not kindle a fire, and he had long to wait; but it was not in the night air or in length of time to cool his purpose. Toward morning, the sounds of revelry died away. Nothing was heard but the boom of the biteru in an adjacent marsh, and the howl of the household dog, echoed back from the prairie by their half-brother wolves. Spear in hand, he entered the Pawnee's lodge.

He roused several sleepers, and uncovered their heads, before he found the object of his search. Luckily for him, the narcotic effects of alcohol had blunted their faculties, and rendered them less wakeful than usual. The dreamers merely uttered some peevish exclamation, and relapsed into their slumbers. His enemy once found, the Mandan's triumph was complete. For himself, he cared not what might befall him. One stroke of the lance, and the Pawnee was a gory corpse. He muttered some inarticulate sounds; perhaps he was dreaming. He never woke again. The Mandan turned away.

There was a feather attached to the shaft of the spear, just below the iron head. As he drove the weapon into the sleeper's body, the feather entered with the iron, and was torn off. He had reached the door of the lodge unobserved, when he discovered that it was gone, and turned back to get it. He attached a superstitious importance to that feather. He was in the act of drawing it from the welling wound, when two of the Pawnees awoke, saw how he was employed, and sprang to seize him. He gave the Mandan *cri de joie*, and vanishing from the lodge and the village, was instantly lost in the darkness.

'And there was mustering in hot haste,' and shriek and shout, and the war-whoop of the warrior, and the tramp of the horse, and the wail of woman; but unheeding all, and favored by the darkness, the Mandan hero urged his headlong flight. Five hundred men were on his traces; but he heeded them little. He had the start of them all, and not one of them knew the exact route he had taken. In a night chase the pursued always has the advantage. He can keep right on, while his pursuers are obliged to halt often, and linger to find his trail. Mahtokhay Topah knew, therefore, that unless some of the horsemen stumbled upon him by accident, he was in no danger till the day dawned. So elate was he with gratified revenge, and so fearless of consequences, that he more than once sent back the Mandan war-cry of defiance, in answer to the yells of rage with which the Pawnee horsemen were making the prairie vocal. A temporary change of direction was sufficient to save him from the probable consequence of his rashness. But with the first gray streak in the eastern sky, he gained the river, and his plan was already formed. He plunged in and swam down stream more than a league, until he came to a fixed raft of timber in the middle of the river, in the midst of which he concealed himself the whole day, with nothing above water but his head. How he survived the cold, is unaccountable, but he did survive.

The stratagem took full effect. The sun had not risen, when the Pawnees found his trail, and followed it to where he had taken the river. They followed the bank up and down for leagues; they crossed

and did the same on the opposite side. All was in vain. No trace of their long-dreaded enemy was to be found. Concluding that he was drowned, they returned to their village, comforting themselves with the assurance that, although they had not got his scalp, he was at least dead, and they immediately sent out a war party to avenge the slaughter of their countrymen upon all and sundry of the Mandans.

When night fell, the Four-Bears emerged from his hiding place, swam ashore, and commenced his homeward journey, guided by the north star. As in his approach, so in his retreat, he was obliged to travel only by night, and exhausted as he was by hunger, it is doubtful whether he could have reached home, had he not happened to fall upon the encampment of the Pawnee party, returning from their unsuccessful expedition. He very quietly helped himself to their best horse, and rode off undetected; for these wild warriors, so adroit in surprising others, seldom keep vigilant watch themselves. He was thus enabled to gain the Mandan village, where he arrived very nearly famished, but still elate and triumphant. From that time he began to recover his former spirits and energy; and the Pawnees suffered accordingly, till they sued for peace; which was kept inviolate for several years, when it was broken — as shall appear hereafter.

There was a white captive in the family of Mah-to-khay To-pah; a captive in name only; for he was considered and treated as one of its members, and was, in habits and ideas, as perfect an Indian as ever ran under a buffalo robe. He had been captured at an early age from the frontier of Mexico, by the Camanches, sold by them to the Pawnees, and taken again from them by the Mandans. The color of his skin saved his life. He was about twenty years old when his parents, having at last discovered where he was, prevailed upon a reverend priest to go to the Mandan village and reclaim him. The youth, although he had not forgotten his family or his language, was deaf to the entreaties and arguments of the padre, and refused to leave his adopted brethren.

'Go, my son,' said the sire of Mah-to-khay To-pah, 'go. Your father has no other child. Go, and lay his gray hairs in the grave, and then return to us.'

'Go,' said his adopted mother. 'I have mourned for those to whom I have given suck, and my heart bleeds for your mother, who must now be an old woman, like me.'

'Go, my brother,' said the Four-Bears. 'The bad son can never become a successful hunter, or a brave warrior. The smiles of the Master of Breath are not for him, and his hair will never be gray.'

'The young man consented to go, though with tears. 'Take our brother,' said the Four-Bears, 'and be very kind to him, as we have been. We are a very foolish, ignorant people; not at all like you whites; but we have taught him all we knew. We have taught him to run, to ride, to draw the bow, to wield the lance, to guard against an enemy, to be faithful to his friends, and to speak the truth. All this will be of little use to him where he is going; for I am told the men with hats are a very bad people. He will be like a little child that is lost by his tribe. Father, I entreat you to take exceeding good care of him. He will live in our hearts, and if it be the will of

the Great Spirit that we should ever meet again, he will see that he holds the place of a son and a brother there. We shall keep fast hold of his heart, although far away. Let him not loosen his hold on ours.'

Afterward the priest made an unsuccessful attempt to convert the Four-Bears, whose principal argument against Christianity was, that whereas all the Christians he had ever known were in the constant habit of taking the name of God in vain, it was impossible that they could love or respect him, and, not loving or respecting him, that they could not keep his commandments. Foiled on this point by the rude common sense of the barbarian, the priest began to reproach him with the cruelty of his people.

'You come to us, a stranger, and take away our brother,' said Mah-to-khay To-pah.

'Have we treated *you* cruelly?'

'No, I cannot say that you have. But then your treatment of your prisoners of war. You burn them at the stake.'

'Brother, whoever told you that, told you a lie!' replied the chief, indignantly. 'We never did. Whom the Mandans spare in battle, is safe for ever after. Other tribes may have abused their prisoners; *we* never did.'

'You will not deny, resumed the priest, 'that you slaughter women and children, who neither have done nor can do you any injury?'

'If boys can do *us* no injury, they may do injury to our sons, when both shall have grown up to be men,' replied the chief. 'If women are not warriors, they can at least breed warriors. There were small policy in sparing them.'

'But why fight at all?' asked the priest. 'Is not the world wide enough for all? What is the use of war?'

Mah-to-khay To-pah was for a space mute with astonishment. 'Why do we go to war?' he at length replied. 'Why, what other employment is fit for a *man*? How is the Master of Life to distinguish us from women, if we do no more than they can do? Beside, are we not directed in our dreams, and instructed by our medicine men, to destroy those wicked Pawnees from the face of the earth? And how is a man to distinguish himself above his fellows, if we have no wars? Say no more against it, brother. It is the first sound that greets us in the cradle, and the last that ceases to ring in our ears when dying.'

In the winter of 182-, a small party of traders and their followers crossed over from the sources of the St. Peters of the Mississippi to the Mandan villages, accompanied by an escort of twelve Yanktou Dahcotahs, at the head of whom was Wawnahtou, the *ta-ko-dah* of our hero, as before stated. The Mandans were then at peace with the Dahcotahs, so that Wawnahtou and his band were hospitably and kindly received, and they were also at peace with the Pawnees; but the latter were not on amicable terms with the tribe of their guests. The strangers were feasted and caressed, as usual, and then a separate dwelling was assigned them, and many speeches were made in the course of the evening. It so chanced that the noise occasioned by the festivity reached the ears of a roving party of forty Pawnees, who were hovering about the village for the purpose of stealing

horses, and a spy was forthwith sent into the camp to learn the cause of the unwonted sounds which issued from the stranger's lodge. He fulfilled his mission, and returned to his chief, who thereupon held a council, in which it was resolved to enter the village and destroy the twelve Yankouts and their white companions. They argued that, however desirous the Mandans might be to conciliate the great Dahcotah tribe, they had yet suffered a great many injuries from them, and could not but be pleased if they, the Pawnees, took the shame and the trouble of killing twelve of their number off their hands. They counted upon nothing less than on meeting any opposition from their former enemies, or receiving any punishment at their hands. They waited, then, till day, when they should be able to distinguish their intended victims.

It was winter, and the snow was deep, and the horse-thieves were therefore on foot. The same reason would prevent their enemies from acting on horseback. Bows and arrows cannot well be used against the buffalo on foot. All parties interested were armed with guns, an article with which they were much more familiar than they had been a few years before. To attack the Dahcotahs in the village was therefore a dangerous measure for the Pawnees to adopt; should the Mandans join in the affray, their only chance of escape would be in speed of foot; and so it proved. Just after day-break the Pawnees entered the village, and fired into the stranger's lodge, and strange to say, though there were upward of thirty persons in it, not an individual of them received the least harm. The whites and Dahcotahs immediately sprang up, and the latter returned the fire.

The surprise had been complete; but Indians are never more prompt to act, in one way or another, than when taken by surprise. They make up their minds to fight or fly at once. In this instance, whether it was that the Mandans thought themselves attacked, whether they were actuated by ancient hatred of the Pawnees, or whether through indignation at so flagrant a violation of their hospitality, they turned out against the invaders to a man. These last broke, fled, and scattered at once, with a yell of despair, and fast and hotly did upward of three hundred men urge the pursuit. There is a good deal of variety in an Indian fight. The combatants fired and loaded as they ran, with inconceivable dexterity. A shout of exultation arose, whenever a shot told, blending with the joyous laugh of the younger Mandans, who enjoyed this hunting of men in the same spirit with which school-boys follow a foot-ball, as if it were the finest sport imaginable. If it was sport to them, however, it was death to the Pawnees, many of whom were soon wounded and slain; but hurt or unhurt, no cry escaped from them.

Mah-to-klay To-pah and Wawahtou led and animated the pursuit, which had now been followed two leagues, and would have been much more lively but for the exertions of the Pawnee chief, who repeatedly brought his braves to a stand, cheering them by voice and example, and heating back the first and foremost. By this time he had paid the penalty of his daring. His left hand was shattered by a ball, and he threw away the gun which he could no longer use. A second bullet passed through his thigh; but still he kept on, occasionally halting to rest, and to exhort his men to fight well, and die

bravely. A grim, gaunt warrior was he, yclept the Wild Horse, with long matted elf locks hanging about his cheeks, and of gigantic stature. The Four-Bears pressed hard upon him, notwithstanding the exhortations of Wawnahtou to beware of a pistol which the wounded chief concealed under his robe. His blood was up, and he was about to close with the Pawnee, when a bullet from the pistol of the latter struck him in the forehead, and he fell senseless and motionless to the ground. Quick as the lightning leaves the cloud, before the smoke of the pistol had cleared away, the knife of his *ta-ko-dah* was sheathed in the body of the Wild Horse, whose scalp was torn from his head in less time than it would take to repeat the circumstance. The hand was well accustomed to the work. The chase was now resumed with redoubled vigor; for Wawnahtou was inflamed to fury, and continued two leagues farther, when the remnant of the Pawnees were suffered to depart without farther molestation. Full half their number had fallen, and it was supposed that not one of them escaped without a wound. Of the pursuers, but two or three were wounded, and that but slightly.

On their return to the spot where the Mandan and the Pawnee chief had fallen, the victorious savages found the latter still alive. He had filled his pipe, struck a light with his pistol, and was now sitting up, smoking, a ghastly spectacle, covered with blood from head to foot. Forthwith they began to taunt and revile him. 'This is the chief,' said one, 'who led his young men into a trap, from which there was no escape.'

'It is all the better for the wolves and ravens,' said another. 'Ho, Pawnee! — a hundred widows of your tribe will be cursing you to-morrow.' 'You lie, Mandan dog!' replied the Pawnee, nothing daunted. 'While they can show two scalps won for one lost by me, they will weep for my death. Who stole your horses last fall?' To a second he said: 'Your father's scalp is drying in the smoke of my lodge.' To a third: 'Your wife, whom we took prisoner and slew. Fifteen of my young men —'

He did not live to finish the sentence. The wronged and enraged husband terminated his sufferings with a single stroke of his tomahawk, and this was perhaps the motive of the Pawnee hero's vaunts.

Mah-to-khay To-pah still breathed. The ball had glanced upon his skull, and passed over his head; but the concussion on the brain had been severe, and it was long before he awoke to consciousness, or his tribe ceased to mourn the loss of their bravest man. No song of triumph was raised for the slaughter of the treacherous Pawnees. On the contrary, it was a month before the men washed the black from their faces, or the women ceased to mangle themselves and weep. As for Wawnahtou, he vowed a vow, that in testimony of his sorrow for the loss of his *ta-ko-dah*, he would give away all he possessed, and absent himself from his tribe for a whole year. He kept his word. He gave away his dresses, his flags, his medals, his gun, his horses, all he had; not excepting his favorite wife, who had been for fifteen years the partner of his bosom.

The Four-Bears nevertheless outlived all who mourned him as one dead. Two years ago, the man who had five times endured the tortures of the Feast of the Willow Leaf, who had seemed proof to

lead and steel, might have been seen exhorting his afflicted and spirit-broken tribe to submit patiently to the displeasure of the Great Spirit, manifested in the dreadful visitation of the small-pox; but they gave him credit neither for his courage nor his pious resignation, and gave no heed to his exhortations; for they believed that he bore a charmed life. Not one of his hearers but had lost what was nearest and dearest, and they sat staring at the dead and the dying, with the stony eyes of despair; wishing for death, and complaining of his delay. It was in vain that he exhorted them to fly from the scene of the contagion, to regions where they might revive the ancient glories of the nation. It was in vain that he told them that none but old women would stay to endure what might be averted by resistance or flight. It was in vain that he reminded them of their former fame. They pointed to the bones that were bleaching around them, and to which their apathy had denied the rites of sepulture, and answered: 'Shall we leave these, to go into a foreign land?' Their hearts were dead within them, and they refused to be comforted or encouraged. One old man, in answer to his impassioned declamation, replied: 'What avails it now, Mah-to-khay Topah, to speak of the glories of days gone by? The world knows them, and their memory can never die; but they can return no more! What avails it to taunt us with cowardice? Our enemies can bear witness that we are neither children nor old women; but we cannot strive with the Master of Breath. To what purpose should we fly, since the wrath of God can follow, and find us every where? No, Mah-to-khay To-pah; urge it no more. Here our ancestors were buried; here we will die, and our dust shall commingle with the same clay.'

The pestilence stalked through the tribe with giant strides. Hundreds perished in a day. Many slew themselves, to escape the inevitable agony. This the Four-Bears disdained. 'I have never shrunk from mortal man,' he said, 'and I will not now, with fifty snows on my head, offend the Master of Life by refusing to submit to his will. If all the rest of the Mandans have become children, my heart at least is strong.' And when the last seven surviving families had immolated themselves, the chief, '*toujours fidele*,' might be seen and heard chanting their requiem, and his own death-song. The next morning, the Last of the Mandans crowned the bloody heap, a festering corse.

'We might have made this tale more interesting, by making our actors speak a different language, and by mixing a little love with our war and blood-shed. We have not done so, because the Four-Bears, though he had many wives, never was in love in his life, beyond reason; and Indians should be described as they are, and not as we could wish to have them. Our Indians are *Indians*; not copper colored Lovelaces and Grandisons. No other person, excepting Mr. Catlin, knows them so well. We might have been more minute in our descriptions; but our limits did not permit; and beside, the topography of the country has been described a hundred times already, far better than we could do it. We hope these excuses will be found satisfactory.

WETCHASHTSHANTOPEE TUNESTIN TSHAY HASKAR.

SONNETS: LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

DREAMS.

WHENCE come your shapes of mystery, O dreams!
 Sweeping in solemn dimness through the soul,
 Flitting and fading, free of our control,
 Lighting the world of Sleep with partial gleams!
 Are ye but billows of that Thought, whose streams
 Silent and ceaseless, through the present roll?
 Come ye, as Heaven's prophet, to console
 The Spirit, hov'ring on the drear extremes,
 Where those two worlds, the Living and the Dead,
 Meet in that sleep, so strangely like to each?
 Are ye dim images of brighter things,
 Whose place was in an earlier life, long fled?
 Oh! for the power to read your mystic speech,
 And give your oracles interpretations!

LIFE.

A wondrous, ever-changing life hath man:
 Not those external forms, which some call life,
 Not that of outward action, speech, and strife;
 Its substance vapor, and its length a span:
 But that ne'er ending life, which ne'er began,
 Whose mysteries ask not questioning, but belief;
 The life of soul, thought, passion, love, and grief.
 Whose silent, onward movement none may scan,
 Save He who guides, and we who feel its flow:
 Conflict it knows, and triumph, joy and wo,
 More keen, intense, and wild, than those of earth.
 Darkling and doubting thus, we wait our birth
 To the immortal Future, dread, unguessed —
 Unresting horror, or eternal rest!

Utica, April, 1840.

A. R. M.

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

DEVELOPING NEW SOURCES OF IDEAS, AND DESIGNATING THE DISTINCTIVE FACULTIES.

BY JOHN STEARNS, M. D.

PHILOSOPHERS may investigate the arcana of nature, and designate the laws by which those wonderful phenomena are produced, which astonish and intimidate vulgar minds; they may annihilate space, and approximate antipodes into a familiar circle of friends and neighbors; meteorologists may trace vapors to their conversion into clouds, and to their descent in rain, and by an accurate imitation of the operations of nature, may produce artificial showers, and locate the gorgeous bow in its appropriate element; the electrician may disarm the clouds of their thunder, and conduct the forked lightning in harmless streams to his receivers; the astronomer may elevate his views to the heavens, survey the extent of this vast expanse; trace the movement of the celestial bodies through their respective orbs; ascertain, with great accuracy, their magnitudes, their distances, and their periodical revolutions; describe the paths of the erratic comets; demonstrate their use in connecting innumerable unknown systems, their approximation to their respective suns, and their rapid divergency into infinite space; controlling the movements of each system in one grand harmonious compound, and preserving in perfect order every part of this vast, this complicated machinery.

But what are all these objects, sublime and magnificent as they may be, compared with the sovereign of this world, the master-piece of creation ; the consummate perfection of the last day's work ; the keystone that completes the arch of the universe ; for whose happiness this magnificent work was conceived and executed in the councils of heaven !

The adequate discussion of a subject so important, so sublime, and replete with such intense interest, requires a pen plucked from an angel's wing, and a mind long and assiduously directed to the study of man, in all his mysterious combinations of material and immaterial parts.

I purpose, in the present essay, to occupy the reader's attention with a few brief remarks on the immaterial part of man. My selection of this topic has been influenced by a desire to excite the attention of the Medical Faculty, more particularly, to the study of the human mind, and in a few preliminary remarks, I shall demonstrate its practical importance to the physician, by showing the influence which it exerts upon the body.

Dr. RUSH observes : ' It is the duty of physicians to assert their prerogative, and to rescue mental science from the usurpations of school-men. It can only be perfected by the aid and discoveries of medicine. A knowledge of the functions and operations of the mind is useful to the physician in the study of physiology, hygiene, pathology, and in the practice of medicine. It furnishes many useful analogies by which we can explain and illustrate the functions of the body.

' Is the will influenced by motives ? So the body is influenced by external and internal impressions. Is the will destitute of a self-determining power ? So the body is devoid of an independent principle of life. Both are influenced by associations and habits, and both equally require repose, after active exertion.' This knowledge also enables us to develop the causes of disease, and to preserve a regular exercise of the faculties and operations of the mind, so as to prevent disease, arising from their torpor, or from their undue exercise. A physician destitute of this knowledge, is a very incompetent judge of the influence which the mind exerts upon the body, in the production and cure of diseases ; nor can he avail himself of a remedy more efficacious than the most potent article of the *materia medica*.

Dr. REID justly remarks, that ' all such practitioners are like a surgeon, who, while he secures one artery, suffers his patient to bleed to death by another.' Before the fall of man, his mind was pure, holy, and perfectly equal and regular in all its operations upon the body, which it animated and sustained in perfect health. Such a perfection of mind and body, justly balanced in all their reciprocal operations, was destined to endure for ever in the perfect enjoyment of that unalloyed felicity which is known only to the inhabitants of paradise. Exempt from disease, and undisturbed by inordinate passions, this harmonious compound flourished in the health and vigor of youth, until a poison, artfully infused into the mind, contaminated the body with pain, disease, and death. The effects of this infection were evinced in the conviction of shame and guilt which our first parents instantly exhibited ; and also in that depravity of

mind, thereby induced, which caused such an unequal operation of the passions and faculties, as to affect the body with disease, and an immediate and direct tendency to its destruction. At that moment it began to die. This was therefore the primary source of all the diseases which subsequently afflicted mankind.

Although the seeds of dissolution thus planted in man, by the act of disobedience, proved the literal execution of the threat, 'in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' they did not produce their mature and ultimate effect in abbreviating human life, until after that most corrupt period of the world, which immediately preceded the general deluge.

Experience and revelation afford ample evidence, that a life of virtue is necessarily connected with moral happiness. If such a life were perpetuated through a lineal succession of generations, it would probably restore that beauty, health, and felicity, which man lost when he was expelled from paradise.

That mental depravity produces not only disease of body and of mind, but also corporeal deformity, is sustained by common observation, and may also be inferred from that Jewish law, which precluded deformed persons from performing, and consequently from profaning, the holy rites of the priesthood, and which also prohibited the oblation of all animals with similar defects.

This position is sustained by tracing a similar connection between virtue and corporeal beauty, even to its figurative perfection in Deity, and to its visible exemplification in the body of Christ, which was represented by his contemporaries to have been exquisitely beautiful. It is for this reason, that beautiful objects excite the most ardent affections of the heart, which always increase as those objects approximate the perfection of beauty. The propriety of this affection, and its necessary connection with our happiness, are susceptible of mathematical demonstration. The soul which exerts such mighty powers upon this mass of inert matter, must, by its continued operation, produce an impress deep and durable as existence.

This subject is replete with sublime contemplations, which excite our astonishment, as we approach the unexplored region of a world of spirits, and behold the immensity of power which they exert. This region I now propose to enter, and to consider more minutely the immaterial part of man. But I cannot approach the confines of this immaterial world, without first invoking the guidance of that spirit of truth, which controls its destinies, and which reveals to man occasional glimpses of its glorious mysteries.

Although some of the views which I may suggest on this obscure, this abstruse topic, may be novel, and at variance with opinions heretofore expressed by metaphysical writers, I trust they will be sustained by reason and by facts.

In approaching this branch of my subject, I feel as if I were treading on consecrated ground, and inspired with a reverential awe at the presumptive efforts to explore a field so mysterious, without a single ray to illumine my darkened path. In making any new suggestions on a subject so important, and so much discussed, I am not insensible to the imputation of presumption that I may justly incur, for attempting to innovate upon the established theories of such

giants in metaphysical science, as Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Locke, Reid, Stewart, Brown, and a host of others, whose publications have excited the admiration of the scientific world, and which have been successively adopted as oracles of truth. I am also aware of the irresistible influence of prejudice, and the pride of opinion, which array many scientific professors against contemporaneous innovators. The innovations of a Gallileo, a Harvey, and a Rush, were repudiated, and they denounced as unworthy of confidence, until their last rival contemporary had passed into oblivion.

Posterity has done them justice. The tongue of envy and jealousy having been paralyzed in death, other tongues became vocal to their honor, and eulogized them as benefactors of mankind. These instances exemplify the natural disposition of man to assail innovators in science; and from the asperity of that censorious spirit, I have no expectation nor desire to be exempt. I trust the remarks of the critic, whether breathing the spirit of censure or of praise, will be equally useful to direct my future course through this trackless ocean. Like the intrepid mariner, voyaging for the discovery of a new world, amidst obstacles the most appalling, I shall persevere in my onward course of investigation, until the light of truth, from some distant isle, shall dissipate all doubts, and with unerring indications of ultimate success, shall excite to renewed energies, or the limitless and lowering expanse in prospect shall preclude the hope of all future discoveries.

Ever since the time of Aristotle, writers on mental science have considered man as a compound being, consisting of two distinct parts, mind and matter, or material and immaterial. In all their discussions, they have identified the soul with the mind. This confusion of terms, this indiscriminate use of soul and mind, to express the same entity, has led to a correspondent obscurity in all the efforts to explain the origin of ideas.

It will be my primary object to designate the error of this hypothetical philosophy, the consequent erroneous deductions relative to the operations of mind, the origin of ideas, and the various results of promises founded upon a philosophy at variance with the inductive system of BACON. The revolution which this practical philosopher introduced, has never been extended to improve the science of metaphysics, except that branch which relates to the mind, in connection with the modern system of phrenology. It may be replied, that immaterial entities are unsusceptible of demonstrative proof deduced from positive facts. But this will not justify the departure from approved authorities, and the substitution of theories drawn entirely from creative imaginations.

The physical parts of man have, from the earliest origin of medical science, been subjected to the dissector's knife; and their situations, forms, structures, and uses, have been so repeatedly demonstrated by the anatomist and the physiologist, as to have produced a general and uniform concurrence of opinion in the accuracy of their explanations. But not so with the immaterial part of man. A great diversity of opinion has prevailed, and will continue to prevail, until some positive evidence can be adduced, that will not admit of a difference of construction.

Perhaps no author contributed more to harmonize those conflicting opinions, and to concentrate public opinion in his favor, than the celebrated JOHN LOCKE. But already have some of his errors been demonstrated and refuted, and some of his favorite theories been compelled to yield to others. I will briefly advert to a few of his prominent errors. He denies the existence of innate ideas, and ascribes all our knowledge to ideas derived entirely from sensation and reflection. He also considers the mind as a *tabula rasa*, or blank sheet of paper, susceptible of any impressions that may chance first to be made upon its surface.

The following passages from Locke's essay, will more fully explain his own views. He says:

'I doubt not but to show that man, by the right use of his natural abilities, may, without any innate principles, attain a knowledge of a God, and other things concerning him, and may arrive at certainty, without any such original notions or principles.'

'Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, and void of all characters, without ideas, how comes it to be furnished? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience. In that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Methinks the understanding is not unlike a closet wholly shut from light, with only some little opening left, to let in external visible resemblances or ideas of things without.'

'The great source of most of the ideas we have depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them from the understanding, I call sensation. The other fountain, from experience, furnishes the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operation of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got. I call this reflection. These two are, to me, the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings.'

With regard to the moral duties, he says: 'I doubt not but without being written on their hearts, many men may, by the same way that they come to the knowledge of other things, come to assent to several moral rules, and be convinced of their obligation, which persuasion, however got, will serve to set conscience at work.'

The doctrines here advanced by Locke, however unintentionally on his part, have led to skepticism, and have furnished Hume and other skeptics with arguments in favor of the absurdities of the ideal system, to the total exclusion of the existence of matter. In developing my own views on this subject, I shall endeavor to show that these opinions are unfounded.

Notwithstanding the variety of opinions that have been successively advanced upon the faculties and operations of the human mind, very little of importance has yet been added to the discoveries of Aristotle and Plato. Pioneers in the science of mind, they were guided by their own genius to a more successful discovery of truth than many of their more enlightened successors. Imagination had not then fabricated so many baseless hypotheses, as subsequently distinguished those ages of the world, more famed for learning and science.

I shall now proceed to give my own views on this subject, for
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which I claim no farther credence than as they may consist with reason and with truth, and be sustained by facts, and by satisfactory evidence. Preparatory to more detailed explanations, I now submit the following propositions, as comprehending the fundamental principles of this theory :

I. Man consists of three distinct entities :

BODY, SOUL, and MIND.

II. The ideas of sensation are those carnal ideas which constitute the animal propensities, and which we derive, in common with other animals, from the five senses.

III. The intellectual, and moral, and religious ideas, which some philosophers ascribe to reflection, and to innate principles, are derived entirely and exclusively from the soul. In the soul is held the high court of chancery, denominated conscience, or the moral sense.

IV. When the soul operates upon the brain, it produces what may be denominated a *moral mind*, endowed with intellectual and religious faculties; and until excited to action by this operation, the faculties of the brain remain perfectly dormant.

V. When the senses operate upon the brain, they produce what may be denominated *sensual mind*, which man possesses in common with the inferior animals, but which is essentially changed and improved by the accession of the soul to the body.

I now proceed to consider the first proposition, that man consists of three distinct entities; body, soul, and mind. This proposition constitutes the fundamental principle by which all the others are sustained.

In searching for proof in the authority of names to sustain this proposition, I looked in vain to the publications of metaphysical authors. I have consulted theologians and professors of mental science in literary institutions, without being able to obtain any satisfactory information. All seemed to concur in the opinion that the mind and soul are identically the same.

I therefore resolved to abandon this course of investigation, and to direct my researches to that Volume alone, which reveals the occult mysteries of the world of spirits. And here I found the following command :

‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.’

This command was issued by that very Being who made man; who breathed into him, and he became a living soul; who spake as never man spake; who is the word of truth, and from whose lips streams of instruction incessantly flowed.

This appropriate text, emanating from such high authority, and from one who never spoke in vain, arrested my attention, shed a gleam of light over the science of mind, and by deep and continued reflection on the important truth it contained, dissipated my doubts, and almost entirely dispersed the dense obscurity in which this science appeared to be enshrouded. The positive distinction here

made between the soul and the mind, pours a flood of valuable information upon the latter, and developes sources of ideas never before suggested. It subverts the basis of many absurd hypotheses, explains phenomena hitherto unintelligible, and conducts us to a clear and perspicuous view of the science of mind.

I am aware, at the same time, that this construction will naturally suggest the following reflections: Can this be true, and not have arrested the attention of a Locke, a Reid, a Stewart, a Brown, and other eminent philosophers, who possessed the same evidence, and whose long and untiring investigations were assiduously directed to the same object? Is it possible that a text so full of meaning, so plain, intelligible, and expressive, and which will not admit of any other literal interpretation, could have escaped the notice of all philosophical inquirers after truth, from the time it was first recorded, to the present period? Were not the repetition of soul and mind intended merely as an amplification, to impress the subject deeper and more permanently upon the mind?

These and similar reflections induced me for a long time to hesitate, and almost to doubt the evidence of my own senses. But the more I reflected and investigated, the stronger were my convictions of the truth of the construction which I had conceived. Regardless, therefore, of consequences to myself, and of the criticisms of a censorious world, I resolved to persevere, to sustain and promulge a truth so important to a correct view of the science of mind, and even at the risk of a collision with a system of philosophy sustained by illustrious names, and sanctioned by the experience of ages. I was also aware that I should have to combat that pride of opinion which never yields to innovators — neither principles nor discoveries that have not been sanctioned by time, or by the highest authorities in science; without which sanction, legitimately conferred, error must be error still.

The spirit of truth has pronounced the distinction between soul and mind in a command equally clear and positive, as when he said 'Let there be light.' Both rest on the same immutable basis; both are equally perspicuous, and unsusceptible of a figurative, or any other construction, than those simple words are intended plainly to convey; and whoever denies the one, may with the same propriety reject the other. It is a remarkable fact, in corroboration of the theory I am endeavoring to sustain, that the arrangement of the three entities in this text, is precisely the same which this theory assigns to each in their successive origins. The body is first formed with its five senses, each of which goes into full operation as they successively become matured; the soul next occupies its destined station in the body, and by its appropriate action on the brain, produces the mind.

We have then body, soul, and mind, arranged in the order of their creation, and perfectly corresponding to the arrangement adopted in the mandate of Christ. I was not aware of the reason of this arrangement, till long after this theory had been formed; and now simply make the allusion, to evince the perfect coincidence of every important circumstance in the illustration of truth.

'But,' says the objector, 'this order in the text is a mere undesignated contingency.'

'Who art thou, O man, that judgest?' With man, I admit such might have been the fact; but not with God. Our Creator does not so instruct his creatures. He leaves nothing to a contingency. He has a design in all his works, by which to illustrate his own existence, the works of creation, and the mysterious work of redemption.

This argument may be farther illustrated by the following mandate: 'Let us make man in our own image.'

It is the creed of a great proportion of the Christian world, that divinity consists of three distinct *entities*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. If the opinion be correct that man consists of only two parts, how can he be made perfectly to resemble, in all respects, the image of the triune God? Consistency would require Trinitarians at least to reject an hypothesis so much at variance with their faith, and adopt the opinion that man, like his great Creator, consists of three distinct entities, and is made in all respects, both physical and moral, in the perfect image of the Deity.

I am at the same time aware, that the construction generally given to this passage makes the allusion refer exclusively to the moral image of God. But this limits his operations to a scale incongruous with the infinity of his nature. His image, in all its constituent and moral parts, is impressed not only on man, but on every part of creation. This is perfectly in accordance with the moral government of the universe, every portion of which is susceptible of spiritual interpretation, with a direct typical reference to the Deity. That his image is impressed upon all his works, adds much cogency to the argument, and is a beautiful illustration of the instruction which it furnishes of the existence of the Deity, and of his superintending providence.

The argument also acquires additional confirmation from that great spiritual philosopher, Saint Paul, in the following passage: 'That which may be known of God, is manifest in them, for the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.'

This is decisive proof that man is created in a perfect resemblance of the Deity, and that by attentively observing the component parts of man, we may arrive at a correct knowledge of the component parts of God.

The body of man represents the Son, the soul the Father, and the mind the Holy Ghost. A still stronger likeness may be found in their respective actions. As the soul, operating upon the brain, produces the mind, so the Father, by the operation of his own will, produces the Holy Ghost. Those who disbelieve in the Trinity, for the single reason that they cannot comprehend the existence of three distinct beings in one person, by studying the complex nature of man in the aspect herein represented, must be convinced that the same complex existence of God is perfectly reconcilable to reason and to common sense. And they will also perceive how clearly the invisible things of him may be understood, by the visible things that are made; how perfectly symbolical man represents the image of his Creator.

Another argument may be derived from the following consideration : It has always been an embarrassing question, how far man is responsible for acts committed in a state of mental derangement, and under what degree of derangement that accountability would entirely cease.

The soul, being a distinct entity, can never be affected by a derangement of the mind : being the source of all intellectual, moral, and religious faculties, its moral responsibilities will remain undiminished through every vicissitude to which the human mind may be subjected. The mind is the only part that suffers derangement ; and being distinct from the soul, can never affect its moral condition, but is always liable to participate in the sufferings of the body, and to be influenced by its morbid changes.

It is a maxim in philosophy, that whatever most satisfactorily explains all the phenomena of any natural event, may safely be assumed as a principle of truth. I am perfectly willing to have this system tried, to stand or fall, by this single test, without any reference to the arguments that have already been adduced in its support.

I shall therefore, in another and concluding number, proceed to apply this text, and to demonstrate the practical effect of this theory, by attempting to unfold the various operations by which ideas are produced on this principle. And I trust that a suitable application of this principle will elucidate this branch of the subject, and divest it of that obscurity and ambiguity to which it has hitherto been subjected, by the diversity of opinions and hypotheses which characterize the systems now before the public.

L O R D B A C O N .

TILL thy famed star arose, the schoolmen wrought
At vast expense of every thing but thought ;
Their tedious task-work each revolving sun
Beheld beginning still, but ne'er begun :
Such time was squandered in adapting rules,
Adjusting instruments, and naming tools,
That, storeless, powerless, frittered down to chips,
Discovery lay, and rotted on the slips ;
No skill to launch her, and no master-hand
To rule her rudder, and her course command,
She stood, till thy proud spirit walk'd her deck,
In wisdom's way, a vast encumbering wreck.

PHILOSOPHY, in vague conjectures tossed,
Or Metaphysic's misty mazes lost,
Mid subtleties and nice distinctions pined,
And definitions ne'er to be defined !
At length, through cloister shade and convent gloom,
Through wrangling hall, and lore-begirt dome,
A VOICE was heard ! She woke as from the dead,
And shook the dust of ages from her head ;
Woke as a giant when refreshed with wine,
To do thy bidding, for that voice was *thine* !
Freed from the school-men's folios by thy pen,
She quits her cobweb cage, and dwells with men ;
Looks for a moment backward to the night
From which she merged, then forward to the light !

NEARNESS OF SPIRITS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

I.

THE twilight's glow
Through wood doth flow;
Here by the rush of water-fall,
Think I of thee, O thou mine all!

II.

Thy dear form oft
Appears as soft
As does the golden evening sun
To the far friend, beloved one!

III.

He longs, while here,
For thee, too, near;
Fast as the ivy to the tree,
So cling his loving thoughts to thee!

IV.

Dost thou too heave,
In air of eve,
With the soft brother-spirit's breath,
With feeling yet to meet in death?

V.

'T is he who, mild,
For thee, sweet child,
Lift's thy veil's pure silver cloud,
And loves in these rich locks to shroud.

VI.

Thou hear'st him oft,
Like hymnings soft
From moistened lute, with pensive note,
At lonely midnight past thee float.

EPHRAIM PIPKIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SERIES ENTITLED 'MY FISHING-GROUND.'

A VILLAGE is the world in miniature. Human life and individual eccentricity are developed in its narrow precincts, in every variety of form. Odd geniuses are born, live, and die, and their deeds go down with them to the grave, 'unhonored and unsung.'

EPHRAIM PIPKIN was a great man in his day. Alas! the grass has been green over his grave for many a year. The old village sexton, bending with the weight of time, points out to the strolling urchins the spot of Ephraim's burial, and repeats for the hundredth time the jokes connected with him while living. Ephraim was a 'man of all work.' He was village property. He was a *public* personage. On Mondays, he helped the women wash. There was no deviation from this rule. The day was sacredly set apart for this undivided purpose. He was, on such occasions, emphatically female stock. On other days, he was at large; up to the highest bidder; 'just the man for a job.' He was a great wag, and was continually playing off tricks upon his employers. He was a short man, plump and oily, with enormous head and feet, and a fiery face. His clothes were short and pinching; one suit, comprising all styles, being gathered from every family in the community.

One smoky day in September, Ephraim was ploughing for Deacon Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle particularly requested him to come to dinner *immediately*, when she blew the horn. She was a punctual woman, and had 'a system' about her work. Ephraim, who always recollected such requests, ploughed on steadily and soberly, as the hours

wore away, casting his eyes up to the sun, as he turned each furrow. He was humming to himself, keeping time with the monotonous music of the crickets, when a blast from the horn burst suddenly upon his ear. Quick as a flash, he made his appearance before Mrs. Tuttle, according to order.

'Well, Ephraim,' said the good woman, 'what now?'

'Come to dinner,' responded the ploughman.

'Law! massy me!' said Mrs. Tuttle, lifting both hands in astonishment; 'it is only ten o'clock!'

'The *horn* blew, any how,' was Ephraim's reply.

'Why no it did'nt!' said the dame; you are crazy!'

Ephraim 'yoked up,' and returned to his labor. In about an hour, he heard another blast from the dinner-horn. Away he went to the house.

'There is no mistake *this* time, Mrs. Tuttle, I guess!' said Ephraim, grinning from ear to ear.

'Why what ails you? — are you possessed?' vociferated the astonished Mrs. Tuttle; 'dinner wont be ready this hour!'

'What the devil did you blow the horn for, then?' exclaimed Ephraim, with great apparent rage.

'I did n't — no such thing!' retorted Mrs. Tuttle.

'There it goes *ag'in*!' said Ephraim.

'Why that's our jack; 'taint the dinner-horn!' exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle.

'A *jack*, eh? Well, d — n me if I ever heard a jack afore!'

It has never been satisfactorily decided whether Ephraim was playing a hoax or not. He kept the secret in his own bosom.

Ephraim engaged himself for six weeks with Deacon Browning. Mrs. Browning always had pudding-and-milk for supper. It so happened, that owing to a press of household duties, the good lady ventured upon pudding-and-milk for *dinner* — a thing of rare occurrence. Ephraim sat down to the table, as usual, and ate heartily, apparently well satisfied. He rose from his seat, yawned and stretched three or four times, and then went to bed! The old lady at length called to him, asked him what he was doing up-stairs.'

'Gone-to-bed!' said Ephraim; 'we *always* go to bed, after eating pudding-and-milk!'

Ephraim Pipkin was a native of New-England, as our readers must have discovered. Parson Dutton once had the honor of his services for a week. Now, the parson was a poor man. His parish was composed of poor men. He had ten acres of land, the base of which covered about *one* acre; the remainder, like Mahomet's coffin, hung between the heavens and the earth. The parson was in the possession of one horse and a yoke of cattle. Ephraim was requested to turn the whole stock out to pasture; but the hill was so steep, he thought if the animals ever reached the summit, they must inevitably dash out their brains in attempting a descent. He had a tender heart for man and beast; and to obviate any accident, he very prudently put '*breetching*' on them, that they might 'hold back,' and let themselves down gently, and thus avert their otherwise certain destruction.

Now when the parishioners passed by, they could not but blush at the spectacle before them. That Parson Dutton should be compelled to hazard the life of his horse and cattle on the little spot given to him, was unchristian-like and ungrateful. There was a stir among the people; a subscription paper, a new land purchase, and more prosperous times. Ephraim had contrived it all, and to him alone was the credit due.

Ephraim Pipkin was an inquisitive man. While under the roof of the parson, it so happened that Miss Lucretia Dutton, his eldest daughter, received the devoted and undivided attention of the head clerk in the village store. Miss Dutton and Mr. Bruce were the very cream of society, and they had assimilated together from the natural force of circumstances. Mr. Bruce was as punctual a man in love as in business. He came early, and remained late. It was September, an inspiring season of the year, when our story has its date. Night after night the happy couple were to be seen at an open window, listening to the melancholy murmur of the crickets, and talking solemn things, spiced with love. Ephraim determined to be a participator in the conversation.

One night about twelve, 'when church-yards yawn,' Ephraim, who slept in a distant part of the house, rose, and without any apparel, save his robe of white, sans coat, vest, and pantaloons, moved down the stairs, and putting a ladder to the roof, ascended the house-top. Mounting a chimney, he very carefully commenced his descent. The chit-chat of Mr. Bruce and Miss Dutton waxed more and more distinct, as Ephraim moved downward. The fire-board had been removed, to make room for a couple of flower-pots, and there was no obstruction to a free transmission of sounds. The experiment was a most desperate one. Ephraim was as black a night, when he reached his tarrying place. Through his sooty mask might be detected a few streaks of his natural color, rendering him still more hideous. His hair stood up 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' Braced up firmly, he established himself at the throat of the chimney, and lent his whole attention to the wooing below.

The lovers were in the depth of a most chilling ghost-story. They had been talking of 'death-warnings,' and 'second-sights,' until they shook with terror. Ephraim, finding the amusement dull, and being weary with over-exertion, began to wax drowsy; and losing himself in a short nap, his muscles relaxed, his feet gave way, and down he rushed into the room, carrying a cloud of soot with him, the very image of his Satanic Majesty himself. Mr. Bruce and Miss Dutton plunged out of the window, the former 'leaning' for home, and the latter fainting, fell on the grass senseless. Ephraim darted out at a side door, washed himself at a brook near by, returned to his room, réapparalled himself, and flung himself upon his bed. Miss Dutton revived, and 'went her way.' It was current, for years, that the devil appeared to the lovers, and the parson was so superstitious, that he finally forbade the match.

No man was more feared than Ephraim Pipkin. His wit and waggyery were an omnipotent weapon. Dr. FORBES, a gentleman celebrated for his meanness and dishonesty, fleeced Ephraim out of a few dollars, by taking dishonorable advantage of him. Now it so

happened that one rainy, tempestuous night, in the spring of the year, when the roads were deep mire, that a gentleman rapped at the door of Doctor Forbes, requesting his immediate attendance on a friend of the doctor's, who was lying in a fit, five miles distant, declaring that the family would receive no other physician. 'Let the physician make all haste, or the patient dies before his arrival!' were the concluding words, as the messenger closed the door.

The physician arose, hurried on his clothes, mounted his horse, and dashed out amid the awful storm, urging his steed along at a most rapid rate. On arriving, he rapped at the door. All was silent within. He rapped again. No answer. What could be the reason? A third time he shook the door with tremendous fury.

'Who's there!' was the surly inquiry.

'Doctor Forbes.'

'What are you after, this terrible night?' asked the master of the house, as he opened the door full upon him.

'I am sent for. How's this! Why, word was left at my house, an hour ago, that you were lying in a fit!'

'Never was better in my life!' replied the farmer.

'Well, then, d—n that Ephraim Pipkin! *He* is the scoundrel who has deceived me!' The doctor mounted his horse like a madman, resolving vengeance and brimstone, on his fearful way home. As there was no proof that Ephraim was 'the man,' although no doubt existed that such was the fact, the whole thing passed off, and finally became one of the best traditional stories of the village.

Not many months after the above affair, the doctor lost a favorite horse, after a short illness, for which his master had prescribed. He drew him off some distance from the village, and resigned him to the birds of the air. On the following morning the doctor arose, and throwing up his window, beheld his deceased steed, clad in harness, and standing before the door, attached to the gig which he had whirled along for so many years. 'Good God!' exclaimed the doctor, wild with astonishment; 'the dead is risen!' Away he flew to the street. It was the *same*—but alas! without life. 'Ephraim Pipkin!' was his only exclamation. The public understood it all. There was no evidence; but the joke was laughed at for weeks.

Reader, did you ever hear of the 'Universal Band?' In the village of Ephraim's nativity and residence, such a band flourished, and our hero was captain thereof. It was termed the 'Universal Band,' because it was open to all, without reference to musical or any other qualifications. This band numbered about an hundred. Their instruments were tin-pans, pot-lids, dinner-horns, cracked bells, drums, and fifes, and a thousand unique vehicles of noise; in brief, 'musical instruments, and that of all sorts.' Yes, Ephraim was captain. At midnight, beneath the bright moon, when all was still and solemn, the band marched through the streets, and serenaded the people. Windows flew up, and night-capped heads were thrust forth, to listen to the divine melody. Ephraim marched at the head, with a firm step, full of stateliness and dignity, striking two cymbalic pot-lids together, in perfect harmony, leading the union of sounds in his rear. Impassive and stoical, he suffered nothing to divert his attention. 'His march was onward.' Dogs, roused from their dreams, might bark; cats

snarl; cows bellow; horses snort; yet the Universal Band moved on. It was enough that the whole people were up and listening. No one wished to sleep on such an occasion; and I venture to say, that if there is a man living who knew Ephraim Pipkin, he will first think of him as the Captain of the Universal Band.

Ephraim Pipkin was an old man when he died. His light went out gradually, waxing dimmer and dimmer each day, until the shadows of death settled around him. His head was full of wit, and his face full of humor, to the last. It was not in the power of fate to depress him. He was above her arrows. 'All the world was a stage' to him, and he played his part well, even to his last exit. Poverty might pinch, sickness assail, scandal deride; it was all the same to Ephraim. He was too much of a philosopher to care a straw for them. He kicked the whole catalogue of miseries from him, as he would a mad-dog. 'As a man *thinketh*, so is he,' was Ephraim's creed, drawn from the best of books.

Ephraim left no property for posterity to quarrel about. He had seen the folly of it. He had seen 'affectionate' and 'dutiful' children of deceased parents break open the will on the funeral-day, and fight like cats and dogs, during their natural lives, about dollars and cents! He had seen families split, brothers curse brothers, and sisters war with sisters; and all for money! He had seen the profligacy of the sons, through intemperance, and gambling, and every other vice. Although childless, the greedy world might contend for his smallest pittance; and Ephraim blessed his stars that he died poor.

Our philosopher was never tormented with imaginary troubles. He was not always trembling lest he should fall. He was not *high* enough for that. No person envied him; and what was better, he fully reciprocated the feeling. He was never charged with officiousness, pride, ostentation, or tyranny. He was beneath those tempests that at times sweep every village. A want of courtesy was no infirmity of his nature, for he made no courteous professions.

But enough. The world has many Ephraim Pipkins, who pass through it and die, without regret or remark. Common justice, however, seemed to demand *this* tribute; and in closing it, I would say, in true tomb-stone phrase:

'SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF EPHRAIM PIPKIN.'

SAD MEMORIES.

Oh! ghastly, pale, and ruthless Death!
That stopped my MARY's balmy breath;
That stole the roses from her cheek,
And closed those eyes which seemed to speak;
Why should thy aim so partial be?
Oh, why not aim thy shaft at me!
Why should I hopeless here remain,
Chanting an endless pensive strain;
Lifting my overflowing eyes,
To trace her pathway through the skies?
Oh! grant me but the boon I crave,
And close me in my MARY's grave!

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: In the following memoir, I have conformed to the facts furnished by the Arabian chroniclers, as cited by the learned Conde. The story of Abderahman has almost the charm of romance; but it derives a higher interest from the heroic yet gentle virtues which it illustrates, and from recording the fortunes of the founder of that splendid dynasty, which shed such a lustre upon Spain, during the domination of the Arabs. Abderahman may, in some respects, be compared to our own WASHINGTON. He achieved the independence of Moslem Spain, freeing it from subjection to the caliphs; he united its jarring parts under one government; he ruled over it with justice, clemency, and moderation; his whole course of conduct was distinguished by wonderful forbearance and magnanimity; and when he died, he left a legacy of good example and good counsel to his successors.

G. C.

ABDERAHMAN:

FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY OF THE OMMIADES IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

‘BLESSED be God!’ exclaims an Arabian historian; ‘in His hands alone is the destiny of princes. He overthrows the mighty, and humbles the haughty to the dust; and he raises up the persecuted and afflicted from the very depths of despair!’

The illustrious house of Omeya had swayed the sceptre at Damascus for nearly a century, when a rebellion broke out, headed by Aboul Abbas Safah, who aspired to the throne of the caliphs, as being descended from Abbas, the uncle of the prophet. The rebellion was successful. Marvau, the last caliph of the house of Omeya, was defeated and slain. A general proscription of the Ommiades took place. Many of them fell in battle; many were treacherously slain, in places where they had taken refuge; above seventy, most noble and distinguished, were murdered at a banquet to which they had been invited, and their dead bodies covered with cloths, and made to serve as tables for the horrible festivity. Others were driven forth, forlorn and desolate wanderers in various parts of the earth, and pursued with relentless hatred; for it was the determination of the usurper that not one of the persecuted family should escape. Aboul Abbas took possession of three stately palaces, and delicious gardens, and founded the powerful dynasty of the Abbassides, which, for several centuries, maintained dominion in the east.

‘Blessed be God!’ again exclaims the Arabian historian: ‘it was written in His eternal decrees that, notwithstanding the fury of the Abbassides, the noble stock of Omeya should not be destroyed. One fruitful branch remained, to flourish with glory and greatness in another land.’

When the sanguinary proscription of the Ommiades took place, two young princes of that line, brothers, by the names of Solyman and Abderahman, were spared for a time. Their personal graces, noble demeanor, and winning affability, had made them many friends, while their extreme youth rendered them objects of but little dread to the usurper. Their safety, however, was but transient. In a little while the suspicions of Aboul Abbas were aroused. The unfortunate Solyman fell beneath the scimitar of the executioner. His brother Abderahman was warned of his danger in time. Several of his friends hastened to him, bringing him jewels, a disguise, and a fleet horse. 'The emissaries of the caliph,' said they, 'are in search of thee; thy brother lies weltering in his blood; fly to the desert! There is no safety for thee in the habitations of man!'

Abderahman took the jewels, clad himself in the disguise, and mounting the steed, fled for his life. As he passed, a lonely fugitive, by the palaces of his ancestors, in which his family had long held sway, their very walls seemed disposed to betray him, as they echoed the swift clattering of his steed.

Abandoning his native country, Syria, where he was liable at each moment to be recognized and taken, he took refuge among the Bedouin Arabs, a half savage race of shepherds. His youth, his inborn majesty and grace, and the sweetness and affability that shone forth in his azure eyes, won the hearts of these wandering men. He was but twenty years of age, and had been reared in the soft luxury of a palace; but he was tall and vigorous, and in a little while hardened himself so completely to the rustic life of the fields, that it seemed as though he had passed all his days in the rude simplicity of a shepherd's cabin.

His enemies, however, were upon his traces, and gave him but little rest. By day he scoured the plains with the Bedouins, hearing in every blast the sound of pursuit, and fancying in every distant cloud of dust a troop of the caliph's horsemen. His night was passed in broken sleep, and frequent watchings, and at the earliest dawn he was the first to put the bridle to his steed.

Wearied by these perpetual alarms, he bade farewell to his friendly Bedouins, and leaving Egypt behind, sought a safer refuge in Western Africa. The province of Barea was at that time governed by Aben Habib, who had risen to rank and fortune under the fostering favor of the Ommiades. 'Surely,' thought the unhappy prince, 'I shall receive kindness and protection from this man; he will rejoice to show his gratitude for the benefits showered upon him by my kindred.'

Abderahman was young, and as yet knew little of mankind. None are so hostile to the victim of power, as those whom he has befriended. They fear being suspected of gratitude by his persecutors, and involved in his misfortunes.

The unfortunate Abderahman had halted for a few days to repose himself among a horde of Bedouins, who had received him with their characteristic hospitality. They would gather round him in the evenings, to listen to his conversation, regarding with wonder this gently-spoken stranger from the more refined country of Egypt. The old men marvelled to find so much knowledge and wisdom in such early

youth, and the young men, won by his frank and manly carriage, entreated him to remain among them.

One night, when all were buried in sleep, they were roused by the tramp of horsemen. The Wali Aben Habib, who, like all the governors of distant ports, had received orders from the caliph to be on the watch for the fugitive prince, had heard that a young man, answering the description, had entered the province alone, from the frontiers of Egypt, on a steed worn down by travel. He had immediately sent forth horsemen in his pursuit, with orders to bring him to him dead or alive. The emissaries of the Wali had traced him to his resting-place, and demanded of the Arabs whether a young man, a stranger from Syria, did not sojourn among their tribe. The Bedouins knew by the description that the stranger must be their guest, and feared some evil was intended him. 'Such a youth,' said they, 'has indeed sojourned among us; but he has gone, with some of our young men, to a distant valley, to hunt the lion.' The emissaries inquired the way to the place, and hastened on to surprise their expected prey.

The Bedouins repaired to Abderahman, who was still sleeping. 'If thou hast aught to fear from man in power,' said they, 'arise and fly; for the horsemen of the Wali are in quest of thee! We have sent them off for a time on a wrong errand, but they will soon return.'

'Alas! whither shall I fly!' cried the unhappy prince; 'my enemies hunt me like the ostrich of the desert. They follow me like the wind, and allow me neither safety nor repose!'

Six of the bravest youths of the tribe stepped forward. 'We have steeds,' said they, 'that can outstrip the wind, and hands that can hurl the javelin. We will accompany thee in thy flight, and will fight by thy side while life lasts, and we have weapons to wield.'

Abderahman embraced them with tears of gratitude. They mounted their steeds, and made for the most lonely parts of the desert. By the faint light of the stars, they passed through dreary wastes, and over hills of sand. The lion roared, and the hyæna howled unheeded, for they fled from man, more cruel and relentless, when in pursuit of blood, than the savage beasts of the desert.

At sun-rise, they paused to refresh themselves beside a scanty well, surrounded by a few palm trees. One of the young Arabs climbed a tree, and looked in every direction, but not a horseman was to be seen.

'We have outstripped pursuit,' said the Bedouins; 'whither shall we conduct thee? Where is thy home, and the land of thy people?'

'Home have I none!' replied Abderahman, mournfully, 'nor family, nor kindred! My native land is to me a land of destruction, and my people seek my life!'

The hearts of the youthful Bedouins were touched with compassion at these words, and they marvelled that one so young and gentle should have suffered such great sorrow and persecution.

Abderahman sat by the well, and mused for a time. At length, breaking silence, 'In the midst of Mauritania,' said he, 'dwells the tribe of Zeneta. My mother was of that tribe; and perhaps when her son presents himself, a persecuted wanderer, at their door, they will not turn him from the threshold.'

'The Zenetes,' replied the Bedouins, 'are among the bravest and most hospitable of the people of Africa. Never did the unfortunate seek refuge among them in vain, nor was the stranger repulsed from their door.' So they mounted their steeds, with renewed spirits, and journeyed with all speed to Tahart, the capital of the Zenetes.

When Abderahman entered the place, followed by his six rustic Arabs, all way-worn and travel-stained, his noble and majestic demeanor shone through the simple garb of a Bedouin. A crowd gathered around him, as he alighted from his weary steed. Confiding in the well-known character of the tribe, he no longer attempted concealment.

'You behold before you,' said he, 'one of the proscribed house of Omeya. I am that Abderahman, upon whose head a price has been set, and who has been driven from land to land. I come to you as my kindred. My mother was of your tribe, and she told me with her dying breath, that in all time of need I would find a home and friends among the Zenetes.'

The words of Abderahman went straight to the hearts of his hearers. They pitied his youth and his great misfortunes, while they were charmed by his frankness, and by the manly graces of his person. The tribe was of a bold and generous spirit, and not to be awed by the frown of power. 'Evil be upon us and upon our children,' said they, 'if we deceive the trust thou hast placed in us!'

Then one of the noblest Xequés took Abderahman to his house, and treated him as his own child; and the principal people of the tribe strove who most should cherish him, and do him honor; endeavoring to obliterate by their kindness the recollection of his past misfortunes.

Abderahman had resided some time among the hospitable Zenetes, when one day two strangers, of venerable appearance, attended by a small retinue, arrived at Tahart. They gave themselves out as merchants, and from the simple style in which they travelled, excited no attention. In a little while they sought out Abderahman, and, taking him apart: 'Hearken,' said they, 'Abderahman, of the royal line of Omeya; we are ambassadors, sent on the part of the principal Moslems of Spain, to offer thee, not merely an asylum, for that thou hast already among these brave Zenetes, but an empire! Spain is a prey to distracting factions, and can no longer exist as a dependance upon a throne too remote to watch over its welfare. It needs to be independent of Asia and Africa, and to be under the government of a good prince, who shall reside within it, and devote himself entirely to its prosperity; a prince with sufficient title to silence all rival claims, and bring the warring parties into unity and peace; and at the same time with sufficient ability and virtue to insure the welfare of his dominions. For this purpose, the eyes of all the honorable leaders in Spain have been turned to thee, as a descendant of the royal line of Omeya, and an offset from the same stock as our holy prophet. They have heard of thy virtues, and of thy admirable constancy under misfortunes; and invite thee to accept the sovereignty of one of the noblest countries in the world. Thou wilt have some difficulties to encounter from hostile men; but thou wilt have on thy

side the bravest captains that have signalized themselves in the conquest of the unbelievers.'

The ambassadors ceased, and Abderahman remained for a time lost in wonder and admiration. 'God is great!' exclaimed he, at length; 'there is but one God, who is God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Illustrious ambassadors, you have put new life into my soul, for you have shown me something to live for. In the few years that I have lived, troubles and sorrows have been heaped upon my head, and I have become inured to hardships and alarms. Since it is the wish of the valiant Moslems of Spain, I am willing to become their leader and defender, and devote myself to their cause, be it happy or disastrous.'

The ambassadors now cautioned him to be silent as to their errand, and to depart secretly for Spain. 'The sea-board of Africa,' said they, 'swarms with your enemies, and a powerful faction in Spain would intercept you on landing, did they know your name and rank, and the object of your coming.'

But Abderahman replied: 'I have been cherished in adversity by these brave Zenetes; I have been protected and honored by them, when a price was set upon my head, and to harbor me was great peril. How can I keep my good fortune from my benefactors, and desert their hospitable roofs in silence? He is unworthy of friendship, who withholds confidence from his friend.'

Charmed with the generosity of his feelings, the ambassadors made no opposition to his wishes. The Zenetes proved themselves worthy of his confidence. They hailed with joy the great change in his fortunes. The warriors and the young men pressed forward to follow, and aid them with horse and weapon; 'for the honor of a noble house and family,' said they, 'can be maintained only by lances and horsemen.' In a few days he set forth, with the ambassadors, at the head of nearly a thousand horsemen, skilled in war, and exercised in the desert, and a large body of infantry, armed with lances. The venerable Xequé, with whom he had resided, blessed him, and shed tears over him at parting, as though he had been his own child; and when the youth passed over the threshold, the house was filled with lamentations.

Abderahman reached Spain in safety, and landed at Almanecar, with his little band of warlike Zenetes. Spain was at that time in a state of great confusion. Upward of forty years had elapsed since the conquest. The civil wars in Syria and Egypt had prevented the main government at Damascus from exercising control over this distant and recently-acquired territory. Every Moslem commander considered the town or province committed to his charge, an absolute property; and accordingly exercised the most arbitrary extortions. These excesses at length became insupportable, and, at a convocation of many of the principal leaders, it was determined, as a means to end these dissensions, to unite all the Moslem provinces of Spain under one Emir, or General Governor. Yusuf el Fehri, an ancient man, of honorable lineage, was chosen for this station. He began his reign with policy, and endeavored to conciliate all parties; but the distribution of offices soon created powerful enemies among the disappointed leaders. A civil war was the consequence, and Spain was

deluged with blood. The troops of both parties burnt, and ravaged, and laid every thing waste, to distress their antagonists; the villages were abandoned by their inhabitants, who fled to the cities for refuge; and flourishing towns disappeared from the face of the earth, or remained mere heaps of rubbish and ashes. At the time of the landing of Abderahman in Spain, the old Emir Yusuf, had obtained a signal victory. He had captured Saragossa, in which was Amer ben Amru, his principal enemy, together with his son and secretary. Loading his prisoners with chains, and putting them on camels, he set out in triumph for Cordova, considering himself secure in the absolute domination of Spain.

He had halted one day in a valley called Wadarambla, and was reposing with his family in his pavilion, while his people and the prisoners made a repast in the open air. In the midst of his repose, his confidential adherent and general, the Wali Samael, galloped into the camp, covered with dust, and exhausted with fatigue. He brought tidings of the arrival of Abderahman, and that the whole sea-board was flocking to his standard. Messenger after messenger came hurrying into the camp, confirming the fearful tidings, and adding that this descendant of the Omeyas had secretly been invited to Spain by Amru and his followers. Yusuf waited not to ascertain the truth of this accusation. Giving way to a transport of fury, he ordered that Amru, his son and secretary, should be cut to pieces. His commands were instantly executed. 'And this cruelty,' says the Arabian chronicler, 'lost him the favor of Allah; for from that time, success deserted his standard.'

Abderahman had indeed been hailed with joy on his landing in Spain. The old people hoped to find tranquillity under the sway of one supreme chieftain, descended from their ancient caliphs; the young men were rejoiced to have a youthful warrior to lead them on to victories; and the populace, charmed with his freshness and manly beauty, his majestic yet gracious and affable demeanor, shouted: 'Long live Abderahman ben Moavia Meramamolin of Spain!'

In a few days, the youthful sovereign saw himself at the head of more than twenty thousand men, from the neighborhood of Elvira, Almeria, Malaga, Xeres, and Sidonia. Fair Seville threw open its gates at his approach, and celebrated his arrival with public rejoicings. He continued his march into the country, vanquished one of the sons of Yusuf before the gates of Cordova, and obliged him to take refuge within its walls, where he held him in close siege. Hearing, however, of the approach of Yusuf, the father, with a powerful army, he divided his forces, and leaving ten thousand men to press the siege, he hastened with the other ten to meet the coming foe.

Yusuf had indeed mustered a formidable force, from the east and south of Spain, and accompanied by his veteran general, Samael, came with confident boasting to drive this intruder from the land. His confidence increased on beholding the small army of Abderahman. Turning to Samael, he repeated, with a scornful sneer, a verse from an Arabian poetess, which says:

'How hard is our lot! We come, a thirsty multitude, and lo! but this cup of water to share among us!'

There was indeed a fearful odds. On the one side were two veteran generals, grown gray in victory, with a mighty host of warriors, seasoned in the wars of Spain. On the other side was a mere youth, scarce attained to manhood, with a hasty levy of half-disciplined troops; but the youth was a prince, flushed with hope, and aspiring after fame and empire; and surrounded by a devoted band of warriors from Africa, whose example infused desperate zeal into the little army.

The encounter took place at day-break. The impetuous valor of the Zenetes carried every thing before it. The cavalry of Yusuf was broken, and driven back upon the infantry, and before noon the whole host was put to headlong flight. Yusuf and Samael were borne along in the torrent of the fugitives, raging and storming, and making ineffectual efforts to rally them. They were separated widely in the confusion of the flight, one taking refuge in the Algarves, the other in the kingdom of Murcia. They afterward rallied, reunited their forces, and made another desperate stand near to Almunecar. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but they were again defeated, and driven, with a handful of followers, to take refuge in the rugged mountains adjacent to Elvira.

The spirit of the veteran Samael gave way before these fearful reverses. 'In vain, O Yusuf!' said he, 'do we contend with the prosperous star of this youthful conqueror: the will of Allah be done! Let us submit to our fate, and sue for favorable terms, while we have yet the means of capitulation.'

It was a hard trial for the proud spirit of Yusuf, that had once aspired to uncontrolled sway; but he was compelled to capitulate. Abderahman was as generous as brave. He granted the two gray-headed generals the most honorable conditions, and even took the veteran Samael into favor, employing him, as a mark of confidence, to visit the eastern provinces of Spain, and restore them to tranquillity. Yusuf, having delivered up Elvira and Granada, and complied with other articles of his capitulation, was permitted to retire to Murcia, and rejoin his son Muhamad. A general amnesty to all chiefs and soldiers who should yield up their strong holds, and lay down their arms, completed the triumph of Abderahman, and brought all hearts into obedience. Thus terminated this severe struggle for the domination of Spain; and thus the illustrious family of Omeya, after having been cast down and almost exterminated in the East, took new root, and sprang forth prosperously in the West.

Wherever Abderahman appeared, he was received with rapturous acclamations. As he rode through the cities, the populace rent the air with shouts of joy; the stately palaces were crowded with spectators, eager to gain a sight of his graceful form, and beaming countenance; and when they beheld the mingled majesty and benignity of their new monarch, and the sweetness and gentleness of his whole conduct, they extolled him as something more than mortal; as a beneficent genius, sent for the happiness of Spain.

In the interval of peace which now succeeded, Abderahman occupied himself in promoting the useful and elegant arts, and in introducing into Spain the refinements of the East. Considering the building and ornamenting of cities as among the noblest employments

of the tranquil hours of princes, he bestowed great pains upon beautifying the city of Cordova, and its environs. He re-constructed banks and dykes, to keep the Guadalquivir from overflowing its borders, and on the vast terraces thus formed, he planted delightful gardens. In the midst of these, he erected a lofty tower, commanding a view of the vast and fruitful valley, enlivened by the windings of the river. In this tower would he pass hours of meditation, gazing on the soft and varied landscape, and inhaling the bland and balmy airs of that delightful region. At such times, his thoughts would recur to the past, and the misfortunes of his youth; the massacre of his family would rise to view, mingled with tender recollections of his native country, from which he was exiled. In these melancholy musings, he would sit with his eyes fixed upon a palm-tree which he had planted in the midst of his garden. It is said to have been the first ever planted in Spain, and to have been the parent stock of all the palm-trees which grace the southern provinces of the peninsula. The heart of Abderahman yearned toward this tree; it was the offspring of his native country, and like him, an exile. In one of his moods of tenderness, he composed verses upon it, which have since become famous throughout the world. The following is a rude but literal translation:

'Beauteous Palm! thou also wert hither brought a stranger; but thy roots have found a kindly soil, thy head is lifted to the skies, and the sweet airs of Algarve fondle and kiss thy branches.

'Thou hast known, like me, the storms of adverse fortune. Bitter tears wouldst thou shed, couldst thou feel my woes. Repeated griefs have overwhelmed me. With early tears I bedewed the palms on the banks of the Euphrates; but neither tree nor river heeded my sorrows, when driven by cruel fate, and the ferocious Aboul Abbas, from the scenes of my childhood, and the sweet objects of my affection.

'To thee no remembrance remains of my beloved country; I, unhappy! can never recall it without tears!'

The generosity of Abderahman to his vanquished foes was destined to be abused. The veteran Yusuf, in visiting certain of the cities which he had surrendered, found himself surrounded by zealous partisans, ready to peril life in his service. The love of command revived in his bosom, and he repented the facility with which he had suffered himself to be persuaded to submission. Flushed with new hopes of success, he caused arms to be secretly collected, and deposited in various villages, most zealous in their professions of devotion, and raising a considerable body of troops, seized upon the castle of Almodovar. The rash rebellion was short-lived. At the first appearance of an army sent by Abderahman, and commanded by Abdelmelee, governor of Seville, the villages which had so recently professed loyalty to Yusuf, hastened to declare their attachment to the monarch, and to give up the concealed arms. Almodovar was soon retaken, and Yusuf, driven to the environs of Lorea, was surrounded by the cavalry of Abdelmelee. The veteran endeavored to cut a passage through the enemy, but after fighting with desperate fury, and with a force of arm incredible in one of his age, he fell beneath blows from weapons of all kinds, so that after the battle

his body could scarcely be recognized, so numerous were the wounds. His head was cut off and sent to Cordova, where it was placed in an iron cage, over the gate of the city.

The old lion was dead, but his whelps survived. Yusuf had left three sons, who inherited his warlike spirit, and were eager to revenge his death. Collecting a number of the scattered adherents of their house, they surprised and seized upon Toledo, during the absence of Temam, its Wali or commander. In this old warrior city, built upon a rock, and almost surrounded by the Tagus, they set up a kind of robber hold, scouring the surrounding country, levying tribute, seizing upon horses, and compelling the peasantry to join their standard. Every day cavalcadas of horses and mules, laden with spoil, with flocks of sheep, and droves of cattle, came pouring over the bridges on either side of the city, and thronging in at the gates, the plunder of the surrounding country. Those of the inhabitants who were still loyal to Abderahman, dared not lift up their voices, for men of the sword bore sway. At length one day, when the sons of Yusuf, with their choicest troops, were out on a maraud, the watchmen on the towers gave the alarm. A troop of scattered horsemen were spurring wildly toward the gates. The banners of the sons of Yusuf were descried. Two of them spurred into the city, followed by a handful of warriors, covered with confusion and dismay. They had been encountered and defeated by the Wali Temam, and one of the brothers had been slain.

The gates were secured in all haste, and the walls were scarcely manned, when Temam appeared before them with his troops, and summoned the city to surrender. A great internal commotion ensued between the loyalists and the insurgents; the latter, however, had weapons in their hands, and prevailed; and for several days, trusting to the strength of their rock-built fortress, they set the Wali at defiance. At length some of the loyal inhabitants of Toledo, who knew all its secret and subterraneous passages, some of which, if chroniclers may be believed, have existed since the days of Hercules, if not of Tubal Cain, introduced Temam, and a chosen band of his warriors, into the very centre of the city, where they suddenly appeared as if by magic. A panic seized upon the insurgents. Some sought safety in submission, some in concealment, some in flight. Casim, one of the sons of Yusuf, escaped in disguise; the youngest, unharmed, was taken, and was sent captive to the king, accompanied by the head of his brother, who had been slain in battle.

When Abderahman beheld the youth laden with chains, he remembered his own sufferings in his early days, and had compassion on him; but, to prevent him from doing further mischief, he imprisoned him in a tower of the wall of Cordova.

In the mean time, Casim, who had escaped, managed to raise another band of warriors. Spain, in all ages a guerilla country, prone to partisan warfare, and petty maraud, was at that time infested by bands of licentious troops, who had sprung up in the civil contests; their only object pillage, their only dependence the sword, and ready to flock to any new and desperate standard, that promised the greatest license. With a ruffian force thus levied, Casim scoured the

country, took Sidonia by storm, and surprised Seville while in a state of unsuspecting security.

Abderahman put himself at the head of his faithful Zenetes, and took the field in person. By the rapidity of his movements, the rebels were defeated, Sidonia and Seville speedily retaken, and Casim was made prisoner. The generosity of Abderahman was again exhibited toward this unfortunate son of Yusuf. He spared his life, and sent him to be confined in a tower at Toledo.

The veteran Samael had taken no part in these insurrections, but had attended faithfully to the affairs intrusted to him by Abderahman. The death of his old friend and colleague, Yusuf, however, and the subsequent disasters of his family, filled him with despondency. Fearing the inconstancy of fortune, and the dangers incident to public employ, he entreated the king to be permitted to retire to his house in Seguenza, and indulge a privacy and repose suited to his advanced age. His prayer was granted. The veteran laid by his arms, battered in a thousand conflicts; hung his sword and lance against the wall, and surrounded by a few friends, gave himself up apparently to the sweets of quiet and unambitious leisure.

Who can count, however, upon the tranquil content of a heart nurtured amid the storms of war and ambition! Under the ashes of this outward humility, were glowing the coals of faction. In his seemingly philosophical retirement, Samael was concerting with his friends new treason against Abderahman. His plot was discovered; his house was suddenly surrounded by troops; and he was conveyed to a tower at Toledo, where, in the course of a few months, he died in captivity.

The magnanimity of Abderahman was again put to the proof, by a new insurrection at Toledo. Hixem ben Adra, a relation of Yusuf, seized upon the Alcazar, or citadel, slew several of the royal adherents of the king, liberated Casim from his tower, and, summoning all the banditti of the country, soon mustered a force of ten thousand men. Abderahman was quickly before the walls of Toledo, with the troops of Cordova, and his devoted Zenetes. The rebels were brought to terms, and surrendered the city, on promise of general pardon, which was extended even to Hixem and Casim. When the chieftain saw Hixem and his principal confederates in the power of Abderahman, they advised him to put them all to death. 'A promise given to traitors and rebels,' said they, 'is not binding, when it is to the interest of the state that it should be broken.'

'No!' replied Abderahman, 'if the safety of my throne were at stake, I would not break my word.' So saying, he confirmed the amnesty, and granted Hixem ben Adra a worthless life, to be employed in farther treason.

Scarcely had Abderahman returned from this expedition, when a powerful army, sent by the caliph, landed from Africa on the coast of the Algarves. The commander, Aly ben Mogueith, Emir of Cairvan, elevated a rich banner which he had received from the hands of the caliph. Wherever he went, he ordered the caliph of the East to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, denouncing Abderahman as a usurper, the vagrant member of a family proscribed and execrated, in all the mosques of the East.

One of the first to join his standard, was Hixem ben Adra, so recently pardoned by Abderahman. He seized upon the citadel of Toledo, and repairing to the camp of Aly, offered to deliver the city into his hands.

Abderahman, as bold in war as he was gentle in peace, took the field with his wonted promptness ; overthrew his enemies, with great slaughter, drove some to the sea-coast to regain their ships, and others to the mountains. The body of Aly was found on the field of battle. Abderahman caused the head to be struck off, and conveyed to Cairvan, where it was affixed at night to a column in the public square, with this inscription : ' Thus Abderahman, the descendant of the Omeyas, punishes the rash and arrogant.'

Hixem ben Adra escaped from the field of battle, and excited farther troubles, but was eventually captured by Abdelmelee, who ordered his head to be struck off on the spot, lest he should again be spared, through the wonted clemency of Abdarahman.

Notwithstanding these signal triumphs, the reign of Abderahman was disturbed by farther insurrections, and by another descent from Africa, but he was victorious over them all ; striking the roots of his power deeper and deeper into the land. Under his sway, the government of Spain became more regular and consolidated, and acquired an independence of the empire of the East. The caliph continued to be considered as first pontiff and chief of the religion, but he ceased to have any temporal power over Spain.

Having again an interval of peace, Abderahman devoted himself to the education of his children. Suleiman, the eldest, he appointed Wali, or governor, of Toledo ; Abdallah, the second, was intrusted with the command of Merida ; but the third son, Hixem, was the delight of his heart, the son of Howara, his favorite sultana, whom he loved throughout life with the utmost tenderness. With this youth, who was full of promise, he relaxed from the fatigues of government ; joining in his youthful sports amidst the delightful gardens of Cordova, and teaching him the gentle art of falconry, of which the king was so fond, that he received the name of the Falcon of Coraixi.

While Abderahman was thus indulging in the gentle propensities of his nature, mischief was secretly at work. Muhamad, the youngest son of Yusuf, had been for many years a prisoner in the tower of Cordova. Being passive and resigned, his keepers relaxed their vigilance, and brought him forth from his dungeon. He went groping about, however, in broad day-light, as if still in the darkness of his tower. His guards watched him narrowly, lest this should be a deception, but were at length convinced that the long absence of light had rendered him blind. They now permitted him to descend frequently to the lower chambers of the tower, and to sleep there occasionally, during the heats of summer. They even allowed him to grope his way to the cistern, in quest of water for his ablutions.

A year passed in this way, without any thing to excite suspicion. During all this time, however, the blindness of Muhamad was entirely a deception ; and he was concerting a plan of escape, through the aid of some friends of his father, who found means to visit him occasionally. One sultry evening in midsummer, the guards had

gone to bathe in the Guadalquivir, leaving Muhamad alone, in the lower chambers of the tower. No sooner were they out of sight and hearing, than he hastened to a window of the stair-case, leading down to the cistern, lowered himself as far as his arms would reach, and dropped without injury to the ground. Plunging into the Guadalquivir, he swam across to a thick grove on the opposite side, where his friends were waiting to receive him. Here, mounting a horse which they had provided for an event of the kind, he fled across the country, by solitary roads, and made good his escape to the mountains of Jaen.

The guardians of the tower dreaded for some time to make known his flight to Abderahman. When at length it was told to him, he exclaimed: 'All is the work of eternal wisdom; it is intended to teach us that we cannot benefit the wicked, without injuring the good. The flight of that blind man will cause much trouble and bloodshed.'

His predictions were verified. Muhamad reared the standard of rebellion on the mountains; the seditious and discontented of all kinds hastened to join it, together with soldiers of fortune, or rather wandering banditti, and he had soon six thousand men, well armed, hardy in habits, and desperate in character. His brother Casim, also, reappeared about the same time, in the mountains of Ronda, at the head of a daring band, that laid all the neighboring valleys under contribution.

Abderahman summoned his alcaides from their various military posts, to assist in driving the rebels from their mountain fastnesses into the plains. It was a dangerous and protracted toil, for the mountains were frightfully wild and rugged. He entered them with a powerful host, driving the rebels from height to height, and valley to valley, and harassing them by a galling fire from thousands of cross-bows. At length, a decisive battle took place near the river Guadalemar. The rebels were signally defeated; four thousand fell in action, many were drowned in the river, and Muhamad, with a few horsemen, escaped to the mountains of the Algarves. Here he was hunted by the alcaides from one desolate retreat to another; his few followers grew tired of sharing the disastrous fortunes of a fated man; one by one deserted him, and he himself deserted the remainder, fearing they might give him up, to purchase their own pardon.

Lonely and disguised, he plunged into the depths of the forests, or lurked in dens and caverns, like a famished wolf, often casting back his thoughts with regret to the time of his captivity in the gloomy tower of Cordova. Hunger at length drove him to Alarcon, at the risk of being discovered. Famine and misery, however, had so wasted and changed him, that he was not recognized. He remained nearly a year in Alarcon, unnoticed and unknown, yet constantly tormenting himself with the dread of discovery, and with groundless fears of the vengeance of Abderahman. Death at length put an end to his wretchedness.

A milder fate attended his brother Casim. Being defeated in the mountains of Murcia, he was conducted in chains to Cordova. On coming into the presence of Abderahman, his once fierce and haughty spirit, broken by distress, gave way; he threw himself on the earth, kissed the dust beneath the feet of the king, and implored his clo-

meny. The benignant heart of Abderahman was filled with melancholy, rather than exultation, at beholding this wreck of the once haughty family of Yusuf a suppliant at his feet, and suing for mere existence. He thought upon the mutability of fortune, and felt how insecure are all her favors. He raised the unhappy Casim from the earth, ordered his irons to be taken off, and, not content with mere forgiveness, treated him with honor, and gave him possessions in Seville, where he might live in state conformable to the ancient dignity of his family. Won by this great and persevering magnanimity, Casim ever after remained one of the most devoted of his subjects.

All the enemies of Abderahman were at length subdued; he reigned undisputed sovereign of the Moslems of Spain; and so benign was his government, that every one blessed the revival of the illustrious line of Omeya. He was at all times accessible to the humblest of his subjects; the poor man ever found in him a friend, and the oppressed a protector. He improved the administration of justice; established schools for public instruction; encouraged poets and men of letters, and cultivated the sciences. He built mosques in every city that he visited; inculcated religion by example as well as by precept; and celebrated all the festivals prescribed by the Koran, with the utmost magnificence.

As a monument of gratitude to God for the prosperity with which he had been favored, he undertook to erect a mosque in his favorite city of Cordova, that should rival in splendor the great mosque of Damascus, and excel the one recently erected in Bagdad by the Abassides, the supplanters of his family.

It is said that he himself furnished the plan for this famous edifice, and even worked on it, with his own hands, one hour in each day, to testify his zeal and humility in the service of God, and to animate his workmen. He did not live to see it completed, but it was finished according to his plans by his son Hixem. When finished, it surpassed the most splendid mosques of the east. It was six hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty in breadth. Within were twenty-eight aisles, crossed by nineteen, supported by a thousand and ninety-three columns of marble. There were nineteen portals, covered with plates of bronze, of rare workmanship. The principal portal was covered with plates of gold. On the summit of the grand cupola, were three gilt balls, surmounted by a golden pomegranate. At night, the mosque was illuminated with four thousand seven hundred lamps, and great sums were expended in amber and aloes, which were burnt as perfumes. The mosque remains to this day, shorn of its ancient splendor, yet still one of the grandest Moslem monuments in Spain.

Finding himself advancing in years, Abderahman assembled in his capital of Cordova the principal governors and commanders of his kingdom, and in presence of them all, with great solemnity, nominated his son Hixem as the successor to the throne. All present made an oath of fealty to Abderahman during his life, and to Hixem after his death. The prince was younger than his brothers, Soleiman and Abdallah; but he was the son of Howara, the tenderly

beloved sultana of Abderahman, and her influence, it is said, gained him this preference.

Within a few months afterward, Abderahman fell grievously sick at Merida. Finding his end approaching, he summoned Hixem to his bed-side : ' My son,' said he, ' the angel of death is hovering over me ; treasure up, therefore, in thy heart this dying counsel, which I give through the great love I bear thee. Remember that all empire is from God, who gives and takes it away, according to his pleasure. Since God, through his divine goodness, has given us regal power and authority, let us do his holy will, which is nothing else than to do good to all men, and especially to those committed to our protection. Render equal justice, my son, to the rich and the poor, and never suffer injustice to be done within thy dominion, for it is the road to perdition. Be merciful and benignant to those dependent upon thee. Confide the government of thy cities and provinces to men of worth and experience ; punish without compassion those ministers who oppress thy people with exorbitant exactions. Pay thy troops punctually ; teach them to feel a certainty in thy promises ; command them with gentleness but firmness, and make them in truth the defenders of the state, not its destroyers. Cultivate unceasingly the affections of thy people, for in their good will consists the security of the state, in their distrust its peril, in their hatred its certain ruin. Protect the husbandmen who cultivate the earth, and yield us necessary sustenance ; never permit their fields, and groves, and gardens to be disturbed. In a word, act in such wise that thy people may bless thee, and may enjoy, under the shadow of thy wing, a secure and tranquil life. In this consists good government ; if thou dost practice it, thou wilt be happy among thy people, and renowned throughout the world.'

Having given this excellent counsel, the good king Abderahman blessed his son Hixem, and shortly after died ; being but in the sixtieth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp ; but the highest honors that distinguished his funeral, were the tears of real sorrow shed upon his grave. He left behind him a name for valor, justice, and magnanimity, and forever famous as being the founder of the glorious line of the Omniades in Spain.

BENEFIT OF A DOUBT.

I.

Good out of evil may be wrought :
Who never doubted, never thought ;
The battle brightens, but the truce
Rusts out the blade, for want of use.

II.

Who thinks as others, and agrees
With all, finds nought, and little sees ;
Did all accord, then all might stand
Stock-still, and darkness drown the land.

III.

COLUMBUS differed, but he found
The prize his mighty mission crowned,
And a NEW WORLD rose to unfold
The rooted errors of the old !

LITERARY NOTICES.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF FITZHUGH SMITH. By the Author of 'Thoughts on a New Order of Missionaries,' etc. In one volume. pp. 290. New-York: Published for the Author: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

FITZHUGH SMITH, the implied subject of the above-named volume, was a son of GERRIT SMITH, Esq., of Madison county, in this state; a gentleman distinguished for his liberality, and for the conspicuous interest he has taken in certain public movements of the day. The deceased, who departed this life at the early age of eleven years, was evidently a boy of clever parts, remarkable for his agreeable person, and sweetness of disposition, as well as for great moral and religious propriety of deportment; a propriety which appears to have been the result of careful paternal training. Leaving the home of his childhood desolate, he was early translated to a better habitation; to the arms of a heavenly parent, in whose house are many mansions:

'There, mid day-beams round him playing,
He his FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me!'

With this brief allusion to the ostensible subject of the volume before us, we pass to a consideration of the work itself. We had scarcely perused a score of its pages, before we were enabled to form a correct conjecture as to its character; for it is as easy to see one's way through a flat book, as it is in travelling to discern a flat country in the onward distance. The volume, instead of being a tribute to the memory of FITZHUGH SMITH, is for the most part a heterogenous compound of inflated small-talk, upon something more than three hundred irrelevant topics, or ramifications of themes, which are partly designated by a syllabus at the head of each chapter, something after the manner of CRABBE, in the 'Rejected Addresses;' as, 'Hobbs binds his son John a 'prentice in London — and why; interior of a theatre-pit described; check-takers insolent — and why,' etc. The writer proceeds with an uninterrupted series of aimless digressions, until he arrives at the two hundred and fiftieth page, where we find him felicitating himself upon 'having *now* obtained the ear of the reader,' (apparently unmindful that he had already exchanged *two* ears, of unusual length, for the one he had gained,) for which reason he takes occasion to 'dwell still farther' upon his stores of diminutive and desultory scraps.

Throughout the whole book, incontrovertible facts, not above the clear comprehension of a boy of twelve years, are 'fortified' by nebulous disquisitions — crude, diluted, and incoherent — pleasantly denominated 'arguments,' or, to use a favorite term of the writer, 'positions under notice;' and in this way the author goes on, chapter after chapter, bristling with stale truisms, and prurient with elaborately-defended but trite ideas. He does not seem to affix any very precise meaning to much of the language he employs; yet in the 'weak, washy, everlasting flood' of *words* which he pours out, there will be found some one or two *pets*, that are constantly recurring, until other windy favorites take their places, which are only relinquished when, even in the writer's estimation,

they must be deemed thread-bare. The forcibly-critical remark of Hood's boatswain, that 'where there is a heavy ground-swell of words, there can be no great depth of ideas,' is fully verified in this ambitious volume. The simplest thought is mounted high upon stilts. Even if pilfered, as is frequently the case, from other writers, our author dresses up the borrowed idea in characteristic language, and having made it ridiculous, it readily passes as original. An example or two may serve to 'sustain the position under notice.' 'No parent has a right to send out into the world a *spider*, whose filthy work it shall be to suck poison from what it sees around!' 'There is a mawkish pitying of the poor, which *passes current on the Bourse of a spurious philanthropy!*' 'Earth teemed with a *perennial and golden spontaneity!*— and so thornless were the flowers, and so tareless the grain, that even the Almighty affirmed that it was very good.' 'The twig must be swayed aright, if we would hope for a comely and fruit-producing tree!' This intense embellishment of the commonest thought, always a mark of invincible mediocrity, is a distinctive characteristic of our author's style, if that can be called style, which is no style at all. Had he found occasion to use the time-worn term, 'looking two ways for Sunday,' he would doubtless have written, 'vigilantly scrutinizing, in duple directions, for the holy Christian Sabbath.' A fault not less apparent, is a certain weakness and mawkishness of sentiment, whenever it is deemed appropriate to affect it. An author who makes an attempt at a display of fine feelings, always betrays himself. Numerous examples, *passim*, from the volume before us, might be cited, 'in illustration of the correctness of our position.' The affectation alluded to is not suppressed even at the bed-side of the dying boy; for here, we are told, 'there was, to his view, a tangibility, a substantiality, a *spiritual corporeity*, so to speak, in those things to which he was going!' Where 'the writer under notice' gives us *real* sentiment, there is such a desire to parade it — so much of what the French call *gauche* — that it entirely loses its effect. 'It is a sort of *sulphate of meanness*,' says he, in one of his tumid sentences, to coin or give currency to any thing prejudicial to another, unless some *public good* may be derived from it.' This precise 'good' must constitute our apology for cutting down a gnat with a broad-sword. The book we have discussed is bad, beyond all kindred specimens of mental debility on stilts we remember ever to have encountered. Moreover, it is not, it should seem, the first publication from the same source, (a source, let us add, entirely unknown to us,) and the writer even threatens to inflict yet another volume upon an unoffending public. Oral examples, in this kind, it is true, are often 'heard at conventicle,' from some prosy divine, who makes no assertion that he is not prepared to prove on the spot; who compares till he perplexes, and illustrates till he confounds; and in such case, the courteous hearer has no alternative but to possess his soul in patience, until the speaker preaches the last dog out of the aisles. But a *reader* is differently situated; and we esteem it the duty of an honest critic to guard the public against flights of immortal dulness, when appearing in a book the subject and pretension of which may give it temporary currency; and to caution young writers against a style of literary composition, which, while it has no one attribute to recommend it, is at war alike with simplicity, clearness, beauty, and common sense.

THE GREEK READER. By FREDERICK JACOBS. A new Edition, with English Notes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. pp. 179. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is an excellent elementary Greek work, as much superior to the 'Collectanea Minora,' for the learner, as that was, when first introduced, to the old elementary Greek treatises. Indeed, this little volume seems to make the road to Greek literature so smooth and easy, that the 'rusty' scholar is almost tempted to revive his knowledge, through these new paths, of the delightful treasures of that elegant language. Classical literature of all kinds is greatly indebted to Professor ANTHON for his numerous and valuable treatises; and we say most heartily, to both author and publishers of this noble series of classical works, *maie virtute*.

GENERAL HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE, FROM THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Translated from the French of M. GUIZOT. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE have here a good translation of M. Guizot's great work on civilization. It should be carefully perused by every one who desires to obtain a calm, profound, and philosophical view of the origin, progress, and various forms, of human civilization, and a correct history of the development of the human mind. The author has surveyed, with an observant eye, the long track of history, and generalizing facts and events in his reflective and philosophical mind, he points out clearly how some bear upon others, and arrives at his abstract principles and profound conclusions, with a power and eloquence which have seldom been equalled. His sagacious and penetrating intellect grasps at once the peculiar principle that prevailed in the civilization of the various races and nations of mankind; perceives clearly the chain of events which modified that principle; and forcibly points out the causes that extinguished it, or gave life to a new one. How delightful to a mind thoroughly acquainted with the history of his race, to contemplate the abstract principles that have made their destiny; and, looking upon the theatre of the world where vastly interesting events are rapidly occurring, displaying every variety of human passion and character, to be able to trace them to the first moving cause; the principle that set the elements in motion; the mind, as it were, that conceived, directed, and governed the great human drama! Our author considers the leading and peculiar principle of modern civilization to be *individualism*, the energy of personal existence; and that the development of the individual man, of his mind, and faculties, is the result of the modern social system. It was the offspring of German society, a gift from the *officina gentium*, that is destined to make ample amends for the overthrow of the mere municipal and unprogressive civilization of Rome, which related to forms and physical existences, rather than to ideas and feelings, by establishing a principle that gives impulse to the individual, and provides for the illimitable improvement of the condition of man.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS, WHAT CONSTITUTES CURRENCY? WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF UNSTEADINESS OF THE CURRENCY? AND WHAT IS THE REMEDY? By H. C. CAREY. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THERE is no question, at the present moment, that agitates this community so much as that of the currency. The existing derangement, from whatever cause it may have arisen, is spreading desolation over our whole country; and unless some remedy or relief can be found very soon, will result in the destruction of our industry, commerce, prosperity, and wealth. It behooves every true patriot to cast aside the bitter recriminations and bickerings of partizan spirit, with which one party seeks to throw the blame of public calamities upon the other, and advance at once to a calm and candid consideration of the best remedies for the acknowledged and far-reaching evils. The pamphlet before us, written by Mr. CAREY, of Philadelphia, the author of several able treatises upon various branches of political economy, enters into the discussion of this important subject with a proper spirit, and exhibits no ordinary degree of talent, research, and information. The author first inquires, 'What constitutes *Currency*?' which he defines to be, gold or silver coin, or bullion; and engagements of individuals or associations, to deliver, on demand, certain quantities of money; the latter consisting of *circulating notes*, or *credits*, commonly called *deposits*, transferable by means of checks or drafts. Left to its natural course, undisturbed, currency is capital seeking investment; but when, by an exercise of the will of the owners, arising from panic, fear of war, or doubt of any kind, it is hoarded in a strong box, or withdrawn from its province of facilitating the exchanges of property, it ceases to be currency; and the exchangeable value of property depreciates in consequence of its losing its appropriate character.

Our author then proceeds to discuss the question of the causes of the unsteadiness of the currency. A portion of this currency, in all countries, consists of deposits, unpro-

ductive to their owners; and the power of affecting the currency, and of increasing or diminishing prices, 'exists in precisely the ratio which this unemployed capital bears to the whole currency.' The greatest amount of unemployed capital is to be found in France, where the currency is exposed to great fluctuations. Mr. CAREY reviews the currency of France, England, Scotland, our Southern, Middle, and New-England States; and shows, that where the people are most free to select for themselves their own medium of exchange, the currency will most nearly approach the amount actually needed for the daily business of life, and will consequently be least liable to expansion or contraction. He demonstrates, and as it seems to us, conclusively, that the unsteadiness of the currency is by no means the result, as some suppose, of the adoption of the credit system, or the substitution of checks, drafts, and circulating notes, for gold and silver; for prices are now much more uniform, throughout the world, than they were fifty, one hundred, or five hundred years ago. The price of grain in the fifteenth century fluctuated in a single year from four shillings to four pounds, and there was then nothing but gold and silver for currency. It is not, consequently, the extension of the credit system, that causes fluctuation of the currency; but such a condition of things as leaves a large amount of capital unproductive, or not subject to daily appropriation and use. He finds that in the New-England states this state of things exists, and hence their currency is more stable than any where else in the world. In France, as much capital is retained, *in gold and silver*, as would require the labor of one hundred and twenty-nine days to produce; whereas in New-England, the gold and silver retained would require only three days' labor for its production. This is a most striking commentary upon the value of a well-regulated credit system. Indeed it is evident that a well-regulated credit system would furnish a currency, which, supplying a little gold and silver for domestic trade, and for paying off foreign balances, would give facilities for constant employment of capital, and thus render it impossible to cause any great fluctuation in prices, except such as real abundance or scarcity should naturally create.

We are then easily brought to see what is the *remedy* for the existing evils. It is not in forcing the currency back to the basis of the dark ages, gold and silver only; it is not in breaking down credits, and impairing confidence; it is not in accumulating capital in masses, to lie idle and unemployed; it is not in imposing legislative restraints, with a view to control the current of trade, or to increase and diminish the circulating medium; but it is simply, by adopting a system substantially similar to that of Rhode Island; by abolishing restraints upon the employment of capital and credit; by recognizing the right of men to associate together on such terms as they may agree upon among themselves; and to trade with those who choose to trade with them, in such manner as they may deem best for their respective interests; and to extend or limit their liability, provided they give perfect publicity to their arrangements and operations. The great fault of our banking system has been its character of monopoly; which, by throwing the power into certain legalized hands, of increasing or diminishing that portion of the currency which consists in credits, gives them an opportunity of expanding it, at one time, beyond the real wants of the public, and forces them at another, when disaster or panic occurs, to contract it below the actual necessities of the community. The monopoly of the exclusive privilege of creating this kind of currency operates upon this country, in fact, in the same way that an actual accumulation of gold and silver currency in the hands of a few, does upon France; inducing expansions and contractions at the will of the owners, whether influenced by caprice, panic, or other cause, and leading, consequently, to great fluctuations in the prices of all kinds of property. Abolish the monopoly, and this kind of currency would adapt itself to the actual wants of the public, to facilitate the exchanges of property, and would in practice furnish its own checks and balances, to prevent any serious fluctuations. Such are, substantially, the views of this very sensible and intelligent writer; and we sincerely hope this little work will be extensively read, since it can scarcely fail to correct many of the essential errors which are prevalent on the subject of the currency.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.— We have been permitted to examine a very beautiful volume, from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, printed, as we infer, for private circulation, containing the correspondence relating to the marble sarcophagus sculptured by Mr. JOHN STRUTHERS, of Philadelphia, and presented by him to the executors of General WASHINGTON, two or three years since. A brief account of the depositing of the remains of the Father of his Country in this enduring work of art, was given at the time in the public journals; but until the appearance of the volume before us, the interesting details of the removal had not been published; they will therefore be mainly new to our readers. Leaving the original correspondence in relation to the sarcophagus, we pass to the mansion at Mount Vernon, where, after much care and trouble, the 'ponderous marble' had arrived. An interesting description is given of the house and grounds, where, among other striking relics, are to be seen a primitive map, with marks in pencil by WASHINGTON, tracing the route which he traversed in BRADDOCK'S disastrous and fatal campaign against the Indians; the key of the French Bastille; together with rare plants, exotics, etc., originally presented to WASHINGTON. After an account of the opening of the old vault, and a description of the new tomb, we find the following passage, depicting the appearance, and describing the removal, of the body: 'The coffin containing the remains of WASHINGTON was in the extreme back part of the vault; and to remove the case containing the leaden receptacle, it was found necessary to put aside the coffins that were piled up between it and the door-way. After clearing a passage-way, the case, which was much decayed, (and near which was found a silver breast-plate, on which was engraved the date of his birth and death,) was stripped off, and the lead of the lid was discovered to have sunk very considerably from head to foot; so much so, as to form a curved line of from four to five inches in its whole length. This fractured part was turned over on the lower part of the lid, exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared, by the dim light of the candles, to have suffered but little from the effects of time. The eye-sockets were large and deep, and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead, appeared of unusual size. There was no appearance of grave clothes. The chest was broad; the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body. . . . A hand was laid upon the head, and instantly removed; the lead of the lid was restored to its place; the body, raised by six men, was carried and laid in the marble coffin, and the ponderous cover being put on, and set in cement, it was sealed from our sight on Saturday, the seventh day of October, 1837.' Fine lithographic engravings of the exterior of the new tomb, and of the front and side views of the sarcophagus, with its beautiful sculpturing, illustrate the letter-press descriptions. The volume closes, most appropriately, with WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address, that invaluable legacy, which will be handed down to the remotest period of our history as a nation. We never can peruse this patriotic and truly characteristic document, without a renewed reverence for its author. With what a prophetic vision he surveyed the glorious future of the republic he had formed! anticipating, and guarding his countrymen against, the fury of party spirit, and the impostures of pretended patriotism; and urging them to watch over the interests of the

Union with jealous anxiety; to 'discountenance whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly to frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest;' a country whose liberty was the result of joint councils and joint efforts; of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. May these wise and good counsels, given in the fulness of an overflowing heart, which was 'soon to be consigned to the mansions of rest,' sink deep into the mind of every American! NAPOLEON shook the world, and was the thunderer of the scene; but what was his far-reaching ambition, to the aspirations of WASHINGTON? What are his triumphs, now that he sleeps on his lonely isle, far amid the wastes of the sea, to the ardent patriotism and unobtrusive piety which filled the heart of WASHINGTON with expansive benevolence, with all human charities, making him gentle to others, and severe only to himself? So long as the 'blue summits of his native mountains shall rise toward heaven; so long as the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, shall flow onward toward the sea,' so long shall the memory and teachings of WASHINGTON be kept fresh in the hearts of his countrymen!

EDITORS' DRAWER. — Several months have elapsed, since we found leisure to examine attentively the accumulations of our private drawer, wherein is deposited, we may add, in passing, nothing that is not deemed 'pleasant, and of good report,' either as a whole, or in parts. Sometimes, however, objections exist, of an external nature, which delay, and not unfrequently altogether retard, the publication of articles otherwise wholly unexceptionable. We regret to say, that the *length* of very many anonymous communications, of a high order of excellence, wholly precludes their insertion in our pages. Among these, we may include 'Arthur's Superstition,' from the pen of a young and modest writer, who will hereafter, unless we greatly mistake the character of his mind, and the bent of his genius, make himself favorably known to the public. If those of our contemporaries whose scope is more ample, do not anticipate us, in securing the services of this young writer, we shall have the pleasure, when our filed articles are reduced in number, of making our readers familiar with his literary promise. Some idea may be formed of the felicity of his pictures of nature, from the following admirable passage, describing the opening of summer, in the forests of the west:

'When spring-time came, I was in my old haunts on the cliffs; observing Nature, as she proceeded to dress up her fair scenes for the gay season, and greeting the leaves and flowers as they came laughing to their places. I watched the arrivals by every soft south wind. I thought I recognised many a constant pair of old birds, who had been to me like fellow-lodgers the previous summer; and I detected the loud, gay, carousal-song of many a riotous new-comer. These were stirring times in the woods! The robin was already hard at work on his mud foundations, while many of his neighbors were yet looking about, and bothering their heads among the inconvenient forks, or 'crotches.' The sagacious old wood-pecker was going around, visiting the hollow trees, prepping into the knot-holes; dropping in to inspect the accommodations, and then putting his head out to consider the prospect; and all the while, perhaps, not a word was said to a modest little blue-bird that stood by, and had been expecting to take the premises. I observed, too, a pair of sweet little yellow-birds, that appeared like a young married couple, just settling up house-keeping. They fixed upon a bough near me, and I soon became interested in their little plans, and indeed felt quite melancholy, as I beheld the troubles they encountered, occasionally, when for whole days they seemed to be at a stand-still. At last, when their little honey-moon cottage was fairly finished, and softly lined, they both got into it, by way of trial; and when I saw their little heads and bright eyes just rising over the top, I could not help thinking that they really had little hearts of flesh, that were absolutely beating in their downy bosoms.'

We know not when we have met with more life-like limning than this; nor have we any fear that the reader will not agree with us, in our admiration of its picturesque beauty. Our young friend is not less happy in his delineations of feeling and passion. Take, for example, the subjoined sketch, a brief episode in the writer's story, occurring soon after an affecting description of the death of his mother. It is a touching instance of the force of human sympathy, in the bosom of childhood:

'One Saturday afternoon, as I loitered in loneliness around my desolate home, my sorrows overcame me. My heart was ready to break. It swelled and overflowed, and gushes of grief over-

whelmed me. At length, I took my way down to the burying-ground. It was a little gore of meadow land, between two hills. On each side of it there was a brook; the two presently joined their waters, and flowed away to the westward, between the woody ridges. It was only the family burying-place, but the green hillocks covered a plat about sixty feet square. There was no vestige of a fence around it; and no monument was there, except a broken piece of gray stone, at the head and foot of each grave, and an old oak tree, of primeval growth, which marked the head of the grave of one of our pilgrim ancestors. Under that tree he had been laid down, and his children for several fruitful generations had been gathered like the leaves around him. Many an afternoon had I been with my mother under that tree, when the pilgrim seemed to me to have been a contemporary of Abraham. I had looked on that grave while my mother told the traditions, and dwelt upon the virtues, of that good old man. Often had I seen her by his mother's grave, and now there was his own by its side, and the grass was growing over both alike. I sat down, and gave myself up to grief. . . . There was a path through the woods on the opposite hill, and a little girl coming along that way, with a basket on her arm, stopped and looked at me. Presently she came down over the brook, and stood by me. I took no notice of her; I wished her to go away; but she remained standing near, for some time; and at length she lifted up my hat-brim, and looked down into my face. She was a kind, affectionate-looking girl. She took a rose from her basket, and offered it to me; and as I bent my face down, without regarding it, she placed it in my button-hole. She knelt down on the grass, and taking all the flowers from her basket, evidently the gatherings of a whole morning, she selected the prettiest, and offered them to me, by the handful. I took them, looked at them, and laid them down; and then she took them and stuck them in my hat-band, and my bosom, and every button-hole, until I was decked as gaudily as a butterfly. It was impossible not to feel the influence of her simple blandishments; and by degrees she won me from sorrow. I smiled, and at length even laughed; and we played about on the green slope the whole afternoon. . . . At last, when it grew late, she took up her basket, and went over the brook, and away, as she came. The sun was just going down; his slanting rays lingered on the gentle bluffs along the valley; and the bright waters blushed beneath the glowing glances of the departing god of day. Little birds were fluttering about in the quiet scene; and a robin on the hill-side filled the air with liquid notes, and revelled in the gushing melody of his evening song. I wrore with a freshness and vigor of feeling to which I had long been a stranger. I mounted the hill, and looking around on the landscape, I found it wearing the beauty of my happiest days. I leaped the stone-wall, and hurried home, once more a light-hearted boy; and from that afternoon I was almost as cheerful and joyous as ever.

Our readers shall hear more, in due time, from the author of 'Arthur's Superstition'; and in the mean while, let us counsel him to accumulate these fresh and unpremeditated sketches of nature, and 'records of the affections.' They will stand him in good stead, in better days.

'CARLYLE-ISM' embodies a good deal of deserved satire, yet is mainly unjust to the intellectual staple of that extraordinary writer, THOMAS CARLYLE; and as 'C. F.' gives us no liberty to emend, he (or she) — for the hand-writing is a dainty piece of work, will find his *ms.* at the desk of the publication office. The author of 'Sartor Resartus' has many things that a plain reader would desire to see amended; yet it may be questioned whether — such is now his Germanized intellect — any material change would not lose us much which we should be sorry to part with. We had just been reading a passage of his, upon Dr. JOHNSON, before taking up our correspondent's communication; and we must ask even 'C. F.' whether it be not a 'curtailed abbreviation' felicitously 'compressing a synopsis of a good many particulars' in the character of the 'great leviathan':

'Johnson was called the Bear, and did indeed too often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his, there beat a heart warm as a mother's; soft as a little child's. Nay, generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection: the rage of a bear, if you will; but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right, and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men; his very ark of the covenant; whose laid hand on them, tore asunder his heart of hearts. *Not out of hatred to his opponent, but of love to the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel — fiercely contradictory;* this is an important distinction, never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages.' . . . Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little; yet of this he gives freely from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that 'waited the coming out' of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on dead asses: Johnson has a rough voice; but he finds the wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the street; carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing, worthy or unworthy.'

Johnson has found, in Scottish critics, writers disposed to repay in kind his very complimentary remarks upon Scotland and Scotchmen; and these have doubtless assisted to hand down a highly-colored picture of his 'saucy roughness,' which in truth required no embellishment. A recent edition of 'Mrs. Prozzi's 'Johnsoniana,' with notes, gives us some new anecdotes, illustrative of the great love borne by 'the Bear' for the 'land

'THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.'—Seldom has a paper in this Magazine attracted such sudden and wide attention, as 'The Mississippi Bubble,' by Mr. IRVING, in our last number. The introduction, 'The Weather-Breeders of Traffic,' which, by the by, was written many years ago, has been incorporated entire into the resolutions of one of our political parties, and converted into a partisan tract, for extensive distribution. It is said to 'sketch, as with a pencil of light, the scenes that have passed under our own eyes;' is pronounced to be 'worthy of the fame of the author of the Sketch-Book, and the Life of Columbus;' and to be 'as great a favor conferred on the public morals and the public weal, as his former efforts have been an ornament and an honor to our literature.' The other political party express equal satisfaction with the article, which it also commends, on the ground that the course of the Regent of France, in interfering with the management of LAW's famous bank, is a forcible commentary upon the interference of government with the monetary affairs of a country. Fortunate author!—convenient parties!

WINDOW SHADES.—Something more than a year since, we adverted, at some length, in these pages, to a pleasant article of household furniture, which was then coming into use in the best dwellings of the metropolis. We allude to the window-shades, or painted muslin curtains, which may be encountered in more than two-thirds of the dwellings in town, admitting a softened, quiet light into the apartments of their owners, and serving, at the same time, as graceful ornaments of the exterior windows. Mr. GEORGE PLATT, at Number 12 Spruce-street, to whose establishment we invited the public attention, has greatly improved, as we predicted, this admirable fabric, in the variety and beauty of the pictorial embellishments and matériel. Moreover, such has been the demand for the manufacture, that the prices have been very much reduced; putting it within the ability of almost every householder to ornament his dwelling, at a comparatively trifling expense, with one of the most pleasant inventions of the day.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We shall commence, in our next number, a series of original 'Letters from Modern Rome,' written expressly for the Knickerbocker, by George W. Greene, Esq., American Consul at Rome; a writer of distinguished repute, whose long residence in the capital of the Caesars, intimate knowledge of the language, and official position, render him amply qualified to entertain and instruct the reader. Writing in a calm and thoughtful spirit, surrounded by the ruins of seventeen centuries, with comparisons between the past and the present ever rising to his view, we may well anticipate an intellectual repast of no common order. A large and noble engraving, from a Roman painting by Mangiardi, in 1783, entitled 'Prospetto interno dell' Anfiteatro Flavio, chiamato Colosseo dalla Statua Colosale che era nel Capo della Via Sacra,' lies before us; and brings back so vividly the glories of the past, and the ruins of the present, that we long for the fairy-power of Eld, to journey unseen, and to

— 'stand within the Colosseum's wall,
— 'Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome!'—

The 'Journal of Love,' omitted for reasons elsewhere stated, will be continued in our next. A fair correspondent, 'Clio,' on 'rose-scented English satin,' writes us as follows: 'I have been commissioned by a club of ladies, (whose number is thrice that of the Graces, and precisely that of the Muses, and who are in the habit of meeting twice a week for the purpose of reading aloud to each other all new and tender out-pourings of romance or poetry,) to express to you how much we are indebted to you generally for your skill in catering for us, and more especially for that exquisite 'Journal of Love,' by 'Fiscon,' which appeared in your last number. We have read nothing so glowing with feeling and fancy, for a long while. It really carries us back to the dear, delightful days, when we first thrilled under the magic verses of Moore. And how like them, too, in brilliancy and tenderness! How interesting is the hero, in spite of his ugliness! How fervid his admiration of our sex! How touching his confusion and reserve, under his growing passion! How exquisite his indomitable resolutions to give his lady-love the flower, and his faint-heartedness on meeting her! And how delicately is the line drawn, and preserved, between his passionate love for her, and her slatternly regard for him! Why, the reading of the poem so melted us, that it is well the 'embarrassments of the times' have made the men prudent, for in the softened state of our feelings, we must have yielded to the most indifferent offer.' The following papers are filed for insertion, or under consideration: 'A Fragment on Names;' 'The Day-Book of Life;' 'An Advertisement,' by 'John Waters;' 'The Stranger,' and 'A Visit to Italy;' 'Many Friends;' 'Sketches of Northern Scenery;' 'The Sculptor in his Studio;' 'The Brave's Heart;' 'A Leaf from Florida;' 'The Student's Diary;' 'Alphonsa,' Canto II.; 'Letters from an Englishman in America;' 'Lament of Pericles;' 'Letters from the Netherlands;' 'Afternoon in the Woodlands;' 'The Place of Graves;' 'Defence of Xanthippe;' 'Passages from the Public Chronicles of Little Dingleton;' 'The Sad Story;' 'Shuandoah;' 'The White Vulture;' 'Destruction of Captain Pacha's Flag-Ship;' 'American Liberty;' 'The Voice of Ocean;' 'Treatise on Galvanism and Magnetism;' 'The Sympathies,' from the German; 'The Cook, a Domestic Portrait;' 'Memorial of Brainerd;' 'Love and Interest;' 'The Sceptered Monk;' 'An Autumn Evening;' 'Recollections Abroad;' 'Cathedral Church of St. Genevieve, Paris;' 'Some Thoughts on Acting and Actors;' 'Story of Antona Martines and his Sister;' 'Tragi-Comedy;' 'Woman's Love;' 'The Lioness and the Queen of Birds,' &c.

THE 'POSTILLION.'—We must beg leave to differ with our friend and correspondent 'C.' in relation to the merits of this opera. If it had not pleasant qualities—abundantly sufficient to justify its admirable adaptation by Mr. Wilson from its eminent author—it would never have been produced, nor when produced, have, even temporarily, taken the general ear captive. The 'Postillion' does not claim to be an elaborate, grand opera; but its pretensions are to the light and the agreeable, and these we think it fully sustains.

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NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE OF THE MAY NUMBER.

BY JOHN STEARNS, M. D.

THE body is an inert mass, endowed with organs peculiarly adapted to every useful occupation, and when excited into vital action, these organs transmit to the nerves correspondent animation. Through the media of these nerves communicating with external objects, and a simultaneous operation upon the brain, ideas are derived from the senses, and from thence transmitted to, and lodged in, the brain.

The first ideas we receive, are derived mostly from the sense of touch. I wish it here to be distinctly understood, that all the ideas derived from the senses are located together in a particular part of the brain, and are denominated sensual or animal propensities, and are precisely of the same class of ideas which the inferior animals derive from the same source. And until the soul assumes its residence in the brain, and exerts its influence over that organ, the infant possesses no distinctive faculties of mind, superior to the brutes. These sensual ideas are clustered together in a part of the brain entirely distinct from that portion which is occupied by ideas arising from other sources.

The sensual ideas are the source of those appetites, desires, and affections, which contain all the germs of vice with which human nature is afflicted. From these roots emanate hatred, malice, rage, revenge, and all the kindred passions, which give origin to cruelty, ferocity, murder, and systematic warfare. But without these natural impulses, reason would be incompetent to provide for the preservation of the individual, and the continuance of the species.

The perversion of these appetites, so necessary for our preservation and happiness, gives rise to intemperance, and the various modifications of sensual indulgences. By thus prostituting his nobler and higher endowments to such sensual gratifications, man degrades the dignity of his nature, and sinks beneath the brutes. But when the soul commences its operation upon the brain, and extends and continually exerts its influence, all its congeries of organs partake of this new vitality, and the mind also assumes a new and more elevated

existence, with all its faculties and propensities strongly impressed with the intellectual, moral, and religious influence which this new inhabitant exerts over the evil tendencies of its natural propensities. Man now becomes perfect and entire, with body, soul, and mind, and so continues to exist, as long as the soul continues its destined influence over the brain. But when this influence is suspended or destroyed, by disease or violence, the faculties of the mind become deranged, suspended, or cease to exist. This subject acquires additional illustration from recent discoveries in the science of phrenology. All who have acquired a competent knowledge of this science, uniformly concur in the opinion that all the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties which arise from the soul, are located in the anterior and superior portion of the brain. And that all the sensual and animal propensities, which arise from the senses, are located in the posterior and inferior portion of the same organ. According to the principles sustained in this system, the soul alone brings to the brain all the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties which it is known to possess. I trust therefore it will not be deemed ~~arrogance~~ in me to deduce, from these premises, the precise point of location where the soul assumes its actual and permanent residence. These deductions fully justify the opinion that the soul occupies only the superior and anterior portion of the brain, where these faculties are found to exist.

The relative position which the faculties of the soul and the animal propensities thus hold toward each other, is admirably arranged to carry on that systematic warfare, which is said by the apostle to be incessantly waged by the latter against the former; and is also strongly emblematical of their respective characters.

The animal propensities, low, grovelling, and deceptive, in perfect consonance with their prominent traits of character, occupy that inferior and posterior portion of the brain, by which they may be most effectually shielded, and under which they may conceal and prosecute most successfully their insidious assaults upon the soul. While the latter, from its elevated and dignified position, looks down upon its assailants with pity, shielded only from their assaults by the panoply of conscious rectitude.

From the preceding remarks, it will now be perceived that I sustain the position, that the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties exist primarily and exclusively in the soul; and that all the sensual or animal propensities arise entirely and exclusively from the body; hence the former are termed in Scripture 'spiritual,' and the latter 'carnal.' In proportion, then, as volition brings the soul into close affinity with the brain, will the intellectual and moral faculties more or less predominate.

The soul does not, like the mind, acquire knowledge by experience and education, but comes to its habitation in the body replete with perfect intuitive knowledge, which it gradually communicates to the mind, as circumstances facilitating such communications may be more or less propitious. It may hence be easily inferred, that the soul constitutes that new source of ideas to which I have already alluded, and which will subsequently be explained.

By what process the soul acquires its ideas, and this perfect intui-

tive knowledge, is a question which man in his corporeal existence can never answer nor comprehend. It can be understood only when we, disembodied, arrive in that spiritual kingdom, where soul meets soul, under the immediate dominion of the 'King, eternal, immortal, invisible.' Then shall we know as we are known, and be able to solve the questions which here receive no satisfactory reply.

However difficult it may be clearly to comprehend the preceding proposition, it may be more perfectly elucidated, if we are permitted to consider the soul to be an infinitesimal part of Deity; and I am not conscious of any very solid objections to the assumption of this ground. At the same time, I am aware that even the suggestion will be met with objections of the most solemn character, and perhaps with the asseverations of profanity. Such arguments I conceive to be more sophistical than solid, and better calculated to prolong an unprofitable controversy, than to produce conviction, or any decisive result. I shall therefore make no farther allusion to such objections, but merely add a few remarks in vindication of this course.

The universe is filled with the Spirit of God. No portion of it can for a moment be supposed to be destitute of his actual presence. When, therefore, God breathed into man, and he became a living soul, will it be said that this was a new creation, or a portion of that spirit which pervades the universe? We must also consider that spirit is only another word for breath; and that the sentence might very properly be rendered thus: 'God breathed into man his spirit; and he became a living soul.' This also designates the precise time when the soul is received into the body; for as with the breath of the Creator, his spirit was imparted to the first man, so we may conclusively infer that the soul is imparted to the infant with its first inspiration.

Another figurative allusion to the creation of man, 'the rock from which he had been hewed,' fortifies the opinion that the soul is an emanation from his Creator. Sustained by these and other arguments that might be adduced, I shall assume the position that the soul is an infinitesimal part of Deity, without any reference to consequences that might be urged in its refutation: although I deem it perfectly immaterial to the issue of this theory, whether the soul be a new creation, or a part of Deity; as the power which creates, can, with equal facility, render it perfect in either case.

The ways of God are beyond our comprehension, and to His wisdom do we submit the results, without attempting to reconcile them with the very limited views which we are permitted to take of his plans and operations. We can only say with David: 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made!'

I assume only what appears to be the clear and obvious construction of the Bible, as the basis of the theory which I have endeavored to sustain. Beyond this I cannot presume to go. I cannot enter the confines of fancy, and adopt the interminable productions and absurd hypotheses of creative imaginations. Fortunate would it have been for the cause of science, had the wisdom of preceding ages erected its structures upon the same infallible and enduring basis.

I therefore conclude that we are amply sustained, by the evidence already adduced, in ascribing to the soul perfect intuitive knowledge,

derived immediately from the Deity, together with all its intellectual ideas, inherent seeds of virtue, morality, and religion. Why, then, it may be inquired, does not the mind of the infant become perfect in knowledge the moment the soul takes its residence in the brain? I trust the following remarks will be a satisfactory reply to this inquiry.

The Creator has so constituted man, that he must be progressive in all his mental and corporeal developments, and in all their approaches to maturity. The brain of the infant is so extremely delicate in its structure, as to be incompetent to sustain the sudden and full operation of the perfect and mature soul. But few of its organs are at first sufficiently developed, to receive impressions. The faculties of the mind, therefore, which are first manifested, are of the most simple character; and as the organs acquire additional energy and strength, the other more mature and complex faculties become successively developed, so as ultimately to receive the full operation and impressions of the soul.

In perfect accordance with this explanation, the history of Christ does not furnish us with any satisfactory evidence that he manifested, while an infant, any powers of intellect far exceeding the puerilities of a child. This explanation may be more clearly elucidated by a reference to the first man. The body of Adam, in all its parts and organs, was perfect and mature, when his soul was received from his Creator. Consequently his knowledge was not progressively acquired. But being perfect and mature in body, the soul came at once in perfect contact with all those organs of the brain which it was destined to occupy, and to which it instantly communicated intellectual and moral faculties, in their highest state of perfection. Man was, then, made perfect in body, perfect in soul, perfect in mind, and perfect in holiness; literally resembling the image of his Creator, in all his moral and constituent parts.

If any are disposed to controvert this position, and to affirm that the soul is destitute of intelligence, of intellectual and moral faculties, until it has effected an intimate union with those organs of the brain where those faculties are developed, a simple reference to the most conclusive testimony every where exhibited in the Bible, the only authority in existence on this point, of the intelligence manifested by angelic and other disembodied spirits, in their communications to man, and with each other, is amply sufficient to place this question forever at rest.

So frequently repeated is this evidence, and so well known to every believer in divine revelation, that a reference to particular instances would be a useless occupation of time. I may here observe, that all information and facts relating to the world of spirits, derived from any source counter to divine revelation, must rest upon a false basis. Where is the man that has lived in that spiritual world, and returned to instruct corporeal beings in the nature, character, and faculties of the souls which dwell there? But there is One, who not only dwells there, but rules as its absolute sovereign, over that spiritual region, who has condescended to instruct man in the mysteries of that portion of his empire, which are necessary for his happiness. Is it not, then, a species of insanity to abandon this only

source of truth, and to resort to the theories of unaided reason, as manifested in the writings of Aristotle and Plato? Yet with this light brilliantly illuminating their path, ever since the commencement of the Christian era, have philosophers sought the light of truth among the dark recesses of heathen philosophy. Error has thus been based on error, until the whole superstructure exhibits, in a beautiful exterior, specimens of refined taste and exquisite art, but without that material necessary to constitute symmetry, strength, and duration.

If the soul be the fountain from which the mind derives all its streams of intellectual and moral science, the opinions advocated by Locke and others, that all ideas originate from sensation and reflection, must be unfounded. What possible use can metaphysicians ascribe to the soul, the only intellectual part of man? Can it for a moment be admitted, that although perfect, it acquires all its ideas from its union with an inert, inanimate body? The manner in which ideas originate from the senses has already been explained; but how ideas of morality and religion can, by any mode or power of reflection, be generated from the combined operation of the five senses, is to me an obscure mystery. Neither can I understand how ideas arising entirely from sensation, can ever arrive at those sublime intellectual attainments, which unfold the laws of creation, embrace the universe, scan the heavens, penetrate the world of spirits, and ascend to a knowledge of that great supreme of all spirits, the omnipotent, the omniscient God.

Although this opinion has been advocated, and confidently affirmed, by that profound philosopher, John Locke, it is evidently at variance with correct observation and strong facts. Ideas arising entirely and exclusively from the senses, can never, by any human power, be extended beyond the objects of sense. The sense of touch can generate no other ideas than those which arise from those external objects, which come in contact with that sense.

Such ideas may, by comparison or reflection, ascertain the various qualities of the objects to which this sense has been applied, and which come within its powers of investigation, and may also compare these with ideas derived from the other senses. But there their powers end. The sense of smelling may ascertain the peculiar odors of all bodies, and may compare the ideas arising from that source with each other, and also with those arising from the other four senses. But there its faculties also terminate. The faculties and operations of all the other senses are subjected to the same laws, and restricted to the same limits.

But from which of the senses can any moral or religious ideas originate? Or can any such results be generated by the combined action of all the ideas of sensation, with their very limited powers of reflection, in grand council convened? No; ages might roll away, in a vain search for knowledge so infinitely exceeding their highest conceptions! The soul must come to impart to the mind the sources from which all this knowledge is derived. And without this knowledge, man is not superior to the brutes. He sees, feels, hears, smells, and tastes, in common with them; and all his reasoning powers are, like theirs, limited to the proper objects which are designed to gratify those senses, and to preserve life. This is the mode of reasoning

peculiar to all animals destitute of a soul ; and so far as the gratification of the senses, and the preservation of life, are concerned, they reason more correctly than man. So rapid is this process performed in their minds, and so correct and instantaneous are the conclusions at which they arrive, and so far exceeding similar powers in man, that it has been considered to be the effect of a divine influence, denominated instinct ; a faculty which no one can understand.

A variety of reasons might be assigned to explain these extraordinary powers in brutes. The preservation of their lives, and the gratification of their appetites, absorb their whole attention ; and their mental faculties, being exclusively and constantly exercised upon these objects, acquire a high degree of activity, and impart to their nerves an acuteness of discernment, which enables them to avoid noxious articles, and to select those only which administer to their wants, and to their sustenance.

As a substitute for their privation of the higher intellectual powers, their nervous system has been originally endowed with an extreme sensitive acuteness, on which all their reasoning powers depend ; and by the degree of this acuteness, may those powers be accurately graduated. The mind of man being occupied with nobler and more elevated themes, often neglects to attend to the dictates of those senses which direct to the means of self-preservation, and in this respect may be considered inferior to other animals. Facts in corroboration of this exposition daily occur under our notice, and might be cited *ad libitum*. The elephant exhibits a striking instance of this fact ; the extremity of whose trunk is supplied with more nerves than the whole of his huge body beside. He consequently possesses a faculty of discriminating, so extremely acute and sensitive, and so far exceeding that of other animals, as to be denominated the 'half-reasoning elephant.'

Although Locke is opposed to the admission of innate ideas, others have assumed the opposite ground, and advocated their preëxistence, with ability and success ; but appear utterly at a loss to account for their precise location, or their origin, or the mode of their existence, and the means by which they may be excited to action. A reference to the opinions of a few prominent authors, in their own words, will exhibit a more explicit detail of their views, their difficulties, and their unsuccessful efforts to divest this subject of its intrinsic mysteries. In contrast with their confused views on this subject, I shall then endeavor to explain the perfect consistency of innate ideas with the theory sustained in this essay, and to evince how easily all these difficulties and mysteries may be dissipated, and the whole subject rendered perfectly clear and intelligible.

STEWART says : ' Locke was guilty of great error, in deducing the origin of all our knowledge from sensation and reflection, and also in denying the existence of innate ideas, and in asserting that our ideas of morality and religion are the result of education and experience. The sciences rest ultimately on first principles, which must be taken for granted, without proof.'

BOYLE says : ' God has furnished man either with certain innate ideas, or with models and principles, or with a faculty to frame them :

The innate light of the rational faculty is more primary than the rules of reasoning.'

Dr. REID: 'The first principles of every kind of reasoning are given us by nature. The conclusions of reason are built on first principles. How or when I got such first principles, I know not, for I had them before I can remember.'

Dr. WATTS: 'It is our knowledge of truths which are wrought into the very nature and make of our minds. They are too evident to need proof. They are thought to be innate propositions, or truths born with us.'

Dr. BEATTIE: 'That all mathematical truth is founded on certain first principles, which common sense or instinct compels us to believe without proof. Hence there is a power in the mind which perceives elementary truth, and commands implicit belief by instinctive impulse derived from nature.'

Dr. HANCOCK: 'I therefore conclude that the elements, or first principles, of reasoning belong to every rational being, and that we cannot attain speculative knowledge, without building our reasoning on certain rational instincts, or first principles. So we cannot attain to any practical virtue, without building on the fundamental principles of morality and religion, originally laid in the mind by God.'

LORD BACON: 'The light of nature shines upon the soul by an internal instinct, according to the law of conscience, by which it is enabled to discover the perfection of the moral law.'

SIR MATTHEW HALE: 'By his faculties man is enabled to know the will of God, for it is in a great measure inscribed in his soul. Our clearest and best sentiments of morality have been gathered from a due animadversion of our own minds, next to divine revelation.'

Dr. CUDWORTH: 'The soul is not a mere *tabula rasa*, a naked, passive thing, which has no innate furniture or activity of its own. The anticipations of morality spring from some inward vital principle in intellectual beings.'

From these extracts, it will be perceived that many of the most eminent metaphysicians concur in the belief of innate ideas, or first principles, without being able to account for their origin. But if we admit the distinctive existence of the soul, and that it possesses all the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties, before its union with the body, we can easily understand the origin of innate ideas, their location, and mode of existence in the soul, and also the manner and means by which they are gradually and successively excited to action. These have already been explained.

The soul, in its approach to the brain, brings with it all those innate ideas, the origin, existence, and location of which have so mysteriously embarrassed the scientific world. And as the organs which these faculties are destined to occupy become successively developed, and matured to receive impressions, without the hazard of being disorganized, they become more or less manifest, according to concurring circumstances. This is that class of innate ideas which communicates to us the first intelligence we ever receive of the being of a God, and of the necessity of living a holy and a religious life. These impressions are deepened by subsequent observation of his works, and above all by Divine revelation.

It must here be distinctly understood, that the ideas of a God and

of religion are not in the first instance acquired by education and experience, but are derived entirely and exclusively from the soul ; which, according to the explanation already given, is perfect in all its intellectual, moral, and religious faculties.

The senses also produce impressions on the brain of the fœtus before birth, which constitute another source of innate ideas. On this principle, the much controverted question relative to the origin of virtue and vice, and the predisposition of infants to the latter, may be satisfactorily explained.

The following remarks of Dr. HUTCHINSON, in relation to this topic, accord with the views of other philosophers, and are too appropriate to be omitted. He says : ' It is an arduous task to trace virtue to its original source, whether it comes to man by nature, or by custom and education, or by some divine instinct. Many eminent philosophers admit that we have innate seeds of virtue. The seeds of virtue do not show themselves so early as the seeds of vice, whatever may be the advantage of outward good example. For as that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is animal, and afterward that which is spiritual, so it may be consistent with the right order of things, that the animal, sensual, or inferior propensities, should appear before the moral or spiritual. We know not why the latter noble principles should appear in the infant, before it has discovered one spark of intellect. The following is the regular order in the scale of intellect : a sensitive, an animal, an intellectual, and moral state, is gradually unfolded. The propensities which appear first, are not so excellent as those which appear last.'

All seem to concur with Dr. Hutchinson in the opinion just quoted, that vice precedes virtue in the order of time ; but none have accounted for the fact why it should so occur ; nor have they satisfactorily explained the predisposition of infants to vice.

I will now proceed to exhibit the facility with which this theory will elucidate this intricate subject, divest it of all mystery, and place it on the plain and simple ground of other physical operations.

I have already explained the manner in which ideas originate from the senses ; that they are the first in the order of existence, and consequently make the first impressions on the brain ; and that originating entirely from the body, they may with propriety be denominated sensual, or, in the language of Scripture, carnal. These ideas, thus originating from the flesh, contain all the germs of vice, so subversive of human felicity ; and when transmitted to, and lodged in the brain, constitute the sensual mind, in contradistinction to the moral mind, which is derived from the soul.

The sensual mind, thus originating from the five senses, and being the first in the order of time, makes the first impressions upon the brain ; and as vice is the product of the sensual mind, and most congenial to its nature, the mind of the infant becomes thereby predisposed to vice, and to all its train of evils, before the moral mind is sufficiently matured to counteract its baleful influence.

How long this influence has been exerted, and how deep these impressions have been made, before the counter agents from the soul begin to operate, we can never ascertain. But that they are settled and radicated, accords with experience, and is confirmed by facts.

And until the soul, by the efforts of volition, is brought to exert its influence to eradicate the impressions already made, the predisposition to vice will continue to increase, and to grow stronger and deeper, until advanced age shall render it perfectly insensible to the counter influence of the soul. It can then be eradicated only by the miraculous power of the Almighty. Thus verifying the Scripture : 'The sinner of a hundred years old shall be accursed.'

The order in the preceding scale of intellect, by Dr. Hutchinson, is perfectly consistent with the explanation I have already given of innate ideas, and is good authority in support of this theory. The same principles are equally applicable to explain the origin of virtue and vice. The first in his scale, the sensitive state, arises from the sense of touch, and is the first idea transmitted to the brain of the fœtus. The animal state is the result of the other senses, as they successively commence operation ; thus, when complete, constituting the perfect sensual mind, the origin of all vice. His second and third, the intellectual and moral state, arrive with the soul, and do not commence operation upon the brain, until respiration has commenced, and the sensual mind has made considerable progress toward its complete formation. This arrival of the soul constitutes the inceptive stage of the moral mind, the origin of all virtue, which is gradually unfolded in all its faculties, as the different organs of the brain become developed, which it is destined to occupy, and as the body approaches its mature and perfect state.

The preceding remarks relate to the mind in its sane and healthy condition. A few brief reflections will show how satisfactorily the sane principles may be applied to explain the operations of the mind under the influence of disease.

It is not my intention, at present, to proceed to a detailed exposition of the causes and treatment of insanity, but merely to indicate a few general principles that may be applied to preserve the health and to prevent the disease of the mind.

The radical difference in the intellectual faculties of men is not so great as the difference in the means which they employ for their respective improvement in knowledge. It was a common remark of Sir Isaac Newton, that if he possessed any advantage over others, it consisted entirely in his ability to control his attention. This is literally true, and is the grand secret by which the most eminent and most scientific men have acquired their highest attainments, and their prominent distinction in the world. The reason is very obvious. Those who abstract their attention from extraneous subjects, and concentrate it entirely and exclusively upon the objects of their study, will arrive at the highest possible attainments in science.

By extending this controlling influence to all the faculties of the soul, ideas which had been long dormant, and of the existence of which the mind had become unconscious, will be excited to renewed and vigorous action. The soul, with all its faculties, will be thus brought into a more intimate approximation to, and alliance with, the organs of the brain, and will consequently impart to the mind that peculiar species of intellectual, moral, or religious science, which the will makes the greatest efforts to obtain. And if its exertions operate with equal force upon all these faculties, the individual will

thereby acquire the reputation of being not only a great and wise man, but also of being a good man, devoted to objects of piety and benevolence. The mind, like the body, requires constant and regular exercise; to preserve its healthy condition; and if suitably controlled by the will, its health and its sanity will continue to be preserved, until they are impaired by the infirmities incident to declining life. All its faculties will then be in equal and regular action. Antagonist agents will never permit this balance to be disturbed, while they are unaffected by disease. This constitutes the most healthy and sane condition of the mind; and may always be found most perfect in those eminent men who are most distinguished for a high moral intellect, but destitute of this moral restraint; men of the highest intellectual attainments are most liable to paroxysms of insanity.

When this equanimity is disturbed, and this harmony of action destroyed, by any adequate cause, a discordance in the operation of the faculties occurs, which gradually impairs the sanity of the mind, and ultimately terminates in confirmed derangement.

It will therefore be perceived that the preceding remarks justify the conclusion, that the same test which designates a great and good mind, will equally designate its most sane and healthy condition.

I consider the will to be the supreme arbiter of this epitome of the universe. It sits enthroned in regal majesty, dispensing its mandates through all the minute ramifications of its complicated empire. If these mandates are wisely conceived, and faithfully executed, by the subordinate agents which are permanently stationed at their respective posts; if the will brings the soul, with all its faculties, into complete and extensive operation upon the brain; all the departments of its government will be equally and justly balanced, and the respective powers of each department will be retained within their own spheres of action.

This condition of mind is best adapted to promote the happiness and the usefulness of the individual who possesses it. But the least deviation from this standard will mar this happiness, impair this usefulness, and induce disorder and discord; all of which evils will continue to accumulate and to multiply, precisely as the will loses its influence, or is influenced by bad motives, or ceases to control the attention and all the faculties of the soul.

The first symptoms which indicate the gradual approaches to insanity, are seldom observed: they are often denominated eccentricities of character, without the least suspicion of mental disease, and are characterized by a vacillating state of mind; a rapid transition of thought from one thing to another; an inability to confine the attention, for any length of time, to one subject. This disposition continues to increase, till it terminates in an incessant wandering of the mind.

The imagination then usurps the place of the understanding, and presents to the mind a thousand fanciful paintings, which the fancy endows with life and animation, and which it occasionally converts into castles, animals, and armies. Those persons who are in the habit of permitting their thoughts to rove at random, with no fixed object on which to concentrate, and without exerting any efforts to arrest their unmeaning current, or to subject them to the control of

the will, are always liable to become insane. It is therefore very obvious that the remedial means necessary to prevent this deplorable occurrence, in its incipient stage, must be sought for in an entire removal of the remote and exciting causes. This habitual roving of the current of thought must be arrested, and brought, by habitual and strict discipline, into a regular train of moral reflections, steadily directed to one subject. The will must resume its authority, and exert all its efforts to control the attention, and to subdue all the faculties of the soul to its sovereign power. Such a course of remedial treatment, prudently and judiciously administered, will arrest the progress of the disease in its incipient stage, prevent its ultimate distressing termination, and restore to his anxious friends one who, without these precautionary measures, might have become a perfect maniac; a tenant of the asylum; an outcast from the world.

I have now arrived at the completion of a very imperfect outline of a system of mental science, which I feel fully assured will most satisfactorily explain the mysteries connected with the immaterial part of man. That I have succeeded in producing an equal conviction in the minds of others, I can scarcely venture to hope. And indeed I have no desire to produce such conviction, unless this system shall ultimately be found to rest on the immutable basis of truth.

But before the critic dips his pen in gall, I earnestly solicit him to bestow all his attention upon this view of the subject, until, by diligent investigation, he shall acquire a perfect knowledge of all the facts, authorities, and evidence, on which it is founded, and shall also clearly perceive the facility and perspicuity with which the appropriate details may explain and develop the occult mysteries of the science of mind; and if he can then, unprejudiced and in perfect candor, pronounce its principles to rest on a false basis, and shall sustain the charge, and effectually demolish the whole fabric, by sound arguments, supported by facts, I will promptly retract my error, and cheerfully bestow upon him my warmest gratitude and most profound admiration.

But if the fundamental principles of this system shall survive the assaults of the critic, and receive the sanction of public opinion, the subject will be resumed and pursued through all the variety of details connected with the immaterial part of man, until the extensive field inclosed by this outline shall be fully occupied. And I trust that a new era in the philosophy of mind will thus be commenced, which abler talents will cultivate and improve, until the whole system of mental science shall be divested of all mystery, and so clearly elucidated and simplified, that both the material and immaterial parts of man shall be rendered equally susceptible of demonstrative proof.

REDDES DULCE LOQUI.

'T is all in vain: I have no more nor force nor fire at will,
Though doomed the trodden round to tread, a race-horse in a mill:
Like that forlorn and flaunting form, the rake's abandoned toy,
Whom grief forbids, but want compels, to wear the face of joy,
My wo-worn Muse, too long assailed by sorrow, sickness, pain,
In vain resumes the lighter note—Thalia's jocund strain.

THE STORM AT SEA.

I.

'T is the wild and dark night-season ; o'er the mountain's flinty cone
The stormy clouds are passing, and the wind makes dismal moan ;
You may hear its gloomy chanting, where the first wave wild and hoary,
On the summit of the headland, and the distant promontory ;
For the legions of the tempest are coming one by one,
Unto the dreadful music of heaven's solemn thunder-gun !

II.

It is the wild night-season, and o'er the waters dark,
Fast hunted by the tempest, careers the freighted bark ;
The sailor sees the cloud-rack fast driving in the gale,
And with cold-stiffened fingers reefs up the flapping sail ;
And the hoarse-voiced captain labors with the pilot at the wheel,
While rattling o'er the ocean, comes the thunder's distant peal.

III.

Now louder creak, ye forests ! — for the night-storm hath set in,
And the distant mountains echo to its fearful, angry din ;
The solemn fir woods tremble, and, rushing through the air,
The pine trees crush the night-wolf in her tangled mountain lair,
And the whistling of the cold wind is mingled with the roar
Of the torrent on the hill side, and the billows on the shore.

IV.

And so it came to pass that night, as o'er the raging sea,
Fast chased by hungry tempest, went the princely argosy ;
Amid her torn and tattered sails the wild wind fiercely blew,
And the sea-brine drenched the garments of her brave and gallant crew,
While the hoarse oath of the sailor, upon the bending mast,
Rose wildly with the wailing of the errant ocean blast.

V.

The captain and the pilot to the creaking tiller clung,
And o'er their heads the lantern from the wet ceiling swung,
And the mate yelled to the seamen through all the dreary night,
While the seaman marked the headland by the lightning's livid light,
And from his giddy eyrie saw far upon the lea
The fearful breakers rising through the wild and stormy sea.

VI.

The woody cape is full in sight — but hark ! — what sound is this,
Which cometh from the wide domain of ocean's wilderness !
The lightning fiercely glimmers through the rain-beat window-pane,
As far upon the ocean it shakes its glittering chain ;
And on the pilot's forehead the sweat-drops glisten bright,
As he bends to mark the needle by the lantern's flickering light.

VII.

It is — it is the hurricane ! With wild and gloomy roar
It rushes through the ravines, along the leeward shore :
The awe-struck pilot trembles, as toiling at the wheel,
He sees the dreadful lightning wink, and hears the thunder peal ;
But he shall guide that bark no more across the ocean main,
For what can stand the fury of God's swift hurricane !

VIII.

Now louder roars the tempest, the air is all a din,
And around that fated argosy the whistling whirlwinds spin ;
The pilot leaves the useless helm, and bends himself to pray,
And loudly laughs the breaker through the feathery ocean spray ;
And wildly in the stormy air doth 'shriek the white sea-mew,'
As down into the ocean sink that brave and gallant crew !

A FRAGMENT ON NAMES.

'Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.' — QUIN. HOR. FLACC.

'They first change your name, and then put a fib in your mouth.' — FREE TRANS.

'And if we cannot alter things,
At least we'll change their names, Sir.'

ADAMS, J. Q., IN VERS. DOGG. CON. JEFF.

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. — SHAKES.'

name;
fame.

PORTÆ DIVERSICULI: PASSIM.

'The cause of all charges of inaccuracy in this work, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is attributable to a want of a knowledge of the correct spelling of the word sought for. You must know how to spell the name, else censure not the publisher, but yourself, if you do not find it. Mind this.'

LONGWORTH'S DIRECTORY: ED. 1839.

It is a sad thing to be without a name! Beggar as I am, I am poor even in this cheapest of all cheap commodities; a thing not only to be had for the asking, but which, in nine cases out of ten is forced upon one, whether he will have it or no. The foundling picked up by the way-side, or left, wrapped in clean linen, at the door of a gentleman's mansion, has the whole fatherhood of the city to stand as his sponsors in baptism. And his god-fathers are generous. They give him a name that has a local habitation connected with it; that of a street or square; or mayhap, in consideration of his infantile promise, they invest him with the flowing dignity of a river, or the territorial consequence of an island. They are not checked and swayed by family interests and influences; the parents of half the unfortunate appellations imposed upon babes and sucklings. No wealthy bachelor uncle, Aminadab, Peleg, or Jehosaphat, nor spinster aunt, Grizzle, Abishag, or Patience, are at hand, to be coaxed out of their gold, by adopting their names, and transmitting them to posterity; consenting to take the bad burden, in consideration of divers stocks, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, thereby becoming rich and ridiculous for life. Nor are they confounded with the immense and indistinctive family of the John Smiths, and James Browns, and William Johnsons, many of whom, in their peculiar vocations of burglars, pirates, and murderers, have brought disgrace upon such of their respectable connexions as have neither been hanged, nor died in the state's prison. These are names which, as the vulgar phrase runs, 'are no names at all.'

Peter Schlemil had as good a shadow as any man living, but Peter lost it. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' was the mournfully poetical remark of Burke, who, in common with the rest of us, had the advantage, in shadow, of Peter Schlemil. Peter roamed about, like the Wandering Jew, in search of that which other folks affect to despise; proving thereby, that life without its shadows is as unnatural and poverty-stricken a state as life without its lights. 'A pretty thing to run after!' says the grave moralist. Tell us, thou man of sanctity, are there no shadows in thine own philosophy? Is it the material world alone with which thou holdest converse? Are not our aspirations, hopes, yearnings, after brighter and better things,

shadows all? Hast no intellectual bantlings, no dream-children, born of thine own brain, that thou lovest to cherish? What future can there be to thee — what great hereafter? Is there no gleam on the pathway of far-stretching years? — no bow of promise in the skies, arched and tinted by thine own mental handy work? What are shadows, but the soul's messengers, sent forth on errands of love and hope? Examine thine own heart, proud preacher! Even while thou art propounding lessons of wisdom, and virtue, and goodness, thy selfish breast is consoling itself with the reflection, that the world will quote thy words, long after thy lips are mute. Even now, thy heart is careering far and wide, over the infinite future, in a wild-goose chase after ten thousand shadows. Thou art a very wise man, and a virtuous, Sir Sage, but thou mayest learn a lesson even from an unlettered pupil. Beware of cant, and talk not of matters which it hath not been given thee to understand.

But Peter Schlemil's shadow was a shadow of a different kind; a material shadow, if the critics so please. If the heart grows to the most common things that it daily meets, is it strange that a man should contract a strong affection for his own shadow; an emanation from his own person; the constant companion of his daily walks; that sticketh to him closer than a brother, and is shut out from communion with him only by the earth that hides his coffin? The majestic sun, when throned in state at high noon, indeed stares it out of countenance, yet it is but for a moment. With this slight exception, it is ever at his side. It is with him in the busy mart. It runs with him over the hill-side, and stretches out in the slant rays of the declining sun, as if a Titan were stalking over the land. No wonder poor Peter searched for years for his lost companion.

Had Peter Schlemil never enjoyed the companionship of a shadow, he would have been comparatively a happy man. Had the unfortunate being who pens these lines, passed through his early years anonymously, he would neither have suffered sore tribulation, nor have written this article. Humble and unambitious, he would have travelled through life incog., and that too without desiring to imitate the example of many illustrious strangers, lords and lacquies, peers and prison-birds, ladies of the ton and the town, whose shrinking modesty, and unaffected desire of avoiding the gaze and applause of the public, have lead them to foreswear the acts of their god-fathers and god-mothers. The only consolation — if such it be — is, that we were not always nameless:

‘Come what may, we have been blest!’

We once had a name, and we can prove it.

Alas! vain was the presence of the white-stoled priest, vain the attendance of generous friends, who were not ashamed of me, as, God wot, I am of every specimen of new-born baby humanity. And here let me say, by way of digression, that it puzzles me vastly to understand what there is about these helpless intruders into this breathing world, that people make such a fuss about them. To me, a puppy-dog of a month old is an infinitely more interesting object than a child of the same age. His first half-bold, half-fearful attempts

at a bark, are to me far more musical than the infant's shrill cry of pain; for a baby can't raise a laugh at that time of life. And then his playfulness, his frolic and waggy; his infinite love of mischief; his coaxing invitations to engage you to play with him; toddling to man as his first, best friend, and seeking to gain his confidence and protection by a thousand winning graces; his half-in-fun, half-in-earnest experiments of the qualities of his teeth upon your person; his excess of good-nature, for puppies are always good-natured, which is by no means always the case with babies; who can resist them? May the hand raised to strike him, miss its aim, and encounter an object that will scrape its knuckles to the bone! May the foot raised to kick him, overreach its mark, and each particular toe be stubbed for its pains! And what is an infant at the time of life when puppyhood is most interesting? The personification of helplessness; a 'lactiverous animalcule;' an incarnate nonentity; a wonder that, in its utter weakness, it lives on from day to day. To conceive that such a little lump of helplessness will expand in bodily and mental strength, till it reaches the full stature and the wonderful powers of mature manhood; that it will send forth thoughts that will be the parents of new thoughts, quickening the action of other minds, sinking deep into the world's heart, winning its admiration, or forcing it into subjection to its mighty will, affecting for weal or wo the destiny of thousands, requires a reach of imagination to which the mind could not attain, were it not for the lessons of daily experience, which prove that such things have been, and will be. And then each stranger is welcomed with as much fuss and parade as if a new arrival of that character were a thing that happens but once in a century. For my own part, I have long since ceased to regard these things as novelties. But I have gone too far. I am uttering horrid heresies. Every fond papa and mamma in the land already regard me as dead to all the kind and gentle affections and sympathies. The anathemas of nurses, rising above the shrill squalling of babes and sucklings, pierce my ears. I confess my guilt. *Mea culpa, mea culpa!* Pity and pardon for the crime, or at least grant me the benefit of clergy! A poor, harmless, solitary bachelor am I. All my bantlings consist of a few brain-children, some of them dead to the world by this time; others stolen and disfigured by the gipsies of literature, and then claimed as their own; and others yet alive, but in rather a sickly state, (they all have a tendency to consumption, and I begin to think it is constitutional with them,) but none of them a charge upon the town, nor the inmates of any literary asylum — unless, mayhap, a few of the verse-boys may have got into the mad-house. Even as regards these, I indulge the fond hope that if they are crazy, they are harmless.

But as I said before, my friends were not ashamed of me upon that solemn occasion. (There is one advantage at least, in being an infant. You have friends then, sincere, heart-whole, generous friends.) Every formulary at the ritual was attended to; not a ceremony was omitted. I was fairly, honorably, legally, ecclesiastically, endowed with a name. The business of life commenced, and I had good endorsers, who chose to take upon themselves the burden of my infant sins; honest book-keepers, who engaged to write up my

accounts ; ledger, day-book, blotter, and all ; until I should arrive at man's estate, dissolve the partnership, and start in life, to traffic on my own account. As to the books *they* kept, that is their business. Alas for the dog-leaved, blotted, erased state of mine own, the originals from which copies are made into the book of fate, where there is no expunging, save when soft-eyed Mercy weeps out a black entry ! Was there one of that group of friends who took me by my tiny hand, and bade me welcome by my new name, that could have imagined, for a moment, that the grave ceremony at which he was assisting, was no better than a solemn mummerly ; a thing done in play, like a child's christening a doll ! Such of them whose names are still among the living, assure me, that there was no farce about the matter, but that it was an occasion of uncommon solemnity, interrupted only by a little light vocal music of my own, perhaps intended by way of interlude, and to relieve the otherwise sombre character of the ceremonies ; and they are graciously pleased to say, that if my volunteer performances on that occasion did partake of levity, they kindly pardoned the ill-timed mirth, in consideration of my tender years, and my ignorance of the usages of society. But they regarded the christening as complete in all its moods and tenses, and they departed under the comfortable conviction that they had done a kind act to a weak brother, in giving him a good name, and helping him to a fair start in the world.

'But, Sir, look to the legislature, where names are bestowed under the highest authority in the land.' 'The courts are open to all,' said some one to Horne Tooke. 'So is the London Tavern open to all,' answered the shrewd agitator ; 'but he who stops there, must pay.' Must I exhaust my small means in lobbying, and log-rolling, and making legislative bargains, to secure me that which is mine own ? Must I so far exceed my power of face, as to look wise, shrug my shoulders, give out that I am in favor of a charter, with banking privileges, to encourage the last new invention ; insinuate that 'I know what 's what,' have friends at court, and should there happen to be a vacancy in the office of fence-viewer, dog-inspector, or a sly mission to the Flat-head Indians, to induce them to emigrate beyond the Rocky Mountains, there 's no telling whether some of these legislative dignitaries may not be placed in the way of promotion to these high honors ? My soul revolts at it ! Beside, should I not bow, and scrape, and promise in vain, how am I the gainer ? If the legislature grants me all I ask, and publishes its high mandate to the world, what doth it profit me ? My name is taken away by another man's adopting it. Can I make him cast it off ? Will the chancellor enjoin him against using it ? I charge not him with the crime, except perhaps as the receiver of pilfered goods. His god-fathers and god-mothers were the nomenclatorial larceners, and he may well enough plead that he was no party to the first offence. He took the name in good faith, and that is a good plea against any usurious or fraudulent transaction on the part of unscrupulous principals. Beside, I could not prove that the principals stole my name. It is so common, that it can be picked up at every corner of the street.

'But change your name ; the legislature can do that.' Hear me. As the first fond kiss of blest maternity over the first-born pledge of

trust and love; as the first prayer of the pilgrim Islamite at the prophet's tomb; as the star to the moth, the sun to the earth, the water-brook to the panting hart, the fountain to the river, the river to the sea; the first mint-julep of the season to a thirsty Virginian; the first fat office to a hungry politician; as each yearns for and clings to each, so cling I to my name. It is 'the immediate jewel of my soul,' and call it diamond, or paste, I've won it honestly, and I'll wear it through life.

Having been despoiled of my first name, I began to doubt whether I had any legitimate title to my second; in fact, whether there was, in reality, any good downright Saxon family, such as I supposed mine to be. I have the proud satisfaction to state, that on that score I am properly authenticated. We are all in the Domesday Book, a baker's dozen of us. We held lands (great people we, in our day,) in Hautesc, and Benos, and Somerset, and Devensc, and Oxenfordsc, and Scrippsc, and divers other places ending with a c, and were it not that the Saxon pot-hooks, which describe the extent of our vast possessions, are to us untranslatable, (our education in that branch of dialectics having been somewhat neglected,) we might enlighten the anxious public as to the details of our tenure, the wonderful privileges we enjoyed, and other 'matters of general interest and importance.' We probably did good service as stout retainers to some baron bold, wet-nursing his pet quarrels, fighting when commanded, without troubling ourselves about the justness of the cause; paying round rents for the protection which he boasted he gave us, but which we in fact gave him, and occasionally amusing ourselves with a little free-booting, by way of variety, and to keep our hands in practice. Our name and pedigree are therefore as respectable as name and pedigree need be, especially in a republican country, where the respectability of the progenitors of a race-horse is considered of far higher importance than that of any ancestry merely human, though traced back to the dark ages. On that score we regard, and rightly too, all the past as one dark age, and look to each man as the Rodolph of his own house, the founder of his own name, and even that for himself alone.

An acquaintance, long in the same plight with ourselves, and who bore the manifold inconveniences and sufferings to which his unfortunate and undistinguishable name subjected him, with a sort of humorous resignation, suffered sore tribulation when his intimate friends gave him the wrong address. We take the liberty of copying one of his lamentations. It shows a ludicrous sadness, a painful trifling with a matter which half pestered his life out of him. There was one supernumerary letter, which nine out of ten of those who addressed him, would blunderingly add to his name, thus confounding it with that of others, pushing it into the common crowd, and depriving it of every thing like personal identity. Here it is:

'SIR: Did you ever become intimately acquainted with a person, and after associating with him for a long time, astonish him by asking him to have the goodness to tell you *his name*? This has been the case with me several times; but I have such a wretched memory for names, that I sometimes forget my own. As to the *spelling* of it, I am becoming more and more perplexed every day. As I have not

the family Bible near me, I have no authentic record to which to refer, to ascertain what discriminative appellation my respectable god-fathers and god-mothers endowed me withal. As I have naturally a feeble memory, it cannot be expected that I should recollect what took place at my own christening. At so tender an age, that part of the brain which is considered by phrenologists as constituting the physical seat of memory, is too soft and jelly-like to be capable of receiving a durable impression. We are indeed told, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings many wise and good sayings have proceeded, but I believe there is no record that when these babes attained to riper years, they astonished the world by drawing upon those stores of information which they gathered together while in their swaddling clothes. I have seen no such 'hinfant fernomenon,' as Mr. Weller would express it. Failing, then, in the recollections of my babyhood, and having no immediate record to which to refer, I am compelled to resort to such collateral and extrinsic testimony as I can find around me. I am in the situation of the poor little old woman, whose confusion as to her identity has been made the subject of a pathetic nursery ballad, by one of the old poets :

'If I be I,
As I suppose I be,
I have a little dog at home,
And he knows me.'

So, 'if I be I,' surely my friends ought to know it. The little old woman who submitted the question of her personal identity to the evidence of her dog, instead of being enlightened in her search after truth, was doubly confused by the unexpected testimony of that whimsical little beast. He did not recognize her, and barked his unacquaintance. Whereupon the little old woman, in an agony of desperation and self-ignorance, cried out, 'Sure this is none of I!' How she found out who she was, or whether she found it out at all, the legend saith not. Now, if the abounding testimony of friends is against me in my researches to find out who I am, I must hide my diminished head in the darkness of self-ignorance, and depart from among those who once knew me, in the grossest self-confusion. Were my patronymic garnished with a dozen aliases, the multitude might confuse my friends, and they might be bothered to recollect my real name. Unless my memory fails me, my sponsors were in no-wise prodigal, even in the cheap article of names. The priest showered no superfluous baptismal honors on my infant head. I was christened with all the brevity consistent with so solemn a ceremony. I was taught by those under whose nurture and admonition I was brought up, (it was one of the earliest lessons instilled into my infant mind,) that I HAD A NAME. Was this only the flattery of fond parents? Was it a mere nursery tale, invented to keep me quiet? Was it a pious fraud, a holy cheat, one of the censurable tricks of doing evil that good may come? Sir, my parents were no Jesuits. They were no cruel and unmitigated punsters, to play thus unfeelingly with the name of a lovely babe. I was, according to the course of nature, too young to choose a name for myself, and they availed themselves of the permission of the law, to confer a name upon me. It is mine

by their gift ; mine by the solemn sanction of the priest ; mine by law, human and divine ; mine by the records of the church ; mine by the entry in the family Bible. Had I supposed that there was any flaw in the title, any link broken in the chain of evidence, I should, on coming of age, have taken measures to clear up the smallest doubt.

‘ If there be such a thing as the transmigration of souls, let my returning spirit be encased in a well-blooded race-horse, or a dog of respectable connexions, and reputable nose. *They have names*, which are not trifled with, nor perverted. Or if my spirit is to be again enclosed in human flesh, let me be a little foundling, and let me be baptized by the Commissioners of the Alms-House. People would not dare to trifle with a name conferred by great men in office. Your politicians would be careful how they meddled with it. I should be ‘ free of the corporation,’ born to city honors, a child of the state.

‘ I have an indistinct recollection of a quotation from Shakspeare, which I read on the outside of Longworth’s Directory, about the wickedness of filching one’s good name. I have double cause for complaint. My good name is not only filched, but it is so disfigured by the thieves, that its own progenitors cannot recognize it. My own friends cram their own literal nonsense into its very midst, and then perk it in my face. If this be not the height of impudence, I know not what is. It is a familiarity that borders on downright rudeness. If the old maxim be true, that ‘ too much freedery breeds despise,’ I subject myself, by submitting to such freedoms, to general contempt. Were it a pleasant nick-name, the gift of long continued friendship, I would take it, and be proud to wear it. Were it done ‘ for shortness,’ I might adopt it, were it only for its pith and brevity. But it comes back to me burdened with a load of cumbrous honors, that in my opinion sit most ungratefully upon it. Mouth it, with its added ornament. Word it. Pronounce it. Can you extract a single additional sound, after all your ‘ damnable iteration ?’ Does it melt more musically from the mouth ? Does it tingle more pleasantly to the ear ? Does it mean more ? Does it represent more to the life the poor misused being to whom it belongs ? Do you suppose that he is flattered by such additaments to his honestly-begotten ancestral name ? Is it an experiment upon the soft side of his heart ? Such trials are dangerous. They probe sometimes a thought too deeply, and tent to the quick the proud-flesh of his heart’s core. Pray you avoid such experiments.

‘ Perhaps you mistake my manner of ambition, and think that there is a delicate flattery in adding these honors to the poor name with which my parson and my parents blessed, or thought they blessed, me. You mistake my taste. I consider these new ornaments as Asiatic and florid ; as partaking of that diffuseness which always accompanies a degenerate and declining literature. I am somewhat severe in my taste. I am fond of Attic terseness and pungency. I honor my god-fathers for the Doric simplicity of my plain name. Take away a letter, and you destroy its harmony. Add a letter, and it strikes even the vulgar eye as a showy excrescence. It is primitive and democratic. The baneful spirit of luxury had not crept in, when it was given to me. The public taste has become corrupt, and the virtuous simplicity of the better days of the republic, such as is shown in my simple name, suits not the ears of the moderns.

'Again I ask, who in the name of confusion am I? Does nobody know me? Am I poor Rip Van Winkle, so soon grown out of your memories? We think it hard, that after we are dead and gone, our names shall be so soon forgotten, but it is doubly hard to think that we cannot keep them alive even in the memories of the living; that even our most intimate friends know not how to write or spell them. There may be cases, growing out of the disadvantages of not having had a common school education, where such mistakes may be excusable; and I know some well educated people who can't spell for the life of them; B——, for instance, who has a philosophical system of his own, which would perplex the father of perplexities. With such it can't be helped. The fates never intended them to spell correctly. But you have no such excuse.

'I presume, Sir, you will have the assurance to mention to several of my particular friends that you are upon intimate terms with me. If you want a witness to prove it, take the superscription upon your last letter. He is your own witness. Bring him upon the stand, and when you tell the court that, so far from being strangers, we have been intimate for years, play-mates in boyhood, friends in manhood, companions in pleasures and studies, confidants, with tastes and pursuits alike, let him answer for you. His first testimony will prove that you are a stranger to me, or if not a stranger, that your boasts of friendship are false and hollow; that either through heartless levity, or deliberate malice, you have joined in misrepresenting me, and worse confounding the confusion that surrounds my poor but honest name.'

Still, mingled with the annoyances of being nomenclatorially confused, there are some perplexities which scarce deserve the name, and which bring with them rather amusement than annoyance. In military matters, I have had the privilege of paying a fine for the non-performance of duty. If I have any claim to military rank, I know not how I can be considered above the grade of a private, and yet my landlady will persist in dubbing me colonel. That may be meant for flattery, for these women have a way with them in such matters. This was proved in the case of the country hostess, who when the law-sergeant T. was at her house, persisted in addressing him by the title of 'captain.' On being told, that she gave him a rank to which he had no claim, she answered 'I know he's only a sergeant, but they always likes to be called captain.' I can forgive my landlady, partly because the flattery, if such, was well meant, and partly because she may have confounded me with a gentleman of (nearly) my own surname, who formerly figured as a colonel, and now rejoices in a major-generalship, which high rank, it is but justice to add, he fills as becomes a soldier. I have even found that my colonelcy has expanded into a full-blown generalship. I confess, that when it came to that point, there was a little weakness, a spice of self-congratulation, a momentary self-hugging. I could not help, for the instant, mounting my high horse, he proud in his rich caparison, and I proud in plume, epaulettes, and gold lace, ogling the bright eyes that looked down upon me and my train, cutting old acquaintances, because it was unmilitary to recognize them, drinking the sonorous music of the brass band, issuing my orders to dashing young aids, and grace-

fully saluting the governor, as he stood in the balcony of the City-Hall. But it was a lightning glance. 'The light that o'er my eye-beam flashed,' was gone almost as soon as you could say it came. I sunk into the humble citizen, and scorned to wear the laurels won by others, through dust and sweat, in many a field day of hard marching, and dinner campaigning; I have had the honor of being congratulated for my magnanimity and 'love of country, rather than love of party,' in turning my coat, and becoming an advocate for the 'well regulated credit system,' after that system had been blown to the winds. Thanks, most worthy citizens, of all parties, who always consider a man honest when he deserts to *your* side of the house, but I lay claim to no such high honors. Weave your chaplets for other brows:

'A poor Loco-Foco am I'

When I change, there will be 'two of us sophisticated,' as the fool in *Lear* hath it. Tell me not that I am considered a rising young man at the bar. Congratulate me not on the 'stirring' political speech to 'a large and respectable meeting.' Give me no laud as the caller of conventions, and the inditer of political addresses. Admire not my boldness as a dashing speculator, nor speak of my losses or gains. Yet for these, and all these, have I been congratulated. I have been decked with plumes which others borrowed for me. I have been praised and censured, congratulated and denounced, flattered and sneered at, for matters with which I had as little to do as with the doings of the years before the flood. A friend congratulated me the other day on my improved looks since the change in my condition, and went so far as to hope that the child was doing well. That was the most unkindest cut of all, to one of my unhoused condition, and single wretchedness. Beside, let others think as they may, to my mind there was an impropriety, immodesty, and want of regard to what philosopher Square calls 'the fitness of things,' that my bachelor mind revolts at. Who the devil am I?

C O N F E S S I O N .

Confession, like physic, mid mortal extremes,
In the hands of a skilful concoctor,
Is an excellent thing for the patient, it seems,
Though not quite so good for the doctor!

Hence, some spiritual quacks, in attending their sick,
On the virtues insist of confessions;
But should a small thorn their own consciences prick,
Their sole lenitive pills are professions.

As to tears for our sins, if amendment it works,
An ounce-vial full ample perhaps is;
And too little the Heidelberg tun, if there lurk
At the bottom the seeds of relapses.

But confession, what is 't, but to lighten the ship,
With a cargo of sins that hard ride did,
To be fished up again for a fair-weather trip,
The moment the storm has subsided?

PASSAIC:

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM.

TALE THIRD.

THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR, A LOVER'S JOURNAL.

CANTO I.—FIRST LOVE.

'Oh who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so, that loved her so well?
Or who with blame can justify her upbraid
For loving not? — for who can love compel?'

SPENSER.

June 11.

'T is sweet, when o'er the summer sky
The stormy clouds disordered fly,
Dim-staining with their leaden hue
The pure, the universal blue;
To list, to watch through sheltering pane
The downward rushing of the rain:
Now, in the pauses of the wind,
Slow-dropping, heavy, straightly lined;
While beaten flowers a-nodding go,
At every crystal pellet's blow,
And the stiff shrub, with surfeit drowned,
Top-heavy, staggering to the ground,
Grown graceful in its woe, appears
Like haughty beauty bent with tears:
Now, slanting to the storm's career,
A hazy chaos blots the air;
Leaves, blossoms, mists dash dimly past,
Borne on the wet wings of the blast.

How sweet to ope, on such a day,
Some gentle poet's wizard lay;
And in the clime of fancy find
New sunshine for the dreary mind;
So golden, that not all the grim
And sullen gloom without can dim:
And sweeter still, to light our skies
With dearly loved and sunny eyes;
Which round us shed a rosier glow,
Than Poetry herself can throw:
Not fancy's radiance can improve
The presence of the form we love.

Such days are dear, and this was one;
Without, obscured by vapors dun,
Within, illumed by such a sun.
Yes! we have met: she sent for me,
(Else had I never made so free,)
To lend my aid in pressing flowers;
Thus passed three sweet and trembling
hours:
Then petals would we tear, to see

The changes cultivation brings
In Nature's wildest, simplest things:
And when from me the flower she took,
As if a serpent touched, I shook;
And what a mist came over me!
Sage students we in botany!
Below, my feelings I have penned,
In lines I will not dare to send;
And yet 't is sweet myself to show
What I would blush to let her know.

TO ANNA.

O! how is study misapplied
With witching woman by our side;
Despite our will, despite our pains,
We quit the task with empty brains:
We learn — but only Cupid's lore;
The heart, and not the head, we store.
In vain with thee is all my skill,
My eyes turn rebels to my will:
When held by thee, my truant look
Is ever wandering from the book;
The letters dance, my senses swim,
And all the blooming flowers grow dim.

How can I mark the violent's eye,
When those of heavenlier tint are nigh?
Dear eyes! not heaven's alone in hue,
But ah! in their sweet nature too:
The lily's snow is lost to me,
When in that hand the flower I see:
Of petal'd rose I cannot speak,
When near the damask of that cheek:
Thou call'st at the jasmine sweet; ah, no!
Not when thy breath declares it so:
That saucy breath, whose odorous sigh
Gives to its own sweet words the lie.
I tear the bells where bees do sip,
And think upon thy honied lip;
O! were its sweets allowed to me,
I'd prove as busy as the bee!

When pressing flowers, so they may hold
 Their hues unchanged through winter's
 cold,
 My sighs, my throbbings all confess,
 Thou art the flower that I would press;
 To light me with thy beauty's blaze,
 And cheer the winter of my days.

—

June 16.

Most happy thought! A sail — a sail!
 The moon is full, the tide is high;
 To-morrow, if my pains prevail,
 We'll skim the waters merrily:
 And I'll contrive it, when we meet,
 To find by Anna's side a seat.

—

June 18.

O! now the mellow heavens were bright,
 When our fair crew embarked last night:
 Above, no mist — below, no chill;
 Passaic never slept so still.
 Huge, round, and golden rose the moon,
 But mounting, grew to silver soon:
 And dwelling, spire, what'er was white,
 Shone whiter in her lavish light;
 While every gaudy hue was dim,
 And trees and hollows gloomed more
 grim:

As if alone her virgin ray
 On purest colors loved to play:
 And from the moonrise to the boat
 One glassy line of light would float,
 Which, at the rash oar's shivering stroke,
 Quick into stars, and serpents broke;
 That glanced, and gambolled to the eye,
 Like mirrored rockets of the sky.
 But my best plans are ever thwarted —
 My Anna and myself were parted.
 I thought all eyes were watching me,
 And kept aloof, that none might see,
 And so I lost her company.
 Yet found I solace for my pang,
 For oh! a tender song she sang:
 Her voice, rich streaming like the moon,
 So poured its steady shower of tune,
 Round which her lute's repeated tink-
 lings
 Broke into points like starry twinklings,
 And in the hush of resting oars,
 Far-sweet the mellow murmur pours:
 No breath, no sound to mar it now,
 Save the soft rush that sweeps the prow.
 The very fishes, as subdued
 By hunger for melodious food,
 So near the moonlit surface came,
 Their sides shot back the silver flame:
 And these the words that travelled, blest,
 Through rosy pathways, from her breast:

i.

The night is still, but not my soul;
 How calm is nature's sleeping breast!
 Oh! that her peace would mine control,
 That I, like her, were thus at rest!

ii.

The gentle moon looks mildly down,
 At her sweet gaze the vapors flee;
 But ah! the clouds that round me frown,
 No beam of love will chase from me.

iii.

The night-bird from his native tree
 Pours on the air his lulling strain;
 But harshly jars his melody,
 Amid the discord in my brain.

iv.

The winds a load of sweets divine
 From out the wood's deep bosom bear;
 But ah! the sighs that gush from mine,
 Breathe only of the bitter there!

v.

Not song of bird, nor glance of moon,
 Nor breath of woods my smile inspires:
 Thy voice, thy face, thy sighs, alone
 Can give the peace my soul requires!

How truly all she uttered there
 Described my own sad-sweet despair!
 As the light aspen quivering flies,
 At sigh of morn, or step of bird,
 So are the heart's sweet sympathies
 By music's balmy breathing stirred.
 Oh! could I hear, unmoved, her own
 And melting music's blended tone,
 When either stirs me, heard alone?
 All night, all night the living note
 In dreams around my head would float,
 And all my haunted depths of brain
 Still echo faintly with the strain.

Returning with the changing tide,
 I found a seat by Anna's side.
 Along the eastern shore we sweep,
 Where frowns the darkly-shadow'd steep,
 Whence savage hemlock's feathered
 boughs
 Droop o'er the water as it flows:
 Whose fallen leaves embrown the ground,
 And shed a resinous fragrance round.

Now on the west a blackness spreads,
 Bold clouds push up their startling heads,
 And slippery lightnings flash, and glide,
 Glassed in the still unruffled tide:
 Apace was plied the rapid oar,
 To reach in time the homeward shore;
 And as the hurried boat would rock,
 My arm sustained her from the shock.
 At the sweet touch my senses reeled,
 With dearest wishes thus to shield
 Her form forever from the strife
 Of all the stormy ills of life:
 The scene, the moon, the coming storm,
 And in my arms her helpless form,
 Sent throbbing to my frame's extremes
 My pulses in bewildering streams:
 And melting there, my eyes grew dim,
 And welling tears o'eran their brim.
 More precious to my heart than gold,
 Those sweet and silent tears that rolled;
 With none to see, and none to tell,
 Hid even from her for whom they fell.

Now lightning, with convulsive spasm,
 Splits heaven in many a fearful chasm,
 And heapy darkness reaching wide,
 Hangs like a horror o'er the tide:

Which, seized as with a sudden fright,
Shivers and trembles at the sight.
Although the Tempest, from his eye
Shot only angry glances by,
Nor once the fearful silence stirred
With the deep thunder of his word.
Now comes the wind with frenzied scream,
And lashes, till it writhes, the stream:
It takes the high trees by the hair,
And as with besoms sweeps the air.
The pitchy clouds rush rainless by,
Wild-twisting in the hollow sky;
But for a moment raves the gust,
To vanish in a whirl of dust.
Ere long through spray and roar we reach,
And run secure upon, the beach.
Now breaks the gloom, and mid the
chinks
The moon, in search of opening, winks;
And through the clouds her course that
hedge,
She cuts her way with silver edge!
Fair as the first hour is the last —
Who could have dreamed a storm had
passed?

— Snake-Hill, July 4.

BELLS, drums, shouts, cannons, wakened
me,
With all the roar of jubilee:
But I escaped the din and stir,
To climb the hills and dream of her;
My journal and my stick the sole
Companions of my lonely stroll;
But Nature brightly smiled on me,
And lent me her sweet company;
And strewing beauties for my gaze,
Amused me in a thousand ways.
Yet, Anna, though so fair to see,
She could not win my thought from thee:
No! all of bright my eyes could find,
But woke thy image in my mind!

The winds were fresh, the heavens were
fair,
Azaleas spiced the brushing air:
And orchis in the grassy seas
Bowed princely to the passing breeze:
And rows of weeds in tangled plight
Stood wove with threads of parasite,
In golden meshes prisoned quite.
Bees buzzed, and wrens that thronged
the rushes,
Pour'd round incessant twittering gushes;
While thousand reeds whereon they hung
Bent with the weight of nests and young.
Like a huge bear, alone and still,
Crouched on the meadow, lay Snake-Hill;
Thick-shagged with bushy forest-hair,
Wild as the savage left it there.

Now on its giddiest tower I stand,
Victorious o'er the prostrate land:
Oh! boundless view — oh! wondrous
scene!

The marsh a velvet carpet seems,
Brodered with silver-threaded streams:
Before me, stealing through the green,
Paseaic, bashful, strives to hide,

As shy to meet the stranger tide,*
That wooing, keeps so near her side;
But soon, coquetting o'er, they blend,
Like lovers blest, and down the bay,
New-wedded, take their golden way:
And there their honey-moon they spend,
Before they enter on the strife —
The dangerous world of ocean-life.
Far off, with heads blue-veiled, and high,
Dim mountains bank the distant sky;
Here opens the high-road to the deep,
And here the city's banners sweep;
And streamer's fluttering lengths are sent
From mast, and tower, and battlement.

I hear the far-rejoicing roar,
But I have sweeter joys in store.
Now will I ope my jewel-board,
Where Anna's gifts and spoils are stored:
This withered pink she dropped the day
We thro' the florist's grounds did stray,
Which, when no eye but mine was near,
I hurrying seized, and treasured here.
This rose, that morn of bitter bliss,
When first she shrank to shun my kiss,
And when how sore my pain she found,
She kindly gave to soothe the wound:
This dream-cake, with white ribbons
bound,
Was given, inscribed with her dear name,
The night her friend a bride became:
'T was useless all, such pains to take,
For I had dreamed without the cake.
And now, most precious, and most rare,
Her parting gift — this lock of hair:

i.

CAPTIVE peer of freeborn tresses,
Ravished from thy sisters fair,
Dost regret their soft caresses?
Wouldst with them still rove the air?

ii.

See'st thou still their fluttering tangles,
Streamers, in the wind unfold,
Starred with hosts of glittering spangles,
Striped with threads of silk and gold?

iii.

Dost remember, when arraying
Garlands bound their roving powers,
How thy frolic mates kept playing
Hide-and-seek among the flowers?

iv.

How, when noon upon it quivered,
Golden twinkles sparked her hair,
Like the dust of sunbeams shivered
Sifted by the breezes there?

v.

Dost remember, when persuading
Fingers twined the silky mass,
How the glossy strands in braiding,
Shone like spun and woven glass?

* The Hackensack.

vii.

Dost regret thy pleasant rambles
Round her temples' fair hill-side ?
And those chasing, rolling gambols
Down her shoulders' snowy slide ?

viii.

Or, when by her cheek descending,
As she plucked the wild-flowers fair,
For each bud she reaped in bending,
Thou a kiss didst gather there ?

ix.

Or, when near her bosom doting,
Trembling, dazzled by the glow,
How a roguish breeze there floating,
Pushed thee on the bank of snow ?

ix.

Oh ! 't were bliss all bliss excelling
Hopes the rashest could demand,
Might I choose, for my home-dwelling,
That fair clime, thy native land !

Night.

RETURNING home, as evening frowned,
My Anna by the door I found,
There watching, with the crowd around,
The dazzling freaks of fire to see,
That brightly closed the jubilee :
And oh ! 't was sweet the play to trace
Of varying lights upon her face :
First, rockets on their fiery cars
Rushed roaring up in furious chase,
Then broke in silent-dropping stars :
Or, like a nest of serpents frightened,
Ran scattering through the sky they
lightened. [round,
When blazing wheels spin whizzing
And dazzling fire-drops shower the
ground,

Her features bloom with crimson glare,
As though a blush were mantling there :
But changed to suns as pearly white
As visions of ethereal light,
Her form, in silvery mists, appears
Some seraph wondering at the spheres.

July 17.

Ah ! weary fate ! sick, sick at heart,
Unnerved, forlorn, I sit apart :
I look on book, and sky, and green ;
Her image ever present plays,
And like a teasing mote is seen,
Still dimming all whereon I gaze.
Oh ! when will this illusion cease,
When will my troubled heart find peace !

July 21.

WHAT have I done ? Alas ! 'tis past,
And my worst fears are truths at last !

At dusk, when passing near her door,
As every night I passed before,
Upon the steps I marked her stand,
And all alone, with hat in hand :
I saw, and frightened, turned to fly,
But turning, caught her asking eye,
Which seemed to blame so rude a fear,
So I was fain to draw me near.

She bade me enter ; all were gone
Save her sweet self, at home alone !
With fears I vainly sought to hide,
I following, sat me by her side.
Twilight, the sofa, and the vow,
My thoughts so oft had linked, that now
I dared not speak, yet could not fly ;
But she more courage had than I,
And said, half-sorrowing, I was wrong
To stay from her so much — so long ;
That I a truer friendship felt,
When we so long together dwelt ;
The adage true, she grieved to find,
'Once out of sight, soon out of mind.'
I could not bear the charge — and burst
With feelings I so long had nursed ;
And muttered, tortured to the rack,
'T was not my will that kept me back :
As I grew bolder, she grew shy,
And moments passed without reply.
Meanwhile, my downcast eyes espied
Her hand soft-sleeping by her side ;
Which, as I kept my tempting watch,
By turns I longed and feared to catch,
Till, dim and dizzy with the view,
A desperate rashness in me grew ;
I seized it, and without a word,
And oh ! it fluttered like a bird :
Warm, soft, and trembling, there it lay,
Half-willing, half afraid to stay.

The thought of all — the hour so bland —
And ah ! the touch of that dear hand,
So thrilled my feelings' tenderest strings,
So ope'd the sluices of their springs,
That all the loosened currents rushed,
And from my lips and eyelids gushed.
'Dear Anna !' came the words at last,
'Oh ! hadst thou known the pain I've
passed,

How all my best pursuits have flagged,
As I the heavy moments dragged,
And how my bosom's warmest powers
Have blest those past and happy hours,
When ever by thy side I moved,
And loved thee ere I knew I loved ;
And since, how with a fiercer flame
Has burned and tossed my feverish frame,
When every thought and dream would be
Of thee and only thee !
Oh ! then thy lips had never said
My love for thee was cold or dead !'

Startled at all my feeling shown,
She asked me then, with timid tone :
'If true thou lov'st me, as before,
Oh ! why not seek to meet me more ?
Whate'er I love — my birds, my flowers,
With them I wish to pass my hours.'
'Nay, judge not thus !' I checked her here,
'Love is not weaker, mixed with fear :
And yet, in truth, I know not why,
What most I love, that most I fly ;
This, this alone I know — no more —
I love thee better than before :
And oh ! when driven from thee by fear,
'T is then thou art most truly dear.
No, no ! — my heart is true — 't is *thine*
That cannot feel, or love like mine !'

Two sparklers from their fountains sprung
Like dewy drops on blue-bells hung :
'Not love thee!' murmured she again,
'I am unkind, ungrateful then;
For ever when I dwelt with thee,
Thou like a brother wast to me;
Oh! think not, though my foolish tongue
Reproached thee, that my heart is free;
Forgive! — forgive me! — I was wrong;
Yes! I *do* love — even when I chide,
And wish thee ever by my side!'

I gazed into her eyes, to seek
Some image of the pang I felt;
Some foot-prints there, however weak,
That showed the god within her dwelt:
For love, though often strangely blind,
Is keen to mark and know his kind;
How'er remote the sail unknown,
He sees it first, and knows his own.
But in her eyes' calm, azure sea,
No bark of hope appeared to me;
Nor would the dimmest speck emerge
From all th' horizon's distant verge:
Then dropped my head in anguish there;
Sunk hopeless, helpless in despair.
No kiss, no last embrace, I took,
But with one agonizing look,
I rushed, and left her, wild with woe,
Alarmed at throes she could not know.
She loves me, yet it is not love —
Why is it thus, ye heavens above?
Speak! hold! I'm tortured so to-night,
I know not how or what I write!

July 22.

i.
SHE loves me, yet it is not love,
Her eye with kindness beams,
And at my lightest touch of woe,
Pours out its pitying streams:
But oh! it burns not with the glow
Which eyes on fire with passion show!

ii.
She loves me, yet it is not love;
Her smile is ever sweet,
And breaks in happy circling curls,
Whene'er our glances meet:
But still, 't is not the anxious smile
That joys, yet trembles all the while.

iii.
She loves me, yet it is not love:
Her cheek, that scarcely glows,
Blossoms at our meeting, with a hue
Fair as the wild-briar rose:
Not such the lightning blush that starts
In quivering gleams from stormy hearts.

iv.
She loves me, yet it is not love;
Her own is music's voice,
And ever of its gentlest words,
Gives me the sweetest choice:
But ah! — 't is not the broken tone
That springs from love, and love alone!

v.
She loves me, yet it is not love;
She springs to meet my face,
And still my anxious, long delay
Reproves with tenderest grace:
Ah! nought such willing favors prove:
She shuns me not — she cannot love!

July 24.

WHY am I thus unloved — unblest?
Am I more worthless than the rest?
I find, in others' happier fate,
Heart linked with heart, and mate with
mate:
Like coupled birds they sport and sing,
I am the only lonely thing!
Am I a fool? that all should shun,
Or madman wild, or wretch undone;
Or cynic, who disdains to please,
And cannot feel — oh! none of these!
There, there — my tell-tale mirror shows
The bitter spring of all my woes:
Behold that poor unwinning face!
Beggared of every charm and grace
That bids the eager wishes rise,
And chains the spirit through the eyes.
Sweet features those, which on me glare!
Oh! what do they among the fair?
No more! — that hateful head remove!
It can have nought to do with love!

Sad fate! to drag through life with pain
This charmless body like a chain:
Unblest, uncheered, to roam along,
With none to love! Oh! I am wrong!
My mother! thou wilt not despise
Thy hapless boy: thy partial eyes
Still find redeeming traits in me —
Dim lights, no other eyes can see.
Then let the world forsake me quite,
And turn as from a fright their sight,
In thy dear arms, still fondly spread,
I'll hide my sad, offensive head,
And feel, the sorer my distress,
Thy deeper gush of tenderness.
Earth fails, and only hearts above
Can match in truth a mother's love:
Oh! 'tis a gentle halo-light,
Unnoticed when our heaven is bright,
But when the storm is hovering nigh,
And weaving mists bedim the sky,
Then, *then* it is that heavenly ray
Circles us with its soothing sway,
And gilds the gloom it cannot chase,
With such a mild, endearing grace,
The very clouds grow welcome there,
Which such a precious garland bear.

July 27.

i.
FAREWELL! then, to the sweetest dream
That ever lover's brain possessed;
Farewell! to love's dim-clouded beam,
That late my growing feelings blest.

ii.
Sad, in my early spring, to meet
So rude a dash of winter's chill;

Such cutting wind, such freezing sleet,
To wither, ah ! perchance to kill !

III.

Oh ! heart, now whither wilt thou roam,
Of joy, of hope itself bereft ?
Come, busy world ! ambition, come !
And take the place which love has left.

IV.

That gentle form I could not harm,
Who gave me all the love she felt :
If I her bosom failed to warm,
How could I hope her heart would
melt ?

V.

Though to revenge too easily fired,
On thee my thirst I could not sate :
The love thy sweetness has inspired,
Could never curdle into hate.

VI.

And must upon that gentle breast
Another's favored head recline ?
By others must those lips be pressed,
Which gave their first-born sweets to
mine ?

VII.

Hold ! though my jealous heart should
burst,
No wish but weal shall 'scape my breast,
And if for others' love thou thirst,
Even that be thine, so thou art blest !

August 4.

There comes a thought most sadly
sweet,
That I with Anna still may meet ;
Still breathe with her the self-same air,
Made fragrant by a flower so fair,
Still muse on bliss hope must not name,
And watch the charms I ne'er may claim.

I.

Though dark the doom I may not flee,
Unloved, though loving, still to pine,
'Tis something left to hear, to see,
The bliss which never must be mine.

II.

Though not to me from love's deep wound
Thy words their faltering music bear,
'Tis sweet to list, although the sound
Lull hope to sleep, and wake despair.

III.

Though not for me those eyes' soft rays,
That snowy hand, that rosy lip ;
Not wholly curst, I still can gaze,
Where I may neither touch nor sip.

IV.

O ! let me woo thee like the star
That spots the heaven o'er yonder hill,
Which though no warmth it sheds so far,
I'll worship for its brightness still.

V.

Farewell ! thou sweet and blessed light !
Tho' now for my poor hopes too high,
Thee, following thy pure course of right
I still may reach beyond the sky !

END OF JOURNAL.

Time dragged my heavy heart along,
Though still my early scenes among ;
Though oft with her, even by her side,
Bereft of hope, my passion died.
'T was a sweet dream of rainbow hue,
Which hope around her presence threw :
Though still her charms were showered
around,

Hope was the sun the rays that found ;
Which all those hues of glory shed,
That formed the halo round her head :
That sun was set, and all the rain
Of charms poured dimly round in vain.
To my changed eye those charms did show
Like flowers that shut in darkness grow,
Uncolored by the quickening light ;
Leaf, blossom, stem, one tintless white :
The form was graceful as before,
The bloom, the glory, was no more !

Years passed : my spirits rallied quite ;
She married, and I saw the sight
That once had rent my heart in twain,
With scarce a shudder-chill of pain ;
And that slight quiver was alone
Born of remembered feelings gone.
Doubtless there are, who deem it strange
A heart that truly loved could change ;
Who hold, one love should bind us fast
With ties unslackened to the last ;
Be't as it may, or ill, or well,
What is, not what *should be*, I tell.

Yet are there times when thrills will start
Like lightning freaks from brain to heart,
And wake the joys of that sweet time,
Of budding feeling's happy prime.

The sheen of tresses in the winds,
The peal of bell that early tolled,
The flower, the song she loved of old,
Will touch the secret spring that binds
The treasures of the heart like gold :

Ay, oft the overflowing store
Bursts of itself the prison door ;
Now ! now it opens ! — I see the stream,
The boat, her form, the moonlight beam ;
And hark ! that dear, that tender strain,
Now trembles through my frame again,
As though some demon-hand essayed,
And on my living heart-strings played ;
Wringing a thrilling music thence,
That almost renders mad the sense ;
And now it faints — the vision dies,
My soul exhausting as it flies,
As when awoke by morning beam,
Torn from some bright bewildering dream
Of gilded barges, dancing seas,
Fair forms, and streamers in the breeze ;
And I am on the world's bleak shore,
As cold, as callous, cast once more !

END OF 'FIRST LOVE.'

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

It is not our purpose in this article to go into any profound investigation of our subject, either as to its origin or its general history. If we were writing for lawyers such a course would be worthless, for it would be asking them to travel over ground already familiar; and to others it might be worse than worthless, because it would necessarily involve a great deal of technical learning which they have no desire to study, and which would be of very little practical advantage after it was acquired. Our main object is to touch upon its prominent feature, and if possible to *unsettle* some of the prejudices which have, in our opinion, done infinite mischief to the system; so far forth, we verily believe, as to endanger its stability.

In common with every friend of well-regulated freedom, we claim the right to appreciate the value of a trial by our peers. We look with as much reverence on the 'trial by jury,' as the most enthusiastic of its admirers. We think it *capable* of becoming the safe-guard of the citizen, and we believe, furthermore, that it *has been* a shield of protection to the unjustly accused. It is, for aught we know, the 'palladium of liberty.' Sure we are, that it may be, under rational regulations. It has undoubtedly rescued the innocent from undeserved punishment, and if it has too frequently interposed between justice and the rogue; if it has very often stepped between the gallows and the most deserving candidate for its 'first honors,' the circumstance is not ascribable to the general character of the system, but to its faults. The system is excellent, but its blemishes are to be blamed with the more freedom, as they do harm in a good cause, and render even a praiseworthy institution odious, by doing all they can to discredit what is in itself worthy of all praise. In short, the trial by jury is a privilege of inestimable value, but our mode of conducting it is in the highest degree absurd.

It is not our wont to quarrel with antiquity, or to feel favor for modern innovation, in any shape. The 'march of improvement' is too rapid altogether, to suit either our tastes or our habitudes; and as a lawyer, loving the profession to which we were bred, it must be a very glaring defect in the common law principles and practices of the science, which could lead us, at any rate, into the desire, or even the willingness, to see them superseded by any change of form, or novelty of administration. We shall claim, therefore, at least the merit of sincerity in the remarks we make, and we hope at the same time so to conduct the discussion, as to convince the reader that our propositions have been well considered.

Our present business is with the principle, or rather desecration of principle, which requires **UNANIMITY IN THE VERDICT**. That principle has been rotten, from its first adoption, and is abundantly more so now than ever. The very reasons that might have been urged in its favor some half a dozen centuries since, are among the strongest that could be adduced against it in the present state of society, and under the meliorated and 'more enlightened' ideas of modern times.

While government was arbitrary, and while the prince and his

minions were in constant warfare with the people ; when regal power, and regal power alone, made up the main spring of authority ; it was undoubtedly of great consequence to the subject to hold this barrier between himself and the royal prerogative. It was a protection of potent force. He could not be punished for crime, real or imaginary, against the crown, but by the unanimous decision of his peers ; and of course the chances of unjust conviction were very much diminished by the requirement that the *whole* pannel of twelve men should pronounce upon his case, instead of a majority. In such times, it is conceded that the system was favorable to liberty, and the circumstance may in some measure justify the eulogium bestowed upon this mode of trial ; especially when it is contrasted with the absurdities of other modes in vogue during the darker ages of English jurisprudence. Compared, for instance, with the 'wager of battle,' with the 'fire and water ordeal,' by which Queen Emma singed her slippers ; compared with the *peine forte et dure*, in which the prisoner was pressed to death, upon the presumption that he was guilty because he chose to stand mute under the accusation against him, the trial by jury may very well have been claimed as a 'palladium ;' under whatever form of absurdity it may have been framed or conducted. It is our object, however, to prove that the principle has no possible application to *our* state of civilization, and our modifications of legal polity ; and in carrying out our views on this subject, we shall confine ourselves strictly to two points.

FIRST, that there is no magic in the number *twelve* ; but that a jury composed of nine, eleven, thirteen, or fifteen, would be abundantly preferable ; and,

SECONDLY, that the requirement of unanimity in making up a verdict, is alike at war with common sense, common justice, and with the well known operations of human nature ; involving a profound absurdity upon its very face, and calling upon mankind for the performance of a moral impossibility.

The primary proposition is only necessary to be hinted at, and is merely mentioned first, for the sake of an orderly consideration of the subject. If we succeed in establishing the second branch of the argument, we carry the other with it, of course. If it be true that the unanimous voice of a jury ought not to be required, it will follow that the number twelve has no particular virtue in it, and that the *Nemda* of the Teutons has more of antiquity than of intrinsic value about it. The English writers, and especially Sir William Blackstone, in tracing the history of the system, show us clearly enough how it happened that this particular number chanced to be hit upon, and none of them seem to insist upon it as essential to its constitution. We intend ourselves to show that it is an essential defect.

Should unanimity be required ?

In the first place, such a requirement is directly in the teeth of human nature itself. No twelve — no three men, were ever yet congregated upon the globe, whose minds coincided. They may chance to agree upon an isolated point ; they may come together on a given proposition ; but no plurality of mere men can interchange opinions during half an hour, with an *honest* concurrence in each others' views ;

and however courtesy and good feeling may seem to assimilate them, they differ; deferentially, perhaps, but still they differ. To suppose that a dozen men may come to the same conclusion on the clearest case that may be submitted to their judgment, is to look for a mental phenomenon which the law exhibits very little wisdom in calling for. Who of us can converse with *one* of our best friends, on any but the simplest subject, without differing with him? Who ever yet communed with the most congenial minds, without encountering discrepancies of opinion? Has it fallen to the lot of any *three* of our friends to discuss a topic of interest, involving a question of any complication, with entire unanimity of view? We venture to say they never did; and it is hardly possible they ever can. How then, let us ask, is it to be expected that *twelve* men, brought together at random, without any congeniality of thought; discordant in disposition, wide apart in all their modes of looking at things; different in mental temperament, in education, association, and habit, can perform a miracle in the jury box, and there jump at once to the same conclusion on a case involving probably every complication of consideration? The supposition is preposterous, and so is the system that depends upon it for the due administration of justice! But, these are abstractions; let us look at the subject in a less general view. What is the practical operation of our jury system?

We hesitate not to say that it is equally militant with the republicanism which we profess so much to reverence, and with all the ends of substantial justice; alike repugnant to the general spirit of our institutions, and to the wholesome dispensation of equal laws. What *is* the character of this system? How *does* it work in practice? Is the verdict of the jury the judgment of the twelve 'peers' who compose the panel, or is it the major voice of those men? It is neither the one nor the other, except by the merest accident; and it *rarely* speaks, even nominally, the opinion of the whole body, without the exercise of a gambling resort to chance, or a fraudulent compromise with conscience. Wretches sometimes

'hang, that jurymen may dine.'

In other words, juries are urged into unanimity by their appetites, and agree to think alike, lest their dinner should get cold. They coincide rather than go hungry, and under the judicial dread of starvation, sometimes substitute a concurrence of stomach for the identity of opinion required of them in the rendition of a verdict; or rather, they make the exigencies of the one, a *legal* excuse for endangering the salvation of their souls in pretending to the other. It were strong language to use, we acknowledge, but, it is a settled opinion with us, that *as much felony is committed within the jury boxes, as is brought before them for trial!* At any rate, more *perjury* is there perpetrated, than is ever put regularly on trial before courts of justice; and most of this is brought about by the obstinacy or stupidity of the minor number. It is not often that the *jury* decides the case. It is perhaps a single one of the number!

A single juror cannot, to be sure, give a substantive verdict against the opinions of his eleven compeers, but he can always, and very

often *does* perform acts that amount to the same thing. He can prevent the administration of justice; he can nullify the honest efforts of his brethren, and render of no avail all their disposition to do right; he can save from the gallows or the penitentiary the criminal whose punishment is essential to the well-being of society; in short, he can, by his own stupid *sic volo*, set aside not only all the interests of the community, but he can abrogate all the laws of the land. He not only holds a veto on the entire criminal code, but he has in his hands the power of perverting the course of justice in all its channels. Every contract between man and man, every issue on which depend the rights of individuals, is at his mercy. An Englishman or an American has very little reason for the boast that he finds safety and protection in the juries of his country. He finds no such thing. Juries, *as juries*, are utterly powerless in the premises; for eleven of the number are completely controlled by any duodecimal fraction that may choose to make itself of more arithmetical consequence than the *whole number*.

Of the utter absurdity of this system as it regards the trial of *all* causes, it seems to us there can be but one opinion, at precisely the moment when the mind will divest itself of the prejudices which education and tradition have thrown around it. Its manifest injustice in the adjudication of civil suits, may be argued without any great fear of encountering either the demagogue or the quite as formidable folly of the tremblingly scrupulous. The barbarism may be met in *that* aspect without being obliged to combat the *ad captandum* hobbies of the liberty-lovers. We can speak of a jury decision affecting the right of citizen A. to 'four acres of arable' unjustly withheld from him by citizen B., without any special peril of the wrath of the electioneerer. We suppose most people who have thought at all, will be willing enough to think with us, that seven out of twelve men are about as likely to be right in giving their opinion on the validity or invalidity of an alleged act, as five; and that eleven jurors who should say on their oaths that C. signed a promissory note to D., were quite as much entitled to respect, as *one* juror who believed no such thing.

But, it is in criminal proceedings that people cling most tenaciously to their prejudices. They will agree with you in the absurdity of requiring unanimity in the jury, in the trial of civil causes, but where the 'life or liberty of the citizen is involved,' they cannot consent that any less than the whole jury shall assent, or at least two-thirds. Let us look a little into the soundness of this notion. It is our purpose to show its utter absurdity in one case as well as the other — its absurdity, in fact, in all possible cases.

If it be an object of the laws to provide impunity for their own transgression, and if legislators, while they enact punishments for crime, have at heart at the same moment the wish of furnishing facilities for escape from them, we know of no mode more effectual than that of appointing twelve men to go through the farce of sitting in judgment on the criminal, while any one of the number has the power of putting his own opinion in opposition to all the rest, in deciding the case.

If there be any philosophy in the science of government, and if

there really *is* any thing in 'modern improvement,' it must be found, it appears to us, in the doctrine that the decisions of the larger number shall guide the actions of the smaller; that the majority shall regulate the minority. This is the only true principle; the only one that has the sanction of common sense and common justice. Why, in the name of reason, should it be discarded in the most important department of our civil polity? Why should we refuse to recognize the authority of a town constable, unless he receives a majority of votes at the election, while we permit the minority principle to prevail in the jury box? If it be important to give the largest number the liberty of electing legislators, is there any sense in suffering the *smallest* number — even a single individual — to control the tribunal which passes upon the life and death of the citizen? Is it good policy to place the entire power of punishment and impunity in the hands of one man, and make him the sole arbiter of the rights and the safety of society?

It may be very sublimated benevolence to guard with extra tenderness and solicitude the scoundrel whose business it is to prey upon the public, and it is doubtless deemed exceedingly statesmanlike in certain quarters, to superintend the safety of the burglar, the incendiary, and the murderer; but if such *interests* must be attended to at the expense of those who disapprove of their respective callings; if the bad *must* be considered before the good; we would never leave the dispensation with juries; certainly never put such a power into the hands of *one* juror!

Our jury system is out of all analogy with the genius of the government. It recognizes a principle utterly at war with the primal considerations upon which that government was founded, and breaks in wantonly upon the symmetry of its proportions. If there be any one feature more to be admired, and more sedulously to be cherished, than another, in the frame-work of this government, it is the principle that we are under the guidance of majorities; that we have here provided for that most rational, the *only* rational *régimé*, in civil government, *the preponderance of the major opinion*; the doctrine that the few shall submit to the many. In other words, we have come to the conclusion in this country, that the balance of equity is rather likelier to be found in the majority than in the minority. At all events, it is a principle pervading every department of our polity, (save the one under consideration,) that it is somewhat safer to confide power to ten men, than to one. So at least we understand the genius of our institutions; such we believe to be its scope and tendency; and so we *know* are they recorded in the written evidences of the popular will; so do they stand in the constitution of the United States, of the several states of the union, in the respective statute-books of the states and of the nation; and in every other muniment which the people have thrown around their political household for the defence of their rights and their liberties. Do they see any sense in placing the juridical jurisdiction on a different footing? Are they of opinion that the *lesser voice* is safest in a court of justice, while every where else it is only looked upon as wrong, because it *is* the lesser voice? Is there so much magic in a jury-box, that men actually change their

natures as soon as they enter? Is it the opinion that one man there is worth a dozen?

We are aware that some of the foregoing remarks may appear to prove too much. It may seem, or 'seem to seem,' to the caviller, for instance, that it is undermining the main proposition, to say, as we have said, that it is next to impossible to get any three men to agree on a given subject, and that *therefore* we ourselves reason against a fundamental element of our own argument; since if *that* number can never be brought to exact coincidence of opinion, it is preposterous to suppose that *seven* out of twelve men can do so. Softly and soothly, Monsieur Sophist, if it is perfectly convenient for you! You, instead of ourselves, are probably upon an 'erroneous scent.'

It strikes us that *seven* men are rather more likely to agree, than twelve; at any rate, less likely to 'agree to disagree,' by reason of the utter impossibility of agreeing, when even a single individual of the number holds full control over the entire panel. So long as it is understood that any number, no matter how much short of the whole, hold the verdict in their own hands, there is of course no hope, no inducement, for that matter, to modify opinion, or concede sentiment. Eleven jurors may in vain have done their best to reconcile minor discordances of view, if the twelfth man has made up his mind to decide the case according to his own arbitrary (perhaps corrupt) determination. If he chooses to do so, there is no power on earth to prevent him. *He* is the 'palladium of liberty,' not the jury! It is idle to prate of 'twelve peers;' it is *one* 'peer' who sits in judgment. The trial *per pais*, or by the country, of which we boast so much, is simply a trial by a single individual blockhead; or at best a trial in which the law gives to a few boobies the power of overruling a majority of sensible men. Let it be remembered that in the trial of a criminal cause, there can be but two propositions submitted to the jury — the guilt or innocence of the prisoner; and any given number of the triers, knowing that the majority of voices must govern the decision, may make up their own minds without difficulty, and without embarrassment, while knowing to the contrary, they find the exercise of mind useless and nugatory altogether. Aware that the accused must be convicted or acquitted by the largest number of the panel, all that is to be done, is, for every juror to give an honest opinion. He is not either to be starved or worried in any other way into compliance with the caprices of the minority; and even if no two arrive at the same conclusion, by the same consideration of the testimony, or by the same process of reasoning, one or the other propositions will be agreed upon by the largest number, and a verdict be found. If a majority doubt, and the doubt prevents them from pronouncing the accused guilty, he is acquitted of course; and if, on the other hand, the majority do *not* doubt, their opinion is not controlled and annulled by the scruples of the lesser number. We do not think, therefore, that the argument comes within the category of what lawyers and logicians call 'proving too much.' It proves precisely what we proposed. Where is it possible to find, in any department of civilized polity, an absurdity more gross, more thoroughly ridiculous, or fraught with more manifest mischief, than this same

requirement of our laws ? It contradicts all our professions of respect for republican government, and contravenes one of its wisest axioms.

If any number less than the largest, in a given body, is to govern, it were as well at once to acknowledge ourselves monarchists, and discard the doctrines which we profess to cherish. Let us say, honestly and above-board, that the *sic jubeo* of Russia and of Turkey is preferable to the democratic principle of our own government. Let us elect our law-givers, our presidents, governors, and all subordinate magistrates, on that blessed plan ; declaring every candidate who is lucky enough to receive the least number of votes, duly chosen to office. Having *secured* a minority, the presumption is clearly in favor of his fitness ! This would be carrying out the principle consistently, and fully in accordance with the sentiment of the juror, who complained of the stupid obstinacy of his eleven brethren, who refused to find such a verdict as *he* insisted on, against the views of him, the said single juror. The eleven thought differently, to be sure, but the 'unit' very considerably looked upon the eleven as so many mules, because they could not agree that his individual opinion was worth more than that of all theirs !

If we had not already extended these remarks much beyond the limits we had prescribed in commencing them, we would go farther into the absurdity of our present jury system. There are other aspects of the case, capable of being made still more pointedly ridiculous ; but we must close, at least at present, with the simple recurrence to the first proposition stated in this article ; viz., that there is nothing in the *number twelve* which gives any value to the trial by jury. On the contrary, if there be any soundness in the objections to unanimity in jury decisions, it is quite clear that any even number — six, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen — should be avoided ; for it is desirable, in this as in all other cases, to steer clear of *a tie*. A 'tie' is always a consummate rascal ; one who does more mischief than any other vagabond in society. He is your most egregious 'delayer of justice' in creation, and one who works more inconvenience to the community than any score of varlets who happen to judge wrong. Much better is it that a mooted point be decided erroneously, than that it be not decided at all,

FRIENDSHIP AND INGRATITUDE.

AN ALLEGORY.

INGRATITUDE, by Friendship's fostering hands
Planted and reared, her shadowy boughs expands ;
But boughs with blossoms cluster'd, not with fruits ;
And as to heaven her head aspiring shoots,
To Tartarus nearer still descend her grovelling roots.

But lo ! the storm ! its fury Friendship shuns,
And to the to wering trunk she fostered, runs :
The treacherous tree her very height applies
To lure the livid lightning from the skies,
And lifeless at her foot the hand that reared her lies.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low-lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one, who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
 Eyes that weep;
 Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining,
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above;
 Souls like thine, with God inherit
 Life and love!

Boston, May, 1840.

J. T. FIELDER.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A CUT.

'Here will be salt tears shed!'

A MAN may easily reckon upon his fingers' ends the few *good deeds*, as they are termed, that it has fallen to his share to perform; but there is a huge volume of mischief, which it is alike his destiny to fill, that must ever be to him in this world a Sibylline book of mystery. Feelings of others hurt by inadvertence; by want of attentions that have never occurred to him; by quickness of manner, ungracious tones of voice, incautious words, that have been well-meant but ill-chosen; impatient or uncomfortable looks while he has been thinking, honest man, rather of King David, than of the subject supposed to occupy his thoughts; all these things are put upon record against him, under their appropriate heads; and whether he laugh or cry about it, he may be sure that in each page of that mystic volume, he is shown to have been the author of more harm, than his whole life has ever done of good. Old Priam, of Troy, had fifty children, one of whom killed five hundred men with his own hand, and another, by his love-affairs, caused the death of five hundred thousand; and this I take to be the proportion that exists between the good we do, and the evil that we are the unconscious authors of. It was a good-enough deed, at least it would seem a harmless one, to bring up a family of fifty children; but what shall be said to the source of two such Rivers of Death and Depopulation!

Well, my friend G —, at the close of his mortal career, had in

existence against him the smallest possible of these registers of unhappiness. It was not *merely*, (if one may make use of such a word to qualify such a thought,) it was not only that he was a gentleman; having God in his soul, woman in his heart, poetry, music, and painting in his imagination, and honor and benevolence in every act of life; but with great feeling he had rare tact, and that intuitive felicity of expression, in word, look, and manner, to which one class of men seem entitled by birth-right inheritance. Nature, indeed, had admirably seconded his father and mother, and while she gave him a full Roman cast of countenance, in a grand oval outline, had covered his head with flaxen hair, and with deep sea-blue eyes, and a mouth of irresistible sweetness, removed every thing like severity from the reigning character of his face. His hands were such as women long remember, and men are willing to obey; small for his size, with fingers that were well-planted, carefully-jointed, flexible, round, 'fine by degrees, and beautifully less.'

Now, in the left pocket of my friend's waistcoat was every morning placed a well-filled circular snuff-box, the cover of which was not attached to it by any hinge, but according to a fashion that prevailed before every thing was done in a hurry, was to be first looked at, slightly polished, perhaps, with the coat-sleeve, then gracefully lifted off, and folded under the bottom of the box, to be there held by the inferior fingers of the left hand, while the thumb and fore-finger of the right, in a luxurious yet thoughtful leisure, smoothed and sifted over the surface of the fresh and aromatic mixture, powdering up some adhesive lump of particles that had raised an indecorous head above the mean elevation. Then followed, the gathering; the heaping; the pinch; the motion that threw back the superfluous quantity; the replacing of the lid; the taste — quick, graceful, elegant, enjoyed by the heart, and by a nose that snuff could never mar; the sigh of pleasure; the eyes were then raised with a deep and refreshed lustre, and the mouth spake.

During the time that was required for this manual of the box, some proposition had been well considered, canvassed, decided upon; and the answer, if unfavorable, had clothed itself with language that was least like a negative in its effects, and though determined, that never sounded like a repulse. Snuff frequently impairs the voice, but it never touched his organs, which it was like the gratification of one's own lungs to hear; and the listener felt as if the rich tones came from his own chest, that had only been echoed there with a vibratory sympathy. So that snuff-taking, which is often half a vice in other men, shone in him like a virtue that had come 'one way o' the Plantagenets.'

It was not easy to quarrel with such a man, nor to record any thing against him in a book. He was obstinate; in the habit of having his own way; miraculously perverse in his political judgment; and rarely came with any degree of punctuality to dinner, although you had given it expressly for him. But that which would have been a death-blow to all hospitable intercourse with another person, was disregarded as his image rose upon the mind. Every thing favored him. The dinner would not spoil when he was waited for; the very cook seemed in the general conspiracy of attachment toward his

person ; and all adverse sensations vanished, and an end was put to the animosity of political discussion, at the moment that he said, 'Come, let us take a pinch of snuff.'

I had intended, when I chose my motto, to have described pathetically his close of life in the interior of Brazil, where he had met with a snuff that he preferred to that of Guignon ; but my sketch being already too much extended, I have thought it more polite to leave this part of my subject to the inspiration of the reader. JOHN WATERS.

THE LITTLE FAIRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

BY H. H. HENRY.

ONE time there was a little sprito,
A gentle, fairy thing was she ;
Her goodness was a better sight
Than her own tiny self could be ;
For at the waving of her wand,
Rich blessings flowed to every land ;
Good fairy, grant it may be known
Where you that magic wand have thrown !

Sitting within a sapphire-shell,
Swift-drawn by eight bright butterflies,
She raced with every zephyr well,
And always made new bounties rise ;
The grapes grew sweet in every place
That borrowed lustre from her face ;
Good fairy, grant it may be known
Where you that magic wand have thrown !

She humanized the judges all,
And made their selfish passions weak,
So Innocence on Truth would call
And plaintively would dare to speak ;
Error to Mercy, too, could kneel
Nor find the heart of Justice steel :
Good fairy, grant it may be known
Where you that magic wand have thrown !

To make her god-son stout of heart,
She touched the crown upon his head ;
And all his people, though apart,
To him in heart and hand were wed ;
If envious nations dared encroach,
They forced them back at their approach :
Good fairy, grant it may be known,
Where you that magic wand have thrown !

Alas ! the fairy 's fled afar,
Home to her crystal region fair ;
The Asiatics fear a war,
America is in despair ;
To us a better lot may fall,
But though less fear assail us all,
Good fairy, grant it may be known
Where you that magic wand have thrown !

LETTERS FROM MODERN ROME.

NUMBER ONE.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW : There would be but little to gain, either for you or for me, were I to attempt to describe all the changes that have taken place in Rome, since we trode its streets together. The ruins of seventeen centuries seem scarcely to have felt the passage of these last twelve years, so full of change for us ; and those which the progress of daily excavations has brought to light, although they have added much to the stock of antiquarian lore, have hardly any interest, except for such as can see and study them with their own eyes. The chief value of Rome, as a residence, is in the continuation of those feelings which every one proves, in a greater or less degree, upon first entering its gates : in its serving, as it were, as a daily illustration of classic literature ; in its familiarizing the mind with those ideas of moral grandeur which fill the pages of its history, and are still as fresh as the ivy of its monuments. The incredulous may laugh, if they will, but Cicero and Virgil, and Horace and Livy, no where seem so eloquent and so touching, as amid the scenes which they have hallowed ; nor with their volumes before me, can yonder Tiber, as its yellow waves flow onward to the sea, ever seem to my eyes a narrow and insignificant streamlet.

Yet there is one change in Rome upon which I will venture to enlarge, for I well know that your habits and your sympathies will lead you at once to enter into the feelings with which I have followed its progress. You cannot have forgotten the state in which we found American art, when we first came to Italy, for many of our happiest hours were passed with COOKE and CHAPMAN, in that delightful little circle which the rich and varied conversation of the former drew around him wherever he went. COLE soon followed ; and were I to run through the list of American painters, I should find but few, of real merit, who have not studied abroad. Nor can you have forgotten how often, and with how many doubts and misgivings, we attempted to calculate the chances of our countrymen in that sister art, of which no one ever feels the power so deeply as in the halls of the Vatican, and in the studio of Thorwaldsen. GREENOUGH was then but a student, and even as such, unknown to us ; nor was it till two years afterward that I met him, in his little room in Florence, with the first sketch of his Cherubs upon his stand. He was then at the beginning of his career, struggling with those obstacles which beset the path of the young artist, under whatever sky he may be born — but of none so much as of the artists of our own country. Thank heaven ! for him, the day of trial is over. He is known, he is appreciated ; and I know no one to whom life should seem sweeter than to him, rich as he is in domestic felicity, and in the exhaustless treasures of his noble profession. At the side of his studio in Florence, you would find that of Mr. POWER, a gentleman whom I have not yet had the good fortune to meet, but of whom every one, and Greenough himself, first of all, speaks in the highest terms.

To these names I will now add another ; that of a person not wholly unknown to you, but of whom circumstances beyond my control have thus far prevented me from giving you a fuller and more satisfactory description. I mean Mr. THOMAS CRAWFORD. I will not, however, encroach so far upon the sanctity of private life, as to give you the whole history of a man whose history should be considered as but just beginning. Such sketches may be well meant, but the least that can be said of them is, that they are injudicious : and although I hold that we have a full right to say whatever we choose of an artist's or an author's works, yet as long as there is a heart that can be wounded by our chances of indiscretion, his person and his character should be sacred. I shall simply say, therefore, that Mr. Crawford is a native of New-York, about twenty-five years of age ; an interesting companion, full of enthusiasm for his art, patient and assiduous in the cultivation of it, and endowed with an energy of character, which has already borne him out through obstacles of the most depressing nature, and will eventually — the sooner or later depends upon others, not upon him — lead him to a very high stand among the sculptors of his day.

The first two years of his life as an artist were passed in the study of Mr. FRAZEE : and it is gratifying to observe the warmth with which he always speaks of the talents of that gentleman. Almost immediately after his arrival in Rome, he began to study figure, and indulge in original composition ; a bold course for a young student, and only safe with the ancients within his reach. His first work was a female figure, of the size of life. The subject is a Bacchant in the wild festivities of the Bacchanalian rites. She has thrown herself upon the ground, in a posture between reclining and sitting. One hand supports her body, and with the other she holds a bunch of grapes. The head is thrown back, and the eyes cast upward. There is an expression of rapture in the countenance, to which the movement of the figure corresponds in a striking degree. There is a peculiar delicacy, too, in the form and in the face, which please the more, inasmuch as they are evidently derived from the artist's mind rather than from his subject. If you consider this composition as the work of a young man, who had studied but little more than two years, you will be struck with astonishment. It seems impossible that one should have acquired in so short a period so much power of execution, such a facility of expression, such command over his own thoughts ; such a sense of the great laws of composition, unity, harmony of design, and the subservience of the different parts to the leading idea. Mr. Crawford himself now condemns the drapery : complains of a sort of hardness and dryness in the general execution ; and seems to think that the only thing in the figure, worth preserving, is the action. All this may be true, and yet I cannot help thinking that I can trace in it the germ that is now swelling into so rich and brilliant a development.

He next modelled several busts, among which, one of Commodore Hull, and bearing the straight forward, hearty cast of the old hero's character, is the most interesting. Of his Paris, which was executed for Mr. Calhoun, of New-Orleans, I am unable to speak, as I never

saw the marble, and he had already condemned the cast before I returned to Rome.

The two most striking works which he now has in his study, are a statue of Orpheus, and a sketch for a statue of Franklin. The latter is, strictly speaking, what I have called it, a sketch, and as such must be judged. He has selected the great philosophical discovery of Franklin, as most worthy of commemoration in sculpture, and as affording an artist the best opportunity of availing himself of the calm, quiet dignity which is so strongly marked upon his countenance. As a philosopher, he wears the robe of the sages of antiquity, which falling in simple but graceful lines, covers the limbs, without impeding or concealing the action of the figure. The left arm falls by the side, preserving the simplicity of the general movement, which is intended to approach almost to severity. The right rests upon a tablet, on which you see traced an electrical machine. The head is slightly raised, with a grave, natural elevation, and the eye, fixed in close observation, seems to follow the passage of the electric fluid through the clouds. I say nothing about the likeness. An artist who can enter enough into the mind and character of a great man to find a fitting representation of them in the action and arrangement of the figure, will never fail in the secondary details of resemblance. There is a dignified repose, an intellectual grandeur, about this composition, which belongs to none but minds of the highest order. It speaks not to the eye only, but to the conscience and to the heart. It is a form to stand in some square of our populous cities, to arrest the hurried footstep of the passer-by, and by its commanding air, and the eye raised toward heaven, remind him that there is still something beyond this world; that he too has powers intrusted to his keeping, and a destiny to be fulfilled: or to occupy a niche in a hall of some public library, a silent monitor, the genius of the place; calm, still, like its motionless atmosphere, like the volumes ranged around you, the records of ages, breathing lessons,

‘Uttered not, yet comprehended;’

voiceless, yet how eloquent!

The Orpheus, old as the subject may seem, has never been treated before: and although one of the most touching passages of the tenderest poet of antiquity has been devoted to a description of this romantic legend, the first to record it in marble is a native of a world of which neither Orpheus nor his poet ever dreamed. Canova, it is true, made two small figures, a group, if you choose, of Orpheus and Eurydice, but they are scarcely known, except as the earliest attempt of his fertile genius. The point chosen by Mr. Crawford, though not the most pathetic, is certainly one of the most interesting in the whole story. It is the first moment of the triumph of Orpheus, and that too in which his courage and his love are put to the hardest test. Before him you fancy the black jaws of hell; you see him rushing onward through the opening, his face beaming with the passion that steels him to their terrors, and his whole frame glowing with the beauty of his divine origin. Cerberus at his side, has yielded to the powers of his lyre, and the three heads of the monster, drooping in sleep, leave the passage free. He has caught his lyre in his left

hand; his right is raised to protect his eyes from what remains of the light of day: the wind, as it rushes through the mouth of the cavern, has thrown back his robe, and the rapidity of his movements is strikingly displayed in the action of the limbs, of the body, and the swelling folds of the drapery.

Such is an outline of this figure. To give you a correct idea of it, as a work of art, would require a full analysis of Mr. Crawford's style. How can I do this in a single letter? You well know what I mean by style in sculpture, and the idea that we long since formed together of this great characteristic of genius. The more I reflect upon it, the more am I confirmed in my original opinion. There is a point at which all the works of the mind meet, and where they must all be judged by the same general laws. I can see no difference between the composition of a great poem, and that of a great painting. The same natural powers, the same order of mind, is required for the one as for the other; and when you come to the details, you are still in the same region of intellect; it is only the language that is changed. As a natural consequence of this principle, you find the same analogies prevailing throughout the studies of the poet, and those of the artist; beginning at the same point, but differing in their details. Nature is the foundation of both; the first school and the only one, in which the great lessons of art and of poetry are taught.

But how different the immediate objects of attention. How small a part does external form bear in the studies of the poet! What would the artist gain by marking all the shades and subtle distinctions of individual character, independent of their physical expression. And yet both have apparently the same end in view, to act upon the feelings of other men; to awaken the strongest emotions of which the mind is susceptible; to stir them up to wrath, to melt them to tears, or to call forth from the secret recesses of the heart those qualities which distinguish age from age, and man from man. The Apollo that watches the flight of his arrow, in the sublimity of material beauty, is but the Apollo of Homer, whose quiver rattles with his rapid stride, whose wrath is painted in words, while his form is left to the imagination; nor does the Laocoon, that writhes before you with the terrific energy with which sculpture can represent physical suffering, excite a different sentiment from that inspired by the more general yet equally thrilling description of Virgil.

But here we come to an important distinction between the studies of the poet and those of the artist. I need not enter into details for you. The difference between Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakspeare, each the painter of men, and of manners, of human nature in its most durable characteristics, and at the same time of the minute and ever-varying details of social life, is a sufficient illustration of what I mean. The change that you feel in passing from the language of one of these great masters to that of another, is not more striking than the change in the moral and social atmosphere which they diffuse around you. The language of poetry changes with age, with climate, with social institutions: that of the artist is always the same. I know that I am treading on delicate ground:

——— 'ignes
Suppositors cineri doloso:'

but I believe that the history of art will bear me out to the utmost extent of my assertion.

It is in the ancients, then, that the language of sculpture must be studied; a language flowing from the pure fountains of natural feeling, unchanged by the long lapse of ages, fresh now as at its birth, and not in the freshness of a green old age, but in the vigor of that immortality which beams from the gods, and the heroes who have deigned to converse with us through its glorious medium. How long, how assiduous the study, that can lead to a clear perception of its powers! With what patient assiduity must the artist turn its glowing pages! How carefully must he compare monument with monument, and each with nature, bring poetry to the illustration of art, and penetrating the most recondite symbols of mythology, make their language as familiar as the accents of his native tongue! There is an appropriate term for every idea, a form of expression for every shade of thought; an ideal beauty for all the varieties of intellectual and of physical power. How different the beauty of the Apollo from that of the Gladiator! The softened lines of a form ethereal, instinct with life, where the soul, the pure harmonious spirit of poetry and of music, breathe in every limb, from the indurated members, the well-trained muscles, the full development of manly vigor, that characterize the dying slave! There is the beauty of age, too — grave and solemn dignity; there is the voluptuous beauty of the goddess of love, and the severer grace of the goddess of wisdom: and all of these must be studied again and again, till the mind becomes imbued with their spirit, and each rising thought clothes itself, as it were intuitively, in the language with which they speak.

Would you know the secret of the success of Thorwaldsen, see him at the Vatican. Who has not admired the right arm of the Moses? Did not Michel Angelo himself call the torso his school? And where are the pretended inventors of new styles, the men who saw farther in art than the ancients; than Michel Angelo, and Raphael, who found that cold which made every other breast glow with more than human warmth, the Bernini's of this and of every age? It is a thing of but a few months back, and one of the strongest comments upon my subject. A few antique statues were found in the grounds of the prince Borghese. They were neither Apollos nor Venuses, but they were full of the pure, simple beauties of antiquity, and that was enough. Till then, the choicest room in the Borghese Villa had been occupied by the supposed master-pieces of Bernini. His vaunted Apollo and Daphne, his Æneas and his David, works which, according to the eulogiums of his contemporaries, were destined to open a new epoch in the history of art. All these, without one exception, were immediately removed, and the newly-discovered treasures of antiquity put in their places.

When Mr. Crawford first came to Rome, he was so fortunate as to feel all the importance of this study; the absolute impossibility of treading in the higher walks of art, without it. It was with this view that his plan of study was formed; one which he has now been following for more than four years, unmoved by discouragement, unterrified by obstacles, unshaken by the doubts, the fears, the anxieties, which assail, and so often break, the minds of the young, when left to

their own guidance. In the evening, at the life academy, drawing and modelling from the living figure; during the day, in the churches and galleries, those store-houses of all that is pure in taste, and striving at the same time to obtain a greater command over his own ideas, by constant habits of composition; he has reached the point at which he may fearlessly present himself to the public, and claim to be judged by his own works.

After all this, I hardly need say what the style of the Orpheus is, although I cannot pass over it without at least a few observations. One of the great characteristics of the Apollo, is the perfect harmony of the whole form; that species of harmony which you would associate in your mind with the idea of the God of the Lyre. Orpheus, as you know, was supposed by some to have been the son of Apollo; and nothing could have been easier, than by a mere change of attitude, to have adapted the faultless proportions of the divinity to the frame of his scarcely less divine offspring. But here, even supposing a servile imitation of an antique to be admissible in a single figure, there would have been an error, less generally remarked, perhaps, but still equally objectionable. Apollo is a god, and his very attitude is that of one accustomed to tread upon the clouds, and float spirit-like through the air. But Orpheus is a mortal: endued, it is true, with as large a portion of the divine spirit as ever was granted to mortal man, but still the slave of human passions, and acting by human means. Hence the beauty of his form must be of a different order; bordering, as nearly as may be, upon that perfection, which the great artist of antiquity reserved for their delineations of superior essences, but still distinguished from it, by clear and definite lines. It is full of grace; the body, the limbs, the head, are in perfect keeping: there is a harmony about them, like that of the accords of his own lyre. The frame is neither powerful, nor slight, but that well balanced medium, which belongs to health, and a perfect command of all the physical powers. His strength is not that of the arena, nor the bone and sinew of daily toil, but such as one might gain by healthful exercise in the sunlight and open air: that of a bard of the olden time, who sung in the woods and the fields, and sought inspiration in a free communion with Nature herself.

The attitude is calculated to give full scope to all the vigor of which he is possessed. The rapidity of his motion requires that play of muscles, which is the severest test of an artist's science. The right leg drawn out to its full extent, and touching the ground with the extremity of the foot; the weight of the body thrown upon the left, which bends at the knee with the movement forward: the inclination of the body itself, which is thrown forward to correspond with the general action, and the double movement of the arms, one of which grasps the lyre, while the other is raised toward the head; present difficulties of almost every kind, and require a degree of practical skill, and a judicious management, which are seldom attained by so young a man. Strong as the action is, there is nothing forced or extravagant about it. The development of the muscles is carried just far enough to produce the desired effect. The slightest increase in the extension of the limbs, would give them the appearance of strain and effort, and make you think of a theatrical attitude, instead

of natural action. The vigor of the torso is sufficiently marked, but beyond that, every thing is kept down, and made subservient to the grace and beauty which are so much more appropriate to the subject. In the surface you would be struck with the familiarity which it displays with the human form, and the judicious discrimination between general characteristics and individual peculiarities. And with this constant watchfulness to keep every thing within its proper bounds, there is a perfect freedom of action, a fleshy surface, not the least approach to dryness, or to restraint!

One of the most striking parts of this composition, is the head. The features are formed with as much attention to regularity, as is consistent with strong expression. The forehead clear, full, intellectual; the eye-brow curving with a light and freely drawn arch; the nose projecting in a simple straight line, with a delicate and spirited expansion of the nostrils; lips neither dry nor full, but modelled with a certain sharpness of effect, which adds greatly to the general force of expression. There is a peculiar earnestness about the brow, that I have never seen surpassed. The eyes, too, are bent forward with a deep fixedness of gaze, that seems as if it would read at one glance the secret of the abyss to which he is approaching. And over all is diffused a tenderness so deep and so pure, an intensity of feeling, a glow of passion, that add, if possible, new grace to his beauty, and give it something irresistible and divine.

Great as the difficulties of execution in this statue were, no part was more so than the arrangement of the drapery. Mr. Crawford saw how grossly the school of Bernini had failed in giving motion to drapery; yet he felt convinced that there was enough in the works of the ancients to show that drapery might be made to flow and wave, even in marble. His first sketch was dropped. As he proceeded with the full figure, he began to doubt the possibility of preserving the original design. It seemed too ornamental for that simplicity and unity of effect at which he aimed. He feared that it might divide and distract the attention, and thus weaken the feelings that he wished to excite. Still he saw that these difficulties could be reconciled; that ornament might be preserved, without a sacrifice of simplicity: that the action of the figure might be strengthened by drapery properly thrown, and yet the proportions brought out clearly and well defined. Nothing short of a sight of the statue itself, can show you how this has been done: but it *has* been done, and the success is complete.

While engaged in putting up the Orpheus, Mr. Crawford made two other compositions, from mythological subjects, in another style. These were two bas-reliefs, one of them oblong, the other circular. The largest of the two, the oblong, is now doing in marble for Prince Davidoff, of St. Petersburg. The subject is taken from the third labor of Hercules. The hero, after a year of incessant toil, at last, as you recollect, succeeds in catching the golden-horned stag, but while in the art of leading it in triumph to Eurytheus, is suddenly stopped by Diana, who claims it as her own, and chides him for thus daring to put his hand upon an object consecrated to her. This is the moment chosen by the artist. The ground is a plain, unbroken surface. Hercules stands at one of the extremities. He leans with his right arm upon his massive club. The left, raised toward the goddess,

enforces his words, by a calm yet dignified gesticulation. The skin of the Nemean lion falls from the left shoulder, in a line with the body, and crossing it behind, drops with the motion of the right arm. The space between him and the goddess is filled by one of her usual emblems, a grey-hound. In the centre of the piece, tall, majestic, arrayed in a light robe, that descends to the knee, stands the goddess herself. Her face is turned to the hero, her right arm is extended toward him: the left holds the stag with the firm, easy grasp of a divine being. These two figures are in repose, or rather, the action is calm. In that of the nymph, who fills the opposite extremity of the piece, there is more of excitement. She is draped to her feet in a loose robe, that flows backward with the wind, and the movement of her body. The band that she has fastened around the neck of the animal, is drawn tight by her effort to restrain his leaping, and in her whole frame, full of grace and vigor as it is, you see the difference between her power and that of her mistress.

One of the first things that would strike you in this piece, is the balance of the composition. The figures are distributed with an art that cannot be too much praised. They relieve and set off each other. There is a perfect propriety in the accessories; a unity in the action; a harmony of tone, that pervades the whole group, and gives new force to the sentiment it is intended to convey. The figures, too, are admirably conceived. Hercules is the ideal of a hero of the primitive age. In the presence of a mortal, you would call his frame gigantic: but he now stands before a goddess, and the full development of his vast limbs, though more than human, is yet below that of the divinity. Diana is the vigorous, the graceful goddess of the bow: the sister of Apollo, and partaking of the same immortal beauty. There is a quiet power, a severe grace, about her, that marks her at once as the chaste sovereign of the woods. How different the beauty of her attendant; a wood nymph, whose form is perfected by the invigorating pleasures of the chase; whose countenance beams with that charm you would look for in the constant companion of a goddess: but yet how far below the radiant beauty of the goddess herself!

The other relief is a scene from the battle of the Centaurs. One of the monsters has seized upon a young bride, whose indignant countenance and uplifted arm, the struggling frame and the mixed expression of terror and anger, that fills her lovely features, reveal at once all the horrors of her situation. But a protector is at hand. His undaunted aspect and vigorous limbs show that he is equal to the fearful struggle. Unarmed as he is, he has leaped boldly upon the back of the Centaur: his left hand is set fast in his matted locks: he has drawn the head backward: the monster rears with the motion, and seems struggling to shake off the incumbent weight; but the hero, firm in his grasp, retains his hazardous position, and with his right arm extended to its utmost range, is preparing to deal him a blow that will require no repetition. The vigor of the figure is beyond all description. I can give you no idea of it in words: and yet there is nothing strained, nothing theatrical about it. It is a being of great strength: well used to put it forth: and now employing it all in a cause that he feels to be worthy of himself.

I have hardly left myself room to say any thing about Mr. Crawford's execution in marble; his skill in using the mechanical resources of the art. But you will readily conceive that one capable of treading with so sure a step in the higher walks of sculpture, must have already familiarized his hand with its practical details. One of the most beautiful pieces of marble work done in Rome last season, and by the confession of artists themselves, was his bust of Mr. Ingraham, an English gentleman, well known for his taste in the arts. Should you go to Washington, you will see a proof of my assertion, in a medalion of Botta, presented, either to the president or to the library, by Mr. Butler, of New-York.

I had intended to give you an account of several other compositions of Mr. Crawford, which he has made, in the hope that the liberality of his countrymen, or of his country, may some day enable him to complete them. But it is time to bring this long letter to a close. I have indulged the more freely in these details, from their reviving, as it were, the hours we passed together within these holy walls, and calling up, with all the freshness of youthful hope, the fond anticipations in which we loved to indulge. I know that you will feel as I do, and that this picture of a young countryman, content to endure so much, in order that he might lay his foundation deep, by close and unwearied study; strong enough to resist the temptations so natural to us Americans, of rushing upon the stage before we are prepared to carry our parts through; I know, I say, that such a picture will awaken the same feelings in your mind that it has done in mine. Mr. Crawford has given six years to laborious preparations. He is now entering upon his career, with high hopes and a firm will. It is but just that he should be met on the threshold by his own countrymen. It is on their assistance that he must rely. It is to their applause that he must look, as his richest reward for the past, and the strongest excitement for the future. Let this letter give him his place, at least in your feelings, and lead you to look upon him with the same respect and affection as I do.

Believe me, my dear LONGFELLOW, ever yours,

U. S. CONSULATE :
Rome, Oct. 1, 1839.

GEORGE W. GREENE.

S O N G .

SOUNDS so sweetly never as when evening twilight falls,
Thy voice, that back unto my heart what it has lost recalls;
When shadows people all the room, thy gentle hand in mine,
I list, as in a dream the while, those low, soft tones of thine.

Then comes the silent Past, from the tomb of buried years,
Bearing a lachrymary, filled with rose-leaves steep'd in tears;
And holding forth a magic glass, in which I dimly see
All that she keeps of mine that's most endeared to memory.

Familiar forms of dear ones gone, are then to me restored,
And visions of departed hours, well loved, but not deplored;
No, not deplored my vanished joys, nor yet recall'd with pain,
I would not give their mem'ry up, to live them o'er again!

O, ever dearest! wake for me, at quiet eventide,
Old songs of ruth I loved before I won thee for my bride;
But sing no mirthful ditties then, at best but little worth,
For tears than smiles are dearer, when music calls them forth.

J. A.

P L E A S U R E S O F A S S O C I A T I O N .

AN EXTRACT FROM A MS. POEM.

How bright the change, when bursting from the doom
 That held the earth in deep Cimmerian gloom,
 That made the clouds but homes of ceaseless storms,
 Where e'en no lightnings paled their lurid forms,
 And caused the waters that were formed to glow,
 To heave their darkened breast with sullen throes,
 That light, swift messenger, from heaven came down,
 With snow-white garments and prismatic crown:
 When lo! from cloud to cloud leap living hues;
 The waters beam, from seas to pearly dews;
 A thousand varied tints unknown before,
 New splendors on each object richly pour;
 Mingling, reflecting, bright in every change,
 Till all is glowing in their boundless range;
 Till waves mount sparkling to the shining stars,
 And mountains beam like heaven's aerial spars!

As light thus sheds its hallowed influence,
 And magic beauty, o'er the realms of sense,
 So mind, bright effluence from th' Eternal Cause,
 Moved by Association's plastic laws,
 Impelled on restless wings of living thought,
 By love inspired, with feeling deeply fraught,
 Descends from heaven to animate the clay,
 And fit man's form to face the god of day;
 And as it swells with conscious power within,
 An empire too without goes forth to win;
 Becomes a part of the bright things it seeks;
 Softens mid valleys, glows on mountain peaks;
 Quails o'er the abyss where cataracts pour their floods,
 And sinks with awe within the solemn woods;
 Floats with the fleecy cloud o'er tranquil skies,
 Loving, like them, the earth, yet fain to rise;
 Delights o'er lovely present scenes to cast,
 The distant, soft enchantment of the past;
 Finds a mute language in each object round,
 That stirs the bosom though it yield no sound;
 Reads histories in the empire-bounding streams,
 Or from their banks floats down the tide of dreams;
 And hallows many a consecrated spot
 With fond associations, ne'er forgot;
 Loves to repose where, by his favorite stream,
 With course as steady, with as mild a gleam,
 The soul of WASHINGTON, his duty done,
 Passed from the earth to triumph nobly won;
 And burns with ardor on the humble green,
 Where first the stain of freemen's blood was seen,
 And cries, exulting, as its views embrace
 The approaching glory of the human race,
 'Here deeds of yeoman chivalry were done;
 Here bled the free; this, this is Lexington!

When once the soul admits this gentle power,
 Its magic energy grows hour by hour;
 It binds all nature in one chain of love,
 And makes each link by one strong impulse move.
 The mute insentient objects of the sense,
 When touched by this exalting influence,
 Moved by warm sympathies that closely bind,
 Seem things like us of feeling and of mind.
 Their graceful forms attract the admiring eye,
 With hues and shapes replete with harmony;

But soon a power beyond mere beauty grows,
 And with new life through every feature glows.
 Thus the lithe willows by our native stream,
 Whose silver leaves in its bright waters gleam,
 Grow to the fancy, till their mournful sweep,
 Recalled where'er we wander, makes us weep.
 So the rude song that echoes on the hills
 Of Switzerland and all her valleys fills,
 If haply heard by wandering mountaineer,
 In Po's rich vale, or Afric's deserts drear,
 Recalls his native mountains to his thought,
 Shrouded in mists, with fearful tempests fraught;
 Recalls his cot that like an eyry clings,
 Where the wild stream from melting glacier springs,
 And up the snow-capped mountains to the sky,
 Curls its white smoke as if with them to vie:
 Ay, and far dearer are the rocks that scowl,
 And wintry blasts, that round their summits howl,
 Than the mild zephyrs of the Italian grove,
 Wafted o'er flowery plains, on wings of love;
 And, were he free to choose, he'd fly with joy
 Back to the scenes that all his thoughts employ;
 Where his loved mountains in rude grandeur stand,
 His soul's high teachers, guardians of his land,
 And bless the tempests that his home restore,
 And love it for its whirlwind storms the more!

S. D. D.

A N A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

I CONSIDER it a bounden duty, through this widely-extending medium, to advertise to the world that there are now floating over its happy surface two Individuals, of that bright order of Being called Woman, whose employment it seems to be to occupy alternately the hearts of their associates and acquaintance.

One of the two is endowed with a spiritual and fervent imagination, of surpassing richness and exquisite variety of thought, and seems limited only in a single train of moral investigation and discovery; that, namely, which leads to an understanding and appreciation of her own rare gifts.

The other, more balanced in her gracious faculties, acts out more calmly — perhaps, if I could bring myself to employ such a term, I should say *more perfectly* — her own beautiful conceptions of goodness; and with an exacter justice, forms an estimate as well of herself as of surrounding objects. So also is the latter more defined than the former in that precision of outline which marks the space she fills in the imagination of the contemplator; and while the first is, as it were, the rainbow, whose arc is regular, but whose breadth and depth of celestial color no human eye can measure or fathom, the latter is like the planet, whose radiations of light are determined by fixed laws, both in their direction and extent.

I suppose it difficult to fancy, as connected with this life, two Intelligences of greater purity and sweetness; the one in thought and conduct, and the other in conduct and thought. I long very much to call the one my Inspiration; and the other my Development; so precious are the ideas which the one induces, and the other personates; and such is the affinity between the two, that after having been in the

society of the one, I desire excessively to behold the other; from whose presence I would again return to the former, as to a fountain of waters in the leafy shades of deep retirement. The world, and thou too, perhaps, admired chronicler, might, under this description, greatly wonder that I should wish to advertise and disseminate the knowledge of these two Existences. The world, and thou too — no, not thou, but the world — might opine that it were the discreeter, and therefore the better part, to keep unto my single self the pleasurable consciousness of two such treasures of thought and goodness; or that if, in the elation of my heart, I were forced, like the Barber of Midas, to tell my secret or die, that I should, like him, retire into the fields, and whisper it to the very grass; telling the flowers of earth of these who are born to become hereafter the flowers of heaven.

The reason that I cannot do this, thou wilt, upon ulterior thought, be at no loss to comprehend, when I tell thee that they are frequently about my path, which has now become a downward one; and often, all unconsciously to themselves, perhaps, do they shed rays of light across it, that my heart drinks up, when, as it were, I arrive at the passage over which they appear to my delighted fancy to have beamed; and though I might, for once or twice, go into the woods to ejaculate the expression of grateful feelings, that two such beings have ever been fashioned for man's irradiation and joy, yet beholding them often, and of late, I cannot satisfy myself without thy friendly aid, in order that thy entire world of readers may participate in the knowledge of such existence, if not in the pleasure of such society.

To these thy readers would I address these lines. If *of the better sex*, be they henceforth happier than ever in the graces of their proper destiny, and in the consciousness of the healing pleasure, the inappreciable delight, which they have power to awaken in the soul, even of the stricken and the departing. If, on the other hand, they be *of my own*, let them realize the means of increased felicity and virtue which Heaven, in Woman, hath bestowed on man. JOHN WATERS.

EARLY-MORNING EXERCISE.

'Methinks I scent the morning air!'

Up! up, arise! — haste, haste! the vernal morn
 Purples the orient sky; and see! the rays
 Of the young sun the eastern hills emblaze;
 Ten thousand pearls their sparkling boughs adorn:
 Quick, quick! — the simple robe, the hat of chip —
 Let thy loose ringlets flutter in the breeze;
 Soft, soft glide down the stairs; thy hand I seize;
 Mount we our coursers, and the gale outstrip.
 How fresh the air! how mild the early sun!
 How ring the wild notes through the neighboring wood!
 Dustless the moist earth as we gallop on —
 Rattle the pebbles of this shallow run;
 Thunders the bridge: ha! ha! in drowsy mood,
 Toss on the uneasy down who will — we, *we* are flown!

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

'Look, how they come — a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze!'

BAYANT.

I.

SPEAK it not lightly! — 't is a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears;
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity!

II.

Speak it not lightly! — though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

III.

Life will not prove all sunshine: there will come
Dark hours for all: O will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love as ye did, in times when calm and bright
Seem'd the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deem'd the future like the present fair?

IV.

Eyes that now beam with health, may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worship'd beauty low;
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully as now?

V.

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark, on life's dark sea —
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
When Hope her syren strain sang joyously;
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say, 'Together we will bide the blast?'

VI.

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrow'd cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

VII.

Speak it not lightly! Oh! beware, beware!
'T is no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,
And by the high and holy ONE 't is heard:
O then kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow!

O U R V I L L A G E .

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'LETTERS FROM LONDON,' ETC.

NUMBER TWO.

WITH your leave, gentle reader, I will continue my efforts to entertain you with random sketches of Our Village. The better to execute this task, I have scrambled up the steep of the Sharp Mountain, ascending abruptly from the Schuylkill, to near the summit; where a gray and fretted rock-work, bearing on its flanks the motley weather-stains of a thousand damp and frozen winters, and hot summers, commands an extended view of the prospect; where, snugly sequestered in a nook, one can look out unobserved upon the varied scene; its mountains, its valleys, and villages, and its busy mortals, moving about in their several employments. Come, if you are a pretty maid, and sit by me. Poets have come hither to dictate their first sonnets, to exchange their first vows of mutual affection. I forgive mother Eve, with my whole heart, for the several penalties she has entailed upon us; among others, for the 'season's difference.' May, as a kind friend after absence, as good fortune after gloom and adversity, has returned with a pleasurable influence, that had been forever unfelt under a monotony of eternal Springs; and the rosy-footed Month, (I ask pardon of her younger sister, who is more rosy than she,) has to-day put on her sweetest smiles, with her robe of green; and a genial spirit breathing in the air invites to enjoyment. Come, then, dear lady; the perfume of the cedar is deliciously fragrant; a tufted pine, its hair dishevelled, and gently curled by the breeze, offers you protection from the sun; now and then a bird carols overhead its dainty lay; Zephyrus has set loose the trickling rivulets, and Flora has unbuttoned the little flowers. I have prepared a seat for you of moss. I know a lady who will be glad to sit on it, if you will not.

That's a good girl! Now tuck up your frock,* and I will show you all that is prettiest upon the disc of this charming landscape. To a lady's perfections, it is necessary that a good portion of her time should be spent in the country. She should be set out as the flower-pots from the hot-house, in the spring. Not only the mind is fed here on better thoughts, but the limbs receive the exercise requisite to beauty, and the nerves are fortified against the hurricanes that break in through the key-holes of city parlors, bearing rheums, catarrhs, and consumptions, on their deadly wings.

That huge pile, which seems to prop up the heavens, bounding the view northwardly, eight miles distant, and running parallel, is the BROAD MOUNTAIN. The smaller hills intervening, some of them turning up their noses as if they were mountains, shaded with grizzly underwood, and ever-green pine and hemlock, and waving like the troubled sea, are the depositories of the coal and iron which give the region its commercial worth and dignity. Traversing this valley, not

* A CLASSIC imitation: '*Componere togam — succincta toga;*' a succinct way the Latins had of saying, 'Attend!'

twenty years ago, the traveller often stood still in wonder at the immense waste of creation ; disposed, especially, to find fault with the bad economy, when obliged to seek one of these steepes, of a hot day. Improvident mortal ! how little imagining the treasures laid up by Nature's bounty for him and his posterity, in the bosoms of these heaving ridges and mountains !

The coal was indeed long ago discovered ; but a score or two of years elapsed while philosophers were showing the impossibility, and fools finding out the means, of burning it ; and as many more, while the learned were demonstrating the deleterious effects of carbonic gasses upon human health and food. The first burning of this fuel was forbidden in England by an edict of parliament, and by a much more absolute authority in America — public opinion. Ladies' hair fell off, or was turned red, and complexions and furniture were ruined ; influenzas and bronchitis multiplied ; and multitudes, of all sexes and conditions, perished ; wives scolded, servants ran away, and grates were tossed into the street. In a word, the household gods were smoked, cracked, and shattered, and kitchen hearths made desolate. Coal, however, prevailed, after many struggles, and is now the universal fuel of the great cities, with no undue increase in the bills of mortality. The domestic charities are restored ; the poker, also, to its legitimate functions ; ladies' heads are reinvested with their tresses, blonde, auburn and jet ; and there has been a regular improvement in the female complexion and gastronomy.

The river which you see making its way toward the south, with a fall of eight hundred feet to the tide, upon a hundred miles, and designed to convey the minerals of this region to market, is the SCHUYLKILL. To be prompt and convenient to this function, it has carved for itself a channel, as you see, through the solid mountain, by a process very puzzling to human wit. A little sand confines the ocean, and the mountain rock has here yielded to a rivulet ! There is an infinity of subjects before us for the geognosophist, that would keep him in innocent employment for a long life-time, making him as learned in cosmogony as Whiston, or Burnet, or Buffon, who ended their days by knowing nothing about the matter. By what process was it, indeed, that great Nature rolled up the surface of the earth into these multitudinous waves, and impregnated them with minerals, so necessary to human uses ?

These numerous 'shanties,' which you see sprinkled over the hills, lonely or in groups, are the homes of the miners, to which, coming out of the ground, they resort to pay their respects to their sturdy little wives ; and the openings in the flanks of the hills, gaping so hideous, are the mines, from which men, black as the imps of another region, carry out coal. A hundred miles of rail-road intersect the valleys, or tunnel the hills, upon which long trains of cars, with their conductors, and a woman occasionally seated on them, roll along the gently declining plane, with no visible power of motion ; horses trotting after ; and now and then a locomotive comes blustering up, like a great bully, making music with the puffing and suffocating engines of the mines and furnaces. One more revolution of the year will present you an uninterrupted rail-road of ninety miles to Philadelphia : a third part only is remaining to be accomplished ; and all this where

ten years ago the traveller came bobbing along in a clattering stage, *δ'αγαντα, κατ'αγαντα, παρ'αγαντα*, upon the rough ribs of the corduroy.

A fly sometimes serves, on a picture, to bring out the principal figure — a hero or an elephant. So much for the science of grouping. The puddle you see there, at the entrance to the town, so bedecked with agreeable images, is kept up by the Borough for the gratification of the frogs, who, gathering about the margin, gargle out their little souls in a hymn of salutation to the spring. Some theologians think Nature has established a system of compensations throughout all creation, to equalize good and evil; giving to cowards an intense sentiment of courage, and to fools excessive vanity, to compensate their want of brains. It must be on this principle that frogs are so exceedingly happy in their own music. That clumsy bird, half-flying, half-footing, in haste to reach the puddle, is a goose; and that one, with arched neck, stately as the swan — now sitting quiet and meditative, now rowing its way through the stream — that, also is a goose, of the other gender. Those are sheep which browse on the hill; and the little ones, frisking or sleeping in the sun, or studying the gamut under their woolly mammas, emblems of innocent country life, those are unweaned lambs. As this is your first visit beyond Broadway, I must be elementary in my descriptions. The girl upon the rail-car, with her tartan what-do-you call it on her shoulder, is Scotch; and that one winding down the hill, in a covered equipage, dragged slowly by a pot-bellied nag, bringing provisions to the market, is Dutch; her name Rosabella. Her butter is sweeter than the breath of Love, and she is nice in eggs as Cæsar was in wives. One goes to market on purpose to study this *chef d'œuvre* of Nature's gallery, and gossip with her.

The pretty maiden you see there, at Mr. Potts' door, her foremost leg straight to the toe, and the other in an angle, and a basket running over with flowers on her left arm, in her right fingers a rose open, and a bud with three graceful leaves, (look at her through the telescope,) dear little thing! is she not beautiful? The roses borrow blushes, and the lily whiteness, from her cheeks, and a cherub smile lights up her decent teeth, of purest ivory. All the beauties, you would swear, of Schuylkill county were summed up upon her single face. It is Helen, the flower-girl. Shall some clod of earth, alas! feed upon the quintessential ambrosia of her kisses! She sleeps, sweeter than ladies upon the eider down, upon a chaffy cot, far beyond the mountains; and with the blush of morning, tucked up, brings showers of roses to the market, carrolled by the harmless birds. Heaven preserve thee, pretty Helen, as thy own mignonette, fragrant from birth to the withered leaf!

That stately old man, who moves in angles and straight lines, is the cross school-master, with a birch. Now he enters his school, and the apple-munching urchins are squeezed into a nut-shell, each at his task. He scourges the boys as the boys scourge tops. But did you ever see such mobs of children! They seem to come out of the ground, as toads after a summer's rain. The mountain air and mineral streams are so favorable to fecundity, say the doctors. I knew a lady of the city who had been ten years in holy wedlock, unblest; and what do you think? She came to Pottsville, and at the end of

seven months had twins! If Rebecca had lived among us, Jacob would have had no need of a resort (so unpleasant) to the Shunamites for an heir.

The old woman who gathers withered sticks by the way-side, is a witch. You will often see her, when the thievish Night broods upon Guinea Hill, walk with printless footsteps upon the cowslips, brush the dew from the mullen leaves, gather poisonous herbs, and turn about like a whirligig on her heel. She pinches the Dutch girl's hips till they are black and blue, and with a wand calls about her the sprites who haunt the mines, (in Wales they call them *Knockers*,) who kindly discover the veins of ore hidden in the crannies of the earth.

The poor animal with ragged coat and dulled spirits, that stands chained to a log by the cottage-door, is an ass, fatigued with dragging coal from the mines. How askingly he eyes the empty trough, then 'earthward hangs his moveless head.' Dear Sarah! how often I have seen her warm her darling little feet at the grate, (Parlor, No. 11, Fourth-street,) little suspecting the obligations that she — that *we* — owed to this meek child of misery — this poor donkey! Often, too, have I seen at this same grate a clown, his coat-tail under his arm, as little sensible of the obligations one ass owed to another.

That old horse, worn to his ribs upon the tow-path, is battenning his last meal upon the commons; turned out by hard-hearted man to die — no longer serviceable. There is no resentment in his face: he only looks upon the bare and unshrubbed earth imploringly; he would lick the hand that has abused him. Is there no heaven, alas! no retributive justice, for the poor quadruped!

But I fear I fatigue you with these unseemly objects. I wish rather I could show you the thousand little glens, and dells, and water-falls, concealed in the recesses of the woods and mountains. The smiling village you see six miles to the south, is Schuylkill-Haven; and the vehicle upon the road, its four wheels in the air, and the passengers making their toilet by the way-side — the women gathering up the babies they had thrown out of the window — is the mail-stage, upset. The presumptuous little village, a mile to the east, is Port Carbon: the engine, puffing and suffocating like some dying monster, at the foot of the hill, and busied in melting the rude ore with the native coal, and throwing the ruddy tinge of its hot fires upon the stream, is 'LYMAN'S FURNACE.' The toy-like gentleman at its side, who is making an invisible bow to a lady, (you can see her with the telescope,) is our chief burghess — in his natural shapes, the counterpart of Falstaff.

'And the little men, in feathered caps, standing still upon the plain, as chess-men upon the board?'

Our 'National Infantry,' the Invincibles, only seeming to stand still. They are shouldering their fire-locks, right about face! — advancing and retreating, and looking fierce as Napoleons, under the belligerent shouts of their captain, which expire at a mile from our ears — so near are we to heaven. Listen! you will catch a note of the chiming spheres; music dispensed only to honest maids, say the poets, and denied the gross ears of wicked men.

The sequestered spot, where the sun is westering toward the night; where the villagers love to walk in the soft melancholy of the Indian

Summer evening ; where the infant shrubbery is now teeming into life, and the spreading oak, and hemlock, and cypress, are gently crisped by the breeze, is a village grave-yard, without the precincts of the town ; where, the pilgrimage of life being run, one may hope the due respect and reverent decencies of the tomb. Honor to those who have set the pious example : rural cemeteries are now springing up, with emulation, on all sides. The Rev. Mr. —, who has just completed his enclosure, beckoning some one the other day, whispered, with an air of joy : ‘ We have got one in already ! ’ In grave-yards, as in all things else, rivalry is the soul of business.

The eminence which you see at the foot of the town, on the north, heaving up like a great giant's grave, and covered with a squad of mean houses ; where the African, ragged and indolent, and besotted with rum, hides his stupid misery ; where loud wranglings, and hallelujahs, and frequent cries of murder, infest the night, made blacker by negroes, is GUINEA HILL. The sable procession winding slowly toward the little church on the summit, is a negro burying ; the only event by which the inhabitants of this Hill seem to assert their common humanity.

When the eye-lids of the day have closed, Chaos and Night sit here together, on their leaden stools, introduced by a mulatto brat, in a gray hood, begotten by the voluptuous Day upon the ravished nymph Darkness, and called Twilight. Revelry, with her tipsy sisters, keeps tavern here, and Intemperance sits bleary-eyed upon the door-sill ; and Sloth, and Filth, and Lewdness, the express resemblance of their shabby little mother, Smut, creep about the doors and gutters. Night's steeds of iron-gray, champing their bridles, stand ready yoked to her car of jet, by her colored grooms the Hours, frizzled in woolly locks. Black Bill, (who knows not Bill ?) and his mother, guilty of the same offence, are styed here with the pigs — principal citizens. If you look in, the night half spent, when Hecate rides on the storm, and Wantonness skulks about in quest of such loves as grow upon this Hill, you will see Bill's mother, in Methodist devotion, praying success to her son, out upon feats of burglary in the village. And lame Justice comes limping up in the morning, when the thief has fled. There ! if you like John Bunyan.

The sprightly village at our feet, with its air of freshness ; its garden fences glowing with the white-wash ; its scattered dwellings covering a mile of surface ; the churches of its twenty religions lifting up their spires ; proud especially of its Catholic church, itself the ornament of a town, ensconced on the side of the hill, sheltering its devotion from the winds ; and of its Town-Hall, and two mammoth hotels, SHOEMAKER'S and the NATIONAL, where the virtuosi of anthracite gather around the sparkling grate, of a winter's night, and tell of ores hidden in the veins of the earth ; of toll, and freight, and prices of the season ; proud too of its Centre-street, pointing to the poles, and of its Market ; Mahantongo, Norwegian, and other streets, diverging at right angles, east and west ; and of its detached towns in clusters upon the flanks ; Greenwood, without a green spot ; Morris' Addition, as the neck is addition to the head and shoulders ; and Mount Carbon, built in a low valley ; this village, which I must now describe to you with a brevity very disagreeable to those who

love; this central figure of the piece, to which all the rest is but drapery; this metropolis of Schuylkill county — but it deserves a separate chapter to itself — is

POTTSVILLE.

I *MUST* breathe a little after this long sentence. Is it not delightful to have society in one's enjoyments? Pleasure, overturning all the rules of sound arithmetic, is doubled by dividing it. And then such society! allowing me to talk right on, without a word of interruption or contradiction! I will send all my family to New-York to be brought up. And do n't you feel how much enjoyment is enhanced by the exhilaration of spirits incident to these high places? The air is purer; there is a pleasurable sense of elevation above one's species; and the thoughts, in approaching the celestial intelligences, seem to lose their earthly affinities, and become instinct with a diviner spirit. Men love their country better, who are born and bred upon mountains. All original sects have worshipped upon lofty places. The Greek placed his altar of Jove upon Olympus, and Moses held converse with the Deity upon a mountain. I have had myself divine thoughts here, but lack the pretty accomplishment of phrases to recommend them to the world. Why, Nature! bestowing sweet and ravishing speech upon so many, hast thou made me mute and ineloquent, and unable to transfuse into others' bosoms what so charms my own! I often sit in the midst of these abstracted sublimities, in mere sensual enjoyment; listening to the boatman's horn winding in the distance, or wandering by the brow of the cliff, (one likes to venture to the extreme edge of hazard,) to look over the giddy precipice, where the tall tree, dishevelled in the breeze, throws its chequered shadow on the stream; or among the shelvy rocks, where once the Indian roamed, savage, free, and native lord of these mountains; gathering the flinty arrows, sole vestige of these obliterated worshippers of the Holy Spirit. Even now that you are here to dispute heaven with me, I cannot think of whispering to you a word of earthly interests. No, I will just sit innocently by you; see the vine shoot out its little arms to grapple with the trellis of oaken branches, and listen while the wood-pigeon from the neighboring rock pours out, now and then, its melancholy moan. I will not even supplicate a kiss of that rubied lip; content, alas! with Plato's immaterial loves.

Pottsville is named from its founder, of the very ancient family of the Potts; whether of Delft, or Sevres, or Staffordshire, I stop not to inquire; nor is it granted mortals to know all things. I only know that all of the name, any where scattered upon the earth, from the charm, no doubt, of analogical sounds, have gathered themselves into this village. You would swear there were no Potts any where else. In the newspapers it is the eminent prefix of half the advertising columns. In Centre-street, there it is again, in five calligraphic letters, a foot long, in convenient Christian abbreviations, upon half the signs of the village: A. POTT, U. POTT, T. POTT, and P. POTT. It became, a few years ago, a common designation of nearly all the village beaux. One was Miss Hamilton's Pott, another Miss Slaymaker's, another Miss Schiff's, another Miss Pott's Pott; and so they ran on; as embarrassing it became, at last, as Smith or Thompson, in some

other towns. Some tried to disguise it, by orthographical changes and quaint pronunciations; one calling herself Miss Putt, another adding an *s*; another, again, for no earthly purpose but to get rid of the cacophony of this inharmonious monosyllable, got married. And the unhappy mistakes, too! Why, I know a girl who went the other day into a store, and asking timidly for Mrs. Pott, the clerk hastened up stairs, and came down directly with a tea-pot in each hand!

I feel some degree of confidence in becoming historiographer to this village, having grown up with it from its remotest antiquity, and having had a share in its most important events, if one can be said to have a share, who only looks on; events, I am aware, sufficiently known to the present race of men; but is there not something due to those dear little creatures yet unborn, and who always love so tenderly their ancestors — our posterity? There is an inquisitive desire in the human mind of knowing the beginnings of things; and it is no hyperbolical fancy to suppose that at least a million of beings, yet sleeping, I do n't know where, in antiquity, and not yet furnished with human shapes, will be one day turning over the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, for the details I have now the honor most affectionately . . .

‘Do n't!’

I beg pardon, a thousand times! Indeed, I was absent.

‘I did not perceive it.’

Pottsville —

‘See how you have rumpled my handkerchief!’

Pottsville is a growth of little more than twelve years. The population at first so increased beyond the supply of lodgings, that the beds of the one hotel soon running over, the surplus was stowed away, its head upon its own luggage, compactly around the margins of the bar-room; each day bringing fresh supplies, and more violent struggles for the places. Many a one have I seen, of a nice daintiness of limbs, and complexion, and person, who had walked out daily, white-gloved, making ladies' hearts quail, upon Chestnut-street, laid out here with this indiscriminate humanity, pillowed upon his portmanteau, and under the influence of that god who levels all inequalities, and reconciles to all sorts of bed-fellows, sleeping more soundly and happily than in his downy city accommodations. Persons, to secure places, as at the theatre, would often retire at three of the afternoon, or friends would sleep in succession, as they ride and tie on a journey; and in the upper rooms, of a rainy night, it was usual to go to bed with an umbrella, the town not yet having arrived at the luxury of water-tight roofs. It is, however, a town-building population, that of America, and it does not put its two feet in one sock, or sit sucking its thumbs, and waiting for Providence to do the work. Boarding-houses soon sprang up. I recollect one, occupied by two families, eight by ten feet; bed and table taking turns outside; and at such a price, that I have heard the landlord, a conscientious man, say: ‘By Cot! I used to shut my eyes in asking the rent!’

The inconveniences of the times, and tricks of speculation, brought their usual accompaniments, wrangling and law-suits. For the edification of the long robe, I will notice briefly a few cases not reported in *Sergeant and Rawle*. The one, the defendant having proved

refractory and insolent, the judge leaped from the bench, and kicked him out of doors ; and then gave 'judgment by default.' The next was a case of suffrage, and decided that the place in which this great prerogative of freemen was to be exercised, was the township 'where one had his washing done.' The next, the case of a pig ; two citizens having bought it in partnership. One insisted on killing said pig, and the other refusing ; the former put his design in execution, and was sued. Judgment for the defendant, he having sent a breakfast of the sausages to the Squire on the morning of the trial. The last I will mention, was a Dutch case of *crim. con.*, brought in from the country. Facts stared them in the face. Damages eight dollars, and all parties pleased. Alas ! there were none of these cases among us, for there were no women. I remember the very first woman that ever came into the borough ; a tailor's wife, from London. A thrill ran through the hearts of the community. It was a first ray of light upon chaos. I shall not soon lose the recollection of this event. I had walked three miles to get a sight of her, through the window, not being able to approach nearer, for the crowd. It was of a summer's evening, at Shoemaker's. She was playing at chess with one of my more pushing acquaintances. But alas ! the caprice of human affections ! Other women have since broken in, and this original mother, this Eve of Pottsville, is heard of no more, and missed no more, than is a ray from the bright sun, or a summer's leaf from the Alleghany.

This epoch of our village history is distinguished as the time of the 'Coal Fever.' Such fevers are exceedingly prevalent in this new country. Now it is a township in Maine ; now city and town lots ; now state rights and nullification ; now negroes and abolition ; now coal, now multicaulis : and the soberest heads of the commonwealth have been demented under these influences. The demure Quaker, with whose very nature precision and dignity are incorporate, you might have seen scrambling on hands and knees among the legs of the crowd, or climbing upon their shoulders, and finally extricating himself, rumped and flushed, for all the world like one of those rag-babies just from the hands of a raw student and his manequin, at the Ecole Medicine ; and this to buy the stock of a new company, to be sold in the lapse of the year at five dollars for one hundred paid down. You may see him, now, with infinite trouble and expense, grub up from his field the worthless mulberry, laid in a year ago at six dollars the dozen. Nor does this fever, like the measles or small-pox, dismiss the patient with a single attack. He may take the infection several times during life. Should you ever fall into it, dear lady, the acknowledged specific (allow me to prescribe for you,) is a sweat—easy enough to be procured. You have but to lend me the money to speculate on, just when the fever is in its crisis. You will sweat before you will get it again.

The basis of the Pottsville speculation fever was coal lands, combining lots in the borough, and lots in twenty projected towns ; for town-making became a regular business operation ; of all which, beautiful maps tapestried the walls of the hotel ; though Nebuchadnezzar's hanging gardens were much less aerial than many of these lots. Some were found to lie upon the inaccessible ends of the mountains,

with a vertical exposure; others were horizontal, indeed, and well watered and timbered, and but for the single circumstance of not having any terrestrial existence, independent of the map, were exceedingly convenient and ornamental. Bargains and speculations, baited with glozing words, now grabbed the unwary gudgeons, of whom two lines of stages poured out daily a new set, uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed, upon the pavement. It was pleasant enough to mark the first lessons of a novice. In he stalks, tosses down his portmanteau, enters his name, and stands prim and confident in the face of a map. He has been cautioned by his prudent papa, and is a little too wise to be caught.

'If you wish to purchase a tract,' says Mr. Blarney, now at his side, and his fore-finger on a distant corner of the chart, 'here is one I think I can venture to recommend.'

'A first rate property, I suppose.'

'Why, no, I can't say exactly first rate. There is one *here*, of Squire Ketchum's, acknowledged the best in the place; but except that, I take mine to be a little bit above any thing in this region. However, you had better judge for yourself; better people than you or I have been gulled.' And *he* retires.

'You want to make a purchase, I presume,' said another, taking Mr. Blarney's place at the other ear, and putting his finger upon the opposite corner of the map. 'Now here is a tract of mine, and unless perhaps Squire Ketchum's, down here at Port Carbon, I guess you will not find its match in Schuylkill county.'

'Squire Ketchum!' says the wary speculator to himself, noting the name in his memorandum; 'I must find him out.' He did so; purchased, and was bit, as the compères had desired. I cannot afford to give you more than this one example; quite enough for New-York ladies, who swop their bonnets.

[A part of the manuscript, very much to be lamented, is here missing.]

About this time, Mrs. Waddy kept a respectable boarding-house, with half a dozen of those who had come out at the fag end of the speculations, as lodgers; both parties at low ebb of cash. For, to confess the truth, the disease had now assumed rather a typhoid character, and the patient fell at last into total collapse. Several towns were entirely deserted by their inhabitants; some of which have been since re-peopled, and others have sunk into ruins, very interesting to antiquarians. Houses, even in Pottsville, became excessively abundant. I remember a friend of mine, whose tenant threatened to move out of the one he occupied rent-free, unless he would build him an oven. Mrs. Waddy's custom was, opening softly the door, then thrusting in diffidently her horrible face, to beckon out one of the lodgers, calling out his name, into the entry, at the close of each breakfast, to hold an inquest upon his purse — a kind of *post-mortem* examination; and upon her success depended entirely the hopes of the ensuing dinner. I leave you to fancy the interesting group, on the approach of these trying emergencies; seated in silence around the table, now and then stealing a look at each other; and finally the

general content and satisfaction, the doom being fixed, of those who escaped.

'Assensere omnes; et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium converse tulere.'

The power which men possess of 'inflaming one another's passions, when acting in concert, in other words, of making fools of one another, forms a branch apart of mental philosophy. With great respect for Solomon, I beg leave to dissent *in toto* from his doctrine about the wisdom of multitudes. All modern experience, at least, goes to prove that the quantity of wisdom is inversely to the quantity of brains; and that multitudes are either discordant, or unanimous only in folly. I would suggest, with reverence, to Solomon, that the number of counsellors should not exceed two. I used to ride out daily with a gentleman of Philadelphia, and for six months in perfect harmony. We yielded to conviction, and the desire of truth only animated our debates, until at length we took up a Catholic priest. Then came pride of opinion, vanity of display, and I don't know how many other bad passions; and our delightful airings ended soon in a total separation. I wish I could persuade the republic to have itself represented by only two members, in very short sessions, and no admission to the gallery. You would not see North Carolina taking Louisiana by the nose in full senate, were it not for that infirmity of noble minds, the ambition of distinction. I wish I could persuade my readers to go always in pairs. If there is any such thing as a matrimonial quarrel, you will be sure to find a third person, expressed or understood, at the bottom of it. I refer you to the earliest history of our race, where there was the d — l to pay by the intervention of a third person.

Dear Lacedemonians! What a knack you had of laconism! I wish I could have lived under Lycurgus, and not General Jackson and Van Buren. I will try to be more brief.

Pottsville, by a native vigor of constitution, has surmounted its youthful excesses, and attained a full and robust health; and I will not interrupt good humor, by farther recalling its follies and miseries. It is indeed the queen of villages, and has a right to set its head much higher than any of your vulgar, untravelled country towns. Its population (between four and five thousand) is perhaps the most various of the earth. '*Coiere nec unquam tam variæ cultu gentes;*' thrifty Scotch, lying Welsh, Irish with more brogues on their tongues than their feet, and clever men and women, of all these castes, with our heavy and ignorant native Germans. If Jupiter would speak Dutch, he would be likely to express himself the very reverse of this part of our community. The Scotch and Welsh mine; the Irish labor upon rail-roads and canals; and the Dutch garden and farm. The Dutch girls usually turn themselves into village servants; healthy, awkward maids, and not very squeamish in their loves; loves which the tell-tale months often bring to the light; and peeping Curiosity has once or twice discovered a murdered infant in the mine. The Yankee pursues nearly all these businesses, variously, and is usually more efficient in what he pursues, and without deserving much praise, is less intemperate, less addicted to riot, turning out, and rebellion against authority, than the foreigner. There is a

sufficient infusion, in this mixture, of gentility, both foreign and native; in residents, who have enjoyed the advantage of good literary and practical education; in women rich in beauty and accomplishments, and men of high enterprise and public spirit; some of an active benevolence, which no ingratitude of the world or injuries of fortune can repress, and whose merits would adorn the best communities of America or Europe. Joy and prosperity to those who have left us; prayers for the return of health, to those who are ill; and a tear to those who are no more! One there was, in wit almost divine, and so full of life it seemed he could not die; but the blind Fury came one day, and with her abhorred shears clipped his slender thread. May the cypress grow fresh upon thy honored grave, McGREGOR, and pure maiden hands deck thee with the pride of spring!

Centre-street is the dynasty of the shop-keepers, auctioneers, lawyers, and publicans; and when Saturday noon brings the miners out of the ground, they resort with their wives and daughters to this street, to receive their pay, and make their provision for the week; filling up the stores, taverns, and streets, and cheering the long night with a jubilee of feasts. The ale-house rings with its songs around the foaming tankard, and the dancing-room pours out now and then its music in jets through the windows. But a dark and heavy cloud at present broods upon the village: its spirits droop, its activities are benumbed. Is it for the sins of individuals, or the errors of government, that an entire community is thus cursed in the midst of peace, prosperous health, and fertility of the land! All human ills have, however, their infusion of good. The Temperance Society is proud of its new members; eleven hundred from the Catholic church alone! The ale-house has become desolate, and the grass grows upon its threshold.

To rub oneself against the genteel world, is something of an honor, to say nothing of the pleasure. For this you must go into Mahan-tongo, or Market-street, or to the 'Orchard;' where a little group have made a heaven for themselves, and live in it apart. In these streets the élite of the village fashionables, in well-furnished mansions, at respectable distances, (*'distances magnifiques,'*) with tasteful gardens, live their days and nights in undisturbed tranquillity; except that now and then an air from Signor Charivari, ground upon his hand-organ, breaks in upon the deep silence; and occasionally a serenade at the window, from the guitar and 'soft complaining flute,' accompanied by sweet voices, is poured upon the listening ear of the night. Cornelia starts from her couch, as the shepherdess who catches half-distinct sounds from the brow of a distant rock, and dissipates her dreams. She puts out one leg, then the other; then walks tip-toe, and raises the window slowly, as if hiding the noise she is trying to make; then throws her shawl over the horns of a chair, surmounted by her night-cap, gently fluttering in the wind, and retreats to her pillow. Mount-Carbon House lodges fashionables from abroad, who find here downy beds, limpid baths, and stables worthy the days of chivalry; with parks, pleasure-grounds, and gardens pleasanter far (at least to the present generation) than Armida's, or Ariosto's, or Milton's, or Spenser's Bower of Bliss; and to crown all, sumptuous

entertainments, after the fatigues of pleasure or of business : Flora brings bouquets, Pomona strawberries, and Ceres pours cakes, and ice-cream, and Roman punch, upon the ladies' laps. Ramblings by the Tumbling Run I purposely omit, as too tender a subject for my present mood of mind.

That silvery grove, preserved by a special Providence, which overlooks the village on the north ; where you see a dwelling rude and gray, and lurking in the thicket, is PINE HILL, inhabited by one whom I should be most happy to recommend to your favor, and the only one with whom I would willingly share this advantage. Our friendship is indeed an instance, throughout, of extraordinary fidelity and disinterestedness. With the most opposite dispositions, we have been inseparable ; inconstant in our affections, yet always faithful ; deceiving, yet trusting still ; in a word, without agreeing for an hour together, we have jogged on through this weary pilgrimage of life, having but one heart, one mind, one wish. We have even twenty times adored the same woman, without being jealous of each other. With his wife I am as intimate (I mention this with the strictest injunction of secrecy) as himself.

But, see ! the air is moist with the evening dew, and lengthened shadows fall from the tall mountain pines. I count the pleasure of your company among the peculiar felicities of the day. Indeed, the very mountain seems conscious of the delight of being sat upon by so smart and amiable a lady ; and it is hardly without the expense of a tear, that I now bid you — Good night !

THE DREAM-OMEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGEN.

I.

I DREAMED that at the dead of night my false one did appear,
And wide awake, my faith I'd plight, I saw him standing here.
He drew the troth-ring from my hand, and broke it, ah ! in two ;
A crystal, watery pearl-band to me instead he threw.

II.

Then to the garden straight I sped, my myrtle sprigs to see,
Which for a garland to my head I tended carefully ;
Then brake in twain my pearl-band, and ere I could beware,
They rolled away midst earth and sand, and not one more was there !

III.

In pain and fear I sought and sought ; in vain ! how changed the scene !
My lovely cherished myrtle-plot to dismal rosemarie !
What that night's vision did betide, fulfilled is long ago ;
The book of dreams I cast aside, nor to wise woman go.

IV.

Now break, O heart ! the ring is gone, the pearls, too, wept are well ;
For myrtle, rosemarie has grown ; that dream did death foretell.
Poor heart ! to garland thy cold brow, the rosemarie has grown,
The pearls all wept away are now — the ring, the ring is gone !

SPRING SONNET.

'Tis time of the singing of the birds hath come!'

HARK to the Quaker wren, whose chattering note
Proclaims the rapture of his little heart !
Hark how the robin swells his mellow throat —
How the brown thrush essays his rival art !
The twittering swallows skim along the ground,
Or, beating, mount upon the buoyant gale ;
Now dart, in rapid whirl, the pool around,
Now on the breeze with silent pinions sail :
List to the lark, that on the topmost bough
Of yon high oak his swaying balance keeps ;
Sweet is the oriole's voice, loud caws the crow,
And chirps the sparrow, and the grass-bird peeps ;
Their plumes composed, they hail the genial spring —
Joy tunes the song, and Health unfurls the wing.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I have already given you a few anecdotes of characters and events drawn from the French memoirs of the last century, and am inclined to while away an idle hour in giving you a few more. You may use your discretion, either in throwing them aside, or handing them to your readers. Respectfully Yours,
GEOFFREY CRAYON.

ONE of the most remarkable personages in Parisian society, during the last century, was Renée Charlotte Victoire de Froulay De Tessè, Marchioness De Créqui. She sprang from the highest and proudest of the old French nobility, and ever maintained the most exalted notions of the purity and antiquity of blood ; looking upon all families that could not date back farther than three or four hundred years, as mere upstarts. When a beautiful girl, fourteen years of age, she was presented to Louis XIV., at Versailles, and the ancient monarch kissed her hand with great gallantry ; after an interval of about eighty-five years, when nearly a hundred years old, the same testimonial of respect was paid her at the Tuilleries by Bonaparte, then First Consul, who promised her the restitution of the confiscated forests formerly belonging to her family. She was one of the most celebrated women of her time, for intellectual grace and superiority ; and had the courage to remain at Paris, and brave all the horrors of the revolution, which laid waste the aristocratical world around her.

The memoirs she has left behind, abound with curious anecdotes and vivid pictures of Parisian life, during the latter days of Louis XIV., the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and the residue of the last century ; and are highly illustrative of the pride, splendor, and

licentiousness of the French nobility, on the very eve of their tremendous downfall.

I shall draw forth a few scenes from her memoirs, taken almost at random, and which, though given as actual and well known circumstances, have quite the air of romance.

THE TAKING OF THE VEIL.

ALL the great world of Paris were invited to be present at a grand ceremonial, to take place in the church of the Abbey Royal of Panthemont. Henrietta de Lenoncour, a young girl, of a noble family, of great beauty, and heiress to immense estates, was to take the black veil. Invitations had been issued in grand form, by her aunt and guardian, the Countess Brigitte de Rupelmonde, canoness of Mauberge. The circumstance caused great talk and wonder, in the fashionable circles of Paris; every body was at a loss to imagine why a young girl, beautiful and rich, in the very spring-time of her charms, should renounce a world which she was so eminently qualified to embellish and enjoy.

A lady of high rank, who visited the beautiful novice at the grate of her convent-parlor, got a clue to the mystery. She found her in great agitation: for a time she evidently repressed her feelings; but they at length broke forth in passionate exclamations. 'Heaven grant me grace,' said she, 'some day or other to pardon my cousin Gondrecourt the sorrows he has caused me!'

'What do you mean? — what sorrows, my child?' inquired her visiter. 'What has your cousin done to affect you?'

'He is married!' cried she, in accents of despair, but endeavoring to repress her sobs.

'Married! I have heard nothing of the kind, my dear. Are you perfectly sure of it?'

'Alas! nothing is more certain; my aunt de Rupelmonde informed me of it.'

The lady retired, full of surprise and commiseration. She related the scene in a circle of the highest nobility, in the saloon of the Marshal Prince of Beauvau, where the unaccountable self-sacrifice of the beautiful novice was under discussion.

'Alas!' said she, 'the poor girl is crossed in love; she is about to renounce the world in despair, at the marriage of her cousin De Gondrecourt.'

'What!' cried a gentleman present, 'the Viscount de Gondrecourt married! Never was there a greater falsehood. And her aunt told her so!' Oh! I understand the plot. The countess is passionately fond of Gondrecourt, and jealous of her beautiful niece: but her schemes are vain; the Viscount holds her in perfect detestation.'

There was a mingled expression of ridicule, disgust, and indignation, at the thought of such a rivalry. The Countess Rupelmonde was old enough to be the grand-mother of the Viscount. She was a woman of violent passions, and imperious temper; robust in person, with a masculine voice, a dusky complexion, green eyes, and powerful eye-brows.

'It is impossible,' cried one of the company, 'that a woman of the

countess' age and appearance can be guilty of such folly. No, no; you mistake the aim of this detestable woman. She is managing to get possession of the estate of her lovely niece.'

This was admitted to be the most probable; and all concurred in believing the countess to be at the bottom of the intended sacrifice; for although a canoness, a dignitary of a religious order, she was pronounced little better than a devil incarnate.

The Princess De Beauvau, a woman of generous spirit and intrepid zeal, suddenly rose from the chair in which she had been reclining, 'My prince,' said she, addressing her husband, 'if you approve of it, I will go immediately and have a conversation on this subject with the archbishop. There is not a moment to spare. It is now past midnight; the ceremony is to take place in the morning. A few hours, and the irrevocable vows will be pronounced.'

The prince inclined his head in respectful assent. The princess set about her generous enterprise with a woman's promptness. Within a short time, her carriage was at the iron gate of the arch-episcopal palace, and her servants rang for admission. Two Switzers, who had charge of the gate, were fast asleep in the porter's lodge, for it was half-past two in the morning. It was some time before they could be awakened, and longer before they could be made to come forth.

'The Princess de Beauvau is at the gate!'

Such a personage was not to be received in *deshabille*. Her dignity and the dignity of the archbishop demanded that the gate should be served in full costume. For half an hour, therefore, had the princess to wait, in feverish impatience, until the two dignitaries of the porter's lodge arrayed themselves; and three o'clock sounded from the tower of Notre Dame, before they came forth. They were in grand livery, of a buff color, with amaranth gallions, plaited with silver, and fringed sword-belts reaching to their knees, in which were suspended long rapiers. They had small three-cornered hats, surmounted with plumes; and each bore in his hand a halbert. Thus equipped, at all points, they planted themselves before the door of the carriage; struck the ends of their halberts on the ground with emphasis; and stood waiting with official importance, but profound respect, to know the pleasure of the princess.

She demanded to speak with the archbishop. A most reverential bow and shrug accompanied the reply, that 'His Grandeur was not at home.'

Not at home! Where was he to be found? Another bow and shrug: 'His Grandeur either was, or ought to be, in retirement in the seminary of St. Magloire; unless he had gone to pass the Fête of St. Bruno with the reverend Carthusian Fathers of the Rue d'Enfer; or perhaps he might have gone to repose himself in his castle of Conflans-sur-Seine. Though on farther thought, it was not unlikely he might have gone to sleep at St. Cyr, where the Bishop of Chartres never failed to invite him for the anniversary *soirée* of Madame de Maintenon.'

The princess was in despair at this multiplicity of cross roads pointed out for the chase: the brief interval of time was rapidly elapsing; day already began to dawn; she saw there was no hope

of finding the archbishop before the moment of his entrance into the church for the morning's ceremony; so she returned home quite distressed.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the princess was in the parlor of the monastery of De Panthemont, and sent in an urgent request for a moment's conversation with the Lady Abbess. The reply brought was, that the Abbess could not come to the parlor, being obliged to attend in the choir, at the canonical hours. The princess entreated permission to enter the convent, to reveal to the Lady Abbess in two words, something of the greatest importance. The Abbess sent word in reply, that the thing was impossible, until she had obtained permission from the Archbishop of Paris. The princess retired once more to her carriage, and now, as a forlorn hope, took her station at the door of the church, to watch for the arrival of the prelate.

After a while, the splendid company invited to this great ceremony began to arrive. The beauty, rank, and wealth of the novice had excited great attention; and, as every body was expected to be present on the occasion, every body pressed to secure a place. The street reverberated with the continual roll of gilded carriages and chariots; coaches of princes and dukes, designated by imperials of crimson velvet, and magnificent equipages of six horses, decked out with nodding plumes and sumptuous harnessing. At length the equipages ceased to arrive; empty vehicles filled the street; and, with a noisy and parti-colored crowd of lacqueys in rich liverys, obstructed all the entrances to De Panthemont.

Eleven o'clock had struck; the last auditor had entered the church; the deep tones of the organ began to swell through the sacred pile, yet still the archbishop came not! The heart of the princess beat quicker and quicker with vague apprehension; when a valet, dressed in cloth of silver, trimmed with crimson velvet, approached her carriage precipitately. 'Madame,' said he, 'the archbishop is in the church; he entered by the portal of the cloister; he is already in the sanctuary; the ceremony is about to commence!'

What was to be done! To speak with the archbishop was now impossible, and yet, on the revelation she was to make to him, depended the fate of the lovely novice. The princess drew forth her tablets of enamelled gold, wrote a few lines therein with a pencil, and ordered her lacquey to make way for her through the crowd, and conduct her with all speed to the sacristy.

The description given of the church and the assemblage on this occasion, presents an idea of the aristocratical state of the times, and of the high interest awakened by the affecting sacrifice about to take place. The church was hung with superb tapestry, above which extended a band of white damask, fringed with gold, and covered with armorial escutcheons. A large pennon, emblazoned with the arms and alliances of the high-born damsel, was suspended, according to custom, in place of the lamp of the sanctuary. The lustres, girandoles, and candelabras of the king had been furnished in profusion, to decorate the sacred edifice, and the pavements were all covered with rich carpets.

The sanctuary presented a reverend and august assemblage of bishops, canons, and monks of various orders, Benedictines, Bernar-

dines, Raccollets, Capuchins, and others, all in their appropriate robes and dresses. In the midst presided the Archbishop of Paris, Christopher de Beaumont; surrounded by his four arch priests and his vicars-general. He was seated with his back against the altar. When his eyes were cast down, his countenance, pale and severe, is represented as having been somewhat sepulchral and death-like; but the moment he raised his large dark, sparkling eyes, the whole became animated; beaming with ardor, and expressive of energy, penetration, and firmness.

The audience that crowded the church, was no less illustrious. Excepting the royal family, all that was elevated in rank and title, was there: never had a ceremonial of the kind attracted an equal concourse of the high aristocracy of Paris.

At length the grated gates of the choir creaked on their hinges, and Madame de Richelieu, the high and noble Abbess of De Panthemont, advanced to resign the novice into the hands of her aunt, the Countess Canoness De Rupelmonde. Every eye was turned with intense curiosity to gain a sight of the beautiful victim. She was sumptuously dressed, but her paleness and languor accorded but little with her brilliant attire. The Canoness de Rupelmonde conducted her niece to her praying desk, where, as soon as the poor girl knelt down, she sank as if exhausted. Just then a sort of murmur was heard at the lower end of the church, where the servants in livery were gathered. A young man was borne forth, struggling in convulsions. He was in the uniform of an officer of the guards of King Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine. A whisper circulated that it was the young Viscount De Gondrecourt, and that he was a lover of the novice. Almost all the young nobles present hurried forth to proffer him sympathy and assistance.

The Archbishop of Paris remained all this time seated before the altar; his eyes cast down, his pallid countenance giving no signs of interest or participation in the scene around him. It was noticed that in one of his hands, which was covered with a violet glove, he grasped firmly a pair of tablets, of enamelled gold.

The Canoness De Rupelmonde conducted her niece to the prelate, to make her profession of self-devotion, and to utter the irrevocable vow. As the lovely novice knelt at his feet, the archbishop fixed on her his dark beaming eyes, with a kind but earnest expression. 'Sister!' said he, in the softest and most benevolent tone of voice, 'What is your age?'

'Nineteen years, Monseigneur;' eagerly interposed the Countess De Rupelmonde.

'You will reply to me by and by, Madame,' said the archbishop, drily. He then repeated his question to the novice, who replied in a faltering voice, 'Seventeen years.'

'In what diocese did you take the white veil?'

'In the diocese of Toul.'

'How!' exclaimed the archbishop, vehemently.

'In the diocese of Toul? The chair of Toul is vacant! The Bishop of Toul died fifteen months since; and those who officiate in the chapter are not authorized to receive novices. Your noviciate, Mademoiselle, is null and void, and we cannot receive your profession!'

The archbishop rose from his chair, resumed his mitre, and took the crozier from the hands of an attendant.

'My dear brethren,' said he, addressing the assembly, 'there is no necessity for our examining and interrogating Mademoiselle de Lenoncour on the sincerity of her religious vocation. There is a canonical impediment to her professing for the present; and, as to the future, we reserve to ourselves the consideration of the matter: interdicting to all other ecclesiastical persons the power of accepting her vows, under penalty of interdiction, of suspension, and of nullification; all which is in virtue of our metropolitan rights, contained in the terms of the bull *cum proximis*:' '*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*!' pursued he, chanting in a grave and solemn voice, and turning toward the altar to give the benediction of the holy sacrament.

The noble auditory had that habitude of reserve, that empire, or rather tyranny, over all outward manifestations of internal emotions, which belongs to high aristocratical breeding. The declaration of the archbishop, therefore, was received as one of the most natural and ordinary things in the world, and all knelt down and received the pontifical benediction with perfect decorum. As soon, however, as they were released from the self-restraint imposed by etiquette, they amply indemnified themselves; and nothing was talked of for a month, in the fashionable saloons of Paris, but the loves of the handsome Viscount and the charming Henrietta; the wickedness of the canoness; the active benevolence and admirable address of the Princess de Beauvau; and the great wisdom of the archbishop; who was particularly extolled for his delicacy in defeating this manœuvre without any scandal to the aristocracy, or public stigma on the name of De Rupelmonde, and without any departure from pastoral gentleness, by adroitly seizing upon an informality, and turning it to beneficial account, with as much authority as charitable circumspection.

As to the Canoness de Rupelmonde, she was defeated at all points in her wicked plans against her beautiful niece. In consequence of the caveat of the archbishop, her superior ecclesiastic, the Abbess de Panthemont, formally forbade Mademoiselle de Lenoncour to resume the white veil and the dress of a novice, and instead of a novice's cell, established her in a beautiful apartment as a boarder. The next morning the Canoness de Rupelmonde called at the convent to take away her niece; but, to her confusion, the Abbess produced a *lettre-de-cachet*, which she had just received, and which forbade Mademoiselle to leave the convent with any other person save the Prince de Beauvau.

Under the auspices and the vigilant attention of the prince, the whole affair was wound up in the most technical and circumstantial manner. The Countess de Rupelmonde, by a decree of the Grand Council, was divested of the guardianship of her niece. All the arrears of revenues, accumulated during Mademoiselle de Lenoncour's minority, were rigorously collected, the accounts scrutinized and adjusted, and her noble fortune placed safely and entirely in her hands.

In a little while the noble personages who had been invited to the ceremony of taking the veil, received another invitation, on the part of the Countess dowager de Gondrecourt, and the Marshal Prince de

Beauvau, to attend the marriage of Adrien de Gondrecourt, Viscount of Jean-sur-Moselle, and Henrietta de Lenoncour, Countess de Hevouwal,' etc., which duly took place in the chapel of the arch-episcopal palace at Paris.

So much for the beautiful Henrietta de Lenoncour. We will now draw forth a companion picture of a handsome young cavalier, who figured in the gay world of Paris about the same time, and concerning whom the ancient Marchioness writes with the lingering feeling of youthful romance.

THE CHARMING LETORIÈRES.

'A good face is a letter of recommendation,' says an old proverb; and it was never more verified than in the case of the Chevalier Letorières. He was a young gentleman of good family, but who, according to the Spanish phrase, had nothing but his cloak and sword, (*capa y espada*) that is to say, his gentle blood and gallant bearing, to help him forward in the world. Through the interest of an uncle, who was an abbé, he received a gratuitous education at a fashionable college, but finding the terms of study too long, and the vacations too short, for his gay and indolent temper, he left college without saying a word, and launched himself upon Paris, with a light heart and still lighter pocket. Here he led a life to his humor. It is true, he had to make scanty meals, and to lodge in a garret; but what of that? He was his own master; free from all task or restraint. When cold or hungry, he sallied forth, like others of the *chamelion* order, and banqueted on pure air and warm sunshine in the public walks and gardens; drove off the thoughts of a dinner, by amusing himself with the gay and grotesque throngs of the metropolis; and if one of the poorest, was one of the merriest gentlemen upon town. Wherever he went, his good looks, and frank, graceful demeanor, had an instant and magical effect in securing favor. There was but one word to express his fascinating powers; he was 'charming.'

Instances are given of the effect of his winning qualities upon minds of coarse, ordinary mould. He had once taken shelter from a heavy shower under a gate-way. A hackney coachman, who was passing by, pulled up, and asked him if he wished a cast in his carriage. Letorières declined, with a melancholy and dubious shake of the head. The coachman regarded him wistfully, repeated his solicitations, and wished to know what place he was going to. To the Palace of Justice, to walk in the galleries; but I will wait here until the rain is over.'

'And why so?' inquired the coachman, pertinaciously.

'Because I've no money; do let me be quiet.'

The coachman jumped down, and opening the door of his carriage, 'It shall never be said,' cried he, 'that I left so charming a young gentleman to weary himself, and catch cold, merely for the sake of twenty-four sous.'

Arrived at the Palace of Justice, he stopped before the saloon of a famous restaurateur, opened the door of the carriage, and taking off his hat very respectfully, begged the youth to accept of a Louis-

d'or. 'You will meet with some young gentlemen within,' said he, 'with whom you may wish to take a hand at cards. The number of my coach is 144. You can find me out, and repay me whenever you please.'

The worthy Jehu was some years afterward made coachman to the Princess Sophia, of France, through the recommendation of the handsome youth he had so generously obliged.

Another instance in point is given with respect to his tailor, to whom he owed four hundred livres. The tailor had repeatedly dunned him, but was always put off with the best grace in the world. The wife of the tailor urged her husband to assume a harsher tone. He replied that he could not find it in his heart to speak roughly to so charming a young gentleman.

'I've no patience with such want of spirit!' cried the wife; 'you have not the courage to show your teeth: but I'm going out to get change for this note of a hundred crowns; before I come home, I'll seek this 'charming' youth myself, and see whether he has the power to charm me. I'll warrant he won't be able to put me off with fine looks and fine speeches.'

With these and many more vaunts, the good dame sallied forth. When she returned home, however, she wore quite a different aspect.

'Well,' said her husband, 'how much have you received from the 'charming young man?'

'Let me alone!' replied the wife: 'I found him playing on the guitar, and he looked so handsome, and was so amiable and genteel, that I had not the heart to trouble him.'

'And the change for the hundred crown note?' said the tailor.

The wife hesitated a moment: 'Faith,' cried she, 'you'll have to add the amount to your next bill against him. The poor young gentleman had such a melancholy air, that — I know not how it was, but — I left the hundred crowns on his mantle-piece in spite of him!'

The captivating looks and manners of Letorières made his way with equal facility in the great world. His high connexions entitled him to presentation at court, but some questions arose about the sufficiency of his proofs of nobility; whereupon the king, who had seen him walking in the gardens of Versailles, and been charmed with his appearance, put an end to all demurs of etiquette, by making him a Viscount.

The same kind of fascination is said to have attended him throughout his career. He succeeded in various difficult family suits on questions of honors and privileges; he had merely to appear in court, to dispose the judges in his favor. He at length became so popular, that on one occasion, when he appeared at the theatre on recovering from a wound received in a duel, the audience applauded him on his entrance. Nothing, it is said, could have been in more perfect good taste and high breeding, than his conduct on this occasion. When he heard the applause, he rose in his box, stepped forward, and surveyed both sides of the house, as if he could not believe that it was himself they were treating like a favorite actor, or a prince of the blood.

His success with the fair sex may easily be presumed; but he had too much honor and sensibility to render his intercourse with them a

series of cold gallantries and heartless triumphs. In the course of his attendance upon court, where he held a post of honor about the king, he fell deeply in love with the beautiful Princess Julia, of Savoy Carignan. She was young, tender, and simple-hearted, and returned his love with equal fervor. Her family took the alarm at this attachment, and procured an order that she should inhabit the Abbey of Montmartre, where she was treated with all befitting delicacy and distinction, but not permitted to go beyond the convent walls. The lovers found means to correspond. One of their letters was intercepted, and it is even hinted that a plan of elopement was discovered. A duel was the consequence, with one of the fiery relations of the princess. Letorières received two sword-thrusts in his right side. His wounds were serious, yet after two or three days' confinement, he could not resist his impatience to see the princess. He succeeded in scaling the walls of the abbey, and obtaining an interview in an arcade leading to the cloister of the cemetery. The interview of the lovers was long and tender. They exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and flattered themselves with hopes of future happiness, which they were never to realize. After repeated farewells, the princess reëntered the convent, never again to behold the charming Letorières. On the following morning, his corpse was found stiff and cold on the pavement of the cloister!

It would seem that the wounds of the unfortunate youth had been reopened by his efforts to get over the wall; that he had refrained from calling assistance, lest he should expose the princess, and that he had bled to death, without any one to aid him, or to close his dying eyes.

WITH these romances of real life, drawn from what profess to be authentic memoirs, and characteristic of aristocratical French life, during the early part of the last century, I shall for the present, Mr. Editor, take my leave. Yours, etc.,

a. c.

CLEANLINESS.

—
 'Cleanliness is Godliness.'—FULLER.
 —

PERFUMES more sweet from many a flower exhale,
 And gaudier colors many a blossom bears,
 Than hover round the lily of the vale—
 Than the pale violet of the meadow wears:
 Yet, culled from all the daughters of the field,
 With *this* thy chesnut locks thou lov'st to deck;
 Preferred o'er all the lavish gardens' yield,
That rests upon the ivory of thy neck
 These simple flowers what secret charm endears?
 Ah, if it be so pure, so neat, they seem,
 Bathed in the dew of Morning's costliest tears,
 Or tinged with Evening's last declining beam;
 So may'st thou emulate their virgin art,
 Please every eye, and live in every heart.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NORTH AMERICAN HERPETOLOGY: OR, A DESCRIPTION OF THE REPTILES INHABITING THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of South Carolina; Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and of the New-York and Baltimore Lyceums of Natural History. In two vols. 4to. pp. 245. Philadelphia: J. DOBSON.

WHY should Doctor JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK — than whom, considering the years which have as yet traced their pathway across his brow, no member of the learned and well-fed profession to which he is so honorably attached, has had better opportunity of becoming versed in the refined and occult enjoyments of the table — why should he — how could he — have passed over, with a dry and sterile notice of cold approbation, and of 'faint praise,' the delightful, the luminous attributes of the incomparable Esculent, to which, in its varieties, so many of the pages of his beautiful and scientific work have been devoted?

We advert not to his lizards; and with the entire race of the *Colubri* are irreconcilably at war: nor would we dwell in admiration even upon his frogs; those that are potted by CAMUS of Rochelle, and that have graced our markets in admirable abundance and condition during the last two years, being, we apprehend, less agile in their vaulting ambition than their enterprising brethren of this migratory country, are distinguished by a certain redundancy and delicacy in the parts, that ours can never hope to possess, until less than at present given to frolicsome exercise, and to the idle love of change and novelty of place. It is on Thee that our thoughts rest in golden light, *Emys Reticulata!* — *Emys Mobilensis!* — *Testudo Terrapin, Emys Terrapin!* Quocunque nomine gaudes; ubicumque sis invenienda! Under what designation soever thou mayest be classed; in whatever order of being ranked; in whatsoever quarter of our happy land thou mayest have been found, or style of cookery served; in china, on delf, on silver; come to us at supper as a stew; or descend to our ravished sight at dinner upon some raw and gusty day, in the noblest fashion of a soup; — disguise thyself as thou wilt; wear but a cookery that may deserve the name; and the table exists not, that thou wilt not embellish and adorn with incontestable supremacy of good!

Alas! that in the impartial, the stern justice that must ever distinguish the station of authority that we hold, it should belong to us to qualify praise that comes from the cockles of a heart too lately warmed by the genial influences of such delicious recreation, to admit a single thought of disfavor that is not warranted by truth: but O, entire genus of *Testudo* and of *Emys!* — vast and increasing host of countless tribes of the *Testudines* — by whose timid eyes, and cautiously-emerging heads, and variegated necks, we perceive our editorial throne at this moment to be surrounded in myriads on our call — it is to your fair sex that we would almost exclusively apply these laudatory words; *their eggs, their livers, and their captivating limbs, deserve indeed to be chanted in songs of triumph, by the voice of woman!* But your males — it is our sense of duty that extracts from us the painful declaration — unless in extreme youth, are hard, impracticable, tough, and desperately dry; in this respect resembling too closely the moral and the

distinctive characters of our own exalted race; so that we know not whether the man exists, against whom we could decree a punishment so severe, as to waste the efforts of a well-earned appetite upon the unsatisfactory carcass of one of your old Bulls! Even the liver of the old monster, that glory of the youth of his own sex, fades before the ordeal of the stew-pan, and may be known at a glance, by its shrivelled and unattractive aspect in the dish, however cherished through culinary art into a delusive and momentary freshness, by the joys of claret and the revivifying force of sherry!

To the world then, at large, to the hunter, and especially to the cook, we would emphatically say, in this assembled presence, whom we here dismiss, AVOID BULL TERRAPINS!

And this brings us to the quiet consideration of the next remark that we have to make upon the work before us; that its learned author has omitted to instruct the uninitiated admirer of these precious offerings of nature, in what manner, or by what rule, he is to distinguish this old and worse than valueless encumberer of the soil and of the markets, from the individuals who can charm his board and fascinate his guests.

In the first place, then, it should be known, that by oft-repeated hybernation, by burrowing in the marshes year after year, and by incidental collision and friction, the concentric stræ of the shell of the old villain become gradually less and less well-defined, until the lines are at last comparatively smooth, and almost entirely effaced. Again, whether it be from the natural cares and anxieties of life, or from some other cause, the back becomes in age more and more convex and spherical about the shoulders; and he looks, in short, like one of those old *courbé* Frenchmen who never die; that are occasionally seen emerging from a *Cul de Sac*, in a coat of the lightest imaginable blue, with silver buckles in their shoes, their toes turned out, that can now never again turn in, and playing the beau at eighty-four. There are also a rigidity and a dryness in the coating that covers the legs, at the same time that it hangs in a flaccid state about them, 'a world too wide for these shrunk shanks;' and various other indications, that need not here be particularized, but by means of which, although the unpractised eye of the young house-keeper may be deceived, old fellows know each other all the world over.

We have nothing but praise to offer to the author in other respects. The work is well got up, and the style of the plates must have gratified even his own expectation and taste; and we look forward with pleasure to the time, when, in noticing some subsequent edition, in which the Doctor shall portray our favorite with something of the *gusto* with which WALTON, for example, makes us in love with his unworthy chubb, it will belong to us, if it should be omitted in the work, to furnish a recipe for the cookery of a dish of terrapins, that shall set all Paris at defiance, and the world itself at fault.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, OR PORTRAITS OF THE ENGLISH. London: ROBERT TYAS. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

NUMBER FIVE of this very clever publication reached us by the last steam-packet. Its spirit, literary and pictorial, is maintained unflaggingly. The illustrations of the number are, the 'Poor Curate,' the 'Bum-boat Woman,' the 'Pawnbroker,' and the 'Quack Doctor.' The last-mentioned sketch is capital, and the letter-press illustration even better still. Such 'physicians' as this illustrious subject, with his quackery and hypocritical cant, are the men whom SWIFT contends should withhold their judgments of religion, for the same reason that *butchers* are not permitted to be jurors upon life and death. The high-sounding, no-meaning style of Dr. DIDDAM's pill advertisement would do honor to the author of 'A Tribute to the Memory of FITZHUGH SMITH.' He informs the reader, that 'universal correspondence to the characteristics of veracity is the only sure mark of truth; hence a trial of the pills is earnestly solicited from all those who are laboring under any of those diversified ailments which obnubilate the chequered path of existence!' The 'position and corollary under notice' are scarcely of equal clearness.

FRANCE, ITS KING, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT. BY AN AMERICAN. One vol., pp. 191. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS work, as is now indeed well known, is from the pen of our minister to the court of France, Governor CASS. Of the author's qualities as a writer, our readers have heretofore had occasion to judge, in the pages of this Magazine. They will not therefore be surprised to learn, that the style of the volume under notice is easy, simple, and perspicuous, and that the contents are imbued with interest, 'from title-page to colophon.' The work is devoted to a minute narrative of the history of the present King of France, especially of his travels and adventures, many years ago, while simply 'Duc de Chartres,' in this country; sketches of French society, and particularly of those public occasions which include the observance of forms connected with the official relations of foreign functionaries; pictures in little, but evidently faithful, of the different members of the royal family; together with numerous episodes, suggested by American, French, and English contrasts of character, manners, or customs; with not a few capital anecdotes, colloquially exhibited, and as fresh and racy as if heard at one's own table, from the lips of the writer himself. Governor CASS, although surrounded by the fascinations of French society, and evidently a great 'favorite at court,' is continually recurring to his experience of American life in the western wildernesses; and we cannot help thinking, such is his reminiscential *gusto*, that he looks back with a lingering, prëminent affection upon scenes and adventures among the

———'Piled leaves of the west,
His own green forest land.'

We observe, with a gratification which would have been enhanced were the game better worth the candle, that our author has seen proper, in an appropriate vein of satirical pleasantry, to turn the tables upon a class of English travellers, who have made our country the theatre of their excursions, and the subject of their books. The list of what the writer has 'seen, heard, and read' of the kingly usages, domestic manners, and other 'spectacles' of the mother people, may be taken as an ample set-off against the worst perversions of the worst travelling book-makers that England has yet spawned upon our shores. There is something irresistibly ludicrous, to a republican observer, in many of the facts here set down. Alluding to a remark of BURKE, that it was 'not proper that great noblemen should be keepers of dogs, even though they were the Queen's dogs,' Governor CASS mentions, that a peer of England, a hereditary legislator and judge, is a keeper of her majesty's *hounds*; another nobleman is a turnspit in her kitchen; a third personage is a leather-breeches maker to the queen; a station, adds our author, 'which it is hoped may prove a sinecure!' And the writer might have added, that the noble 'Controller of Her Majesty's Tape office, and Custos of the Sealing-Wax Department,' has but little reason to look down upon his fellow office-holders, the 'Purveyor of Asses' Milk to the Royal Family,' and the 'Bed-bug Destroyer to Her Majesty!' But what will our parvenu imitators of every thing that is said to be 'an English custom,' or a 'French custom' — who would sooner go without their meat, than use a knife in conveying it to their mouths — say, when they are informed, on the authority of one so likely to be familiar with the *usage du monde* as the American minister at Paris, that '*the knife* is used in the best company in Europe?' And now that tooth-picks, in defiance of the anathemas of CHESTERFIELD, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his day, are as regularly placed beside the plate of each English guest as the knife, fork, and spoon, and as regularly used, we shall look to see a deluge of these useful instruments from abroad, or an enhanced liveliness in the American quill market. Seriously, however, we may hope that the plain good sense of an American gentleman, like Governor CASS, possessing the very best opportunities of observance and judgment, will not be without its effect, in such trivial matters, upon the less national and self-respectful of his countrymen.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'CARLYLE-ISM.' — Our anonymous correspondent, 'C. F.,' in a private note to the Editor, complaining of the return of his communication entitled as above, assumes erroneous premises, and thus destroys his own argument. With a single exception, every quotation he makes, in justification of his wholesale condemnation of 'CARLYLE's style,' is from the pens of that gentleman's imitators in this country; writers who ape the *faults* only of their original, and greatly exaggerate even these; who clothe common-place thoughts in a strange garb, which is nevertheless not sufficiently grotesque to divert the reader's attention from the intellectual penury it fain would cover; writers, in short, who seem wholly to forget that

'Words are but Wisdom's counters, which,
In circulation sent,
She limits to the capital
And wealth they represent.'

From such literary 'friends' and imitators, the author of 'Sartor Resartus' may well implore to be saved. We repeat, there *are* many things in CARLYLE's style that a plain reader would desire to see amended; yet it may be questioned whether — such is now his Germanized intellect — any material change would not lose us much that we should be reluctant to part with. There are some things in the 'French Revolution,' and not a few in the 'Miscellanies' of our author, which we are in doubt whether to call very good or very bad, though we are sure they are one or the other. As wit is nearly allied to madness, so there is but a very narrow boundary between the utmost excursions of wit, and the first sallies of frenzy. When MILTON talks of 'visible darkness,' of 'prodigies produced by nature,' of 'death that lives,' and 'life that dies,' one feels that he has reached the last verge of propriety, and is apt to doubt whether or no he has not *passed* it. So when POPE supposes NEWTON to be shown by angels, as a monkey is by men, one's taste is as much in doubt about his propriety, as his judgment is about that of MILTON. Yet these and a few kindred blemishes are not enough, we may believe, even in the eyes of 'C. F.,' to justify the 'extirpation from our literature,' of such writers as MILTON and POPE. A new work from Mr. CARLYLE's pen, now lying before us, and a few notes upon the English edition of his 'French Revolution,' made some months since, will afford the nucleus for a brief exposition of 'CARLYLE-ISM,' which it is hoped may have an interest for the general reader, as well as for our dissenting correspondent.

A small volume entitled 'CHARTISM,' of an hundred pages and upward, by Mr. CARLYLE, has recently been issued from the press of Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston. It bears the significant motto, 'It never smokes, but there is a fire,' and its tendency is to show that there are causes at work among the over-wrought population of Great Britain, that *must* result in some substantial relief to the lower orders of society; to men struggling for a man-like place and relation, in a world where they see themselves *men*. One chapter is especially devoted to the 'finest peasantry in the world;'

to machines, as they have been termed, 'for turning potatoes into human nature;' to the seven millions, in other words, of warm-hearted, blundering Irish :

'Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirles past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rage and laughing savagery, he is there to undertake all work that can be done by mere strength of hand and back; for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in outhouses; and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and the high tides of the calendar.'

'A man willing to work, and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under this sun. Burns expresses feelingly what thoughts it gave him: a poor man seeking work; seeking leave to toil, that he might be fed and sheltered! That he might but be put on a level with the four footed workers of the planet which is his! There is not a horse willing to work, but can get food and shelter in requital; a thing this two-footed worker has to seek for, to solicit occasionally in vain. He is nobody's two-footed worker; he is not even anybody's slave. And yet he is a two footed worker; it is currently reported there is an immortal soul in him, sent down out of heaven into the earth; and one beholds him *seeking* for this! Nay, what will the wise legislature say, if it turn out that he cannot find it?'

'A government and guidance of white European men, which has issued in perennial hunger of potatoes to the third man extant, ought to drop a veil over its face, and walk out of court under conduct of proper officers; saying no word; expecting now of a surety sentence either to change or die. All men, we must repeat, were made by God, and have immortal souls in them. The Sanspotatoe is of the self-same stuff as the superfinest lord lieutenant. Not an individual Sanspotatoe human scarecrow but had a life given him out of heaven, with eternities depending on it; for once and no second time. With immensities in him, over him, and around him; with feelings which a Shakspeare's speech would not utter; with desires illimitable as the Autocrat's of all the Russias! Him various thrice-honored persons, things and institutions have long been teaching, long been guiding, governing; and it is to perpetual scarcity of third-rate potatoes, and to what depends thereon, that he has been taught and guided. Figure thyself, O high-minded, clear-headed, clean-burnished reader, clapt by enchantment into the torn coat and waste hunger-lair of that same root-devouring brother man!'

- In some satirical remarks upon the new Poor Law, and its practical effect upon the millions who grind at the wheel of skillless labor; the menial hewers of wood and drawers of water; we find the following:

'English commerce stretches its fibres over the whole earth; sensitive literally, nay, quivering in convulsion, to the farthest influences of the earth. The huge demon of Mechanism smokes and thunders, panting at his great task, in all sections of English land; changing his *shape* like a very Proteus; and infallibly at every change of shape, *oversetting* whole multitudes of workmen, and as if with the waving of his shadow from afar, hurling them asunder, this way and that, in their crowded march and course of work or traffic; so that the wisest no longer knows his whereabouts. With an Ireland pouring daily in on us, in these circumstances; deluging us down to its own waste confusion, outward and inward, it seems a cruel mockery to tell poor drudges that *their* condition is improving. . . . The master of horses, when the summer labor is done, has to feed his horses through the winter. If he said to his horses: 'Quadrupeds, I have no longer work for you, but work exists abundantly over the world; are you ignorant (or must I read you political economy lectures) that the steam-engine always in the long run creates additional work? Railways are forming in one quarter of this earth, canals in another, much cartage is wanted: somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, doubt it not, ye will find cartage: go and seek cartage, and good go with you!' They, with protrusive upper lip, short dubious; signifying that Europe, Asia, Africa and America, lie somewhat out of their beat; that what cartage may be wanted there is not too well known to them. *They can find no cartage. They gallop distracted along highways, all fenced in to the right and to the left; finally, under pains of hunger, they take to leaping fences; eating foreign property, and — we know the rest.* Ah, it is not a joyful mirth, it is sadder than tears, the laugh humanity is forced to, at *laissez-faire* applied to poor peasants, in a world like our Europe of the year 1839!'

This striking passage will remind the reader of SIDNEY SMITH's exposition, in the Edinburgh Review, of the wisdom of the pauper system, which furnished to the destitute the pleasant alternative of grinding corn by wind-mill power, or going without food. 'You are free as air,' says the superintendent of the Poor-House; 'only it is my duty to inform you, as you have no money of your own, that the disposition to eat and drink, which you have allowed you sometimes feel, and upon which I do not mean to cast any degree of censure, cannot possibly be gratified, save by employing your abundant leisure upon this ingenious machine. It has its inconveniences, I must admit; but balance these against the total want of meat and drink, and decide for yourself. You are at perfect liberty to make your choice, and I by no means wish to influence your judgment!' 'Give every man what is his,' says our author, 'the accurate price of what he has done and been, and no man shall any more complain, neither shall the earth suffer any more.' He would have the people educated; he would impart the gift of thinking to those who

cannot think, and yet who *could*, in that case, think. 'Were it not a cruel thing,' he exclaims, 'to see, in any province of an empire, the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm palsied? How much crueller to find the strong soul with its eyes still sealed; its eyes extinct, so that it sees not! Light has come into the world, but to this poor peasant it has come in vain. Heavier wrong is not done under the sun. It lasts from year to year, from century to century; the blinded sire slaves himself out, and leaves a blinded son; and men made in the image of God continue as two-legged beasts of labor.'

'To believe practically that the poor and luckless are here only as a nuisance to be abraded and abated, and in some permissible manner made away with, and swept out of sight, is not an amiable faith. That the arrangements of good and ill success in this perplexed scramble of a world, which a blind goddess was always thought to preside over, are in fact the work of a seeing goddess or god, and require only not to be meddled with: what stretch of heroic faculty or inspiration of genius was needed to teach one that? 'To button your pockets and stand still, is no complex recipe. *Laissez faire, laissez passer!* Whatever goes on, ought it not to go on; 'the widow picking nettles for her children's dinner, and the perfumed seigneur delicately lounging in the *Céil-du-Bœuf*, who has an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and use it rent and law!' What is written and enacted, has it not black-on-white to show for itself? Ours is a world requiring only to be well let alone. Scramble along, thou insane scramble of a world, with thy pope's tiaras, king's mantles, and beggar's gabardines, chivalry-ribbons and plebeian gallowa-ropes, where a Paul shall die on the gibbet, and a Nero sit fiddling as imperial Cæsar; *thou art all right, and shalt scramble even so; and whoever in the press is trodden down, has only to lie there and be trampled broad.* Such at bottom seems to be the chief social principle.'

Mr. CARLYLE upholds the dignity of labor, and gives us, as in 'Sartor Resartus,' forcible contrasts between the producer and consumer. 'The princes of this world,' says he, 'were shooting partridges; noisily in Parliament and elsewhere solving the question, 'Head or tail?' while WATT, of the steam-engine, with blackened fingers and grim brow, was searching out, in his work-shop, the Fire-secret; or having found it, was painfully wending to and fro, in quest of a 'monied man,' as indispensable man-midwife of the same.' The following characteristic passages will strike the reader as destitute neither of force nor beauty:

'The Staffordshire coal-stratum, and coal-strata, lay side by side with iron-strata, quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire; bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there too — over which how many fighting Stanleys, black Douglasses, and other the like contentious persons, had fought out their bickerings and broils, not without result, we will hope! But God said, Let the iron missionaries be; and they were. Coal and iron, so long close unregarded neighbors, are wedded together; Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day. Wet Manconium stretched out her hand toward Carolina and the torrid zone, and plucked cotton there; who could forbid her, her that had the skill to weave it? Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey River, vexed with innumerable keels. England, I say, dug out her bitumen-fire, and bade it work: towns rose, and steeple chimneys.' . . . 'Hast thou heard, with sound ears, the awakening of a Manchester, on Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide, ten thousand times ten thousand spools and spindles all set humming there — it is perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or more so. Cotton-spinning is the clothing of the naked in its result; the triumph of man over matter in its means.'

Our author treats with most successful satire the Malthusian remedy for the tide of over-population which swells too high on a 'certain western rim of Europe;' and dwells felicitously upon the recent theory of an 'agitating' Chartist, to diminish the supply of laborers, by 'painless extinction,' with charcoal-vapor, or other methods! The proposition of this writer, who it seems is not in jest, but 'grim earnest,' reminds us of SWIFT's sportive remedy for over-population in Ireland; namely, that every second child should be killed and eaten for food; and we remember that he enlarges with true epicurean gusto upon the tenderness of child-flesh, pronouncing it superior to young veal or mutton. But Mr. CARLYLE offers another plan:

'If paupers are made miserable, paupers will needs decline in multitude. It is a secret known to all rat-catchers; stop up the granary crevices, afflict with continual mewing, alarm, and going off of traps, and your 'chargeable laborers' disappear, and cease from the establishment. A still briefer method is that of arsenic; perhaps even a milder, where otherwise permissible. Rats and paupers can be abolished.'

Violent, rebellious Lynch-law Chartism has been suppressed, as it should be, in England; but the spirit of resistance to oppression is still strong in the hearts of the inferior masses. The great social inequality, the magnificence of the privileged orders,

and the squalid poverty of the poorer classes, 'lank scare-crows, prowling, hunger-stricken, through the streets,' present too strong contrasts. The wronged are aroused to a sense of their condition; a tide is rising, that no man can roll back. And this truth is beginning to be felt. Observe the cringing, sycophantic tone of the London *Quarterly Review*, in its notice of 'Ernest, or Political Regeneration,' a recent Chartist epic poem. How the author is entreated and bepraised! The rulers who ride the people never think of coaxing or patting, till they have worn out the lashes of their whips, and broken the rowels of their spurs; and this softened manner of the *Quarterly*, the organ of tory aristocracy, is ominous of compulsory good to the producing classes.

Of the *tendency* of Mr. CARLYLE's writing, his benevolent spirit, and far-reaching sympathy with common humanity, we think we have afforded sufficient evidence. We now proceed, in this connexion, still farther to illustrate his style, by a brief reference to that remarkable work, the 'History of the French Revolution.' It is throughout, to our conception, a kind of moving panorama. We stand by the author, while he points out, with unerring finger, the scenes as they pass in review before him. These limnings are not *suggested* to the mind or the fancy; they are literally *painted*. And herein is the hiding of CARLYLE's power. His pictures, it is true, are sometimes over-crowded with accessories, but even by these, the effect is scarcely marred. The reader sees and hears. Listen to the roar of the multitude, the 'universal acclamation from smouldering bosoms giving vent;' to the Parisian populace, 'a living foam-sea, chased by all the winds,' while they storm the Bastille. 'Paris wholly has got to the acme of its phrenzy; whirled all ways by panic madness. *At every street-barricade there whirls, simmering, a minor whirlpool; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.*' All this while, observe how old LAUNNAY sits with lighted taper within arm's length of the powder magazine, like old Roman Senator or bronze lamp-holder, ready to blow the Bastille, 'long-lasting, grim with a thousand years,' to atoms! Look down into the crowded thoroughfares, and mark how the outline-sketch of the author is filled up: 'Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye populace assiduous, man and maid; cram the earth into barrel-barricades, at each of them a volunteer sentry; pile the whinstones in window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch and boiling water ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it on Royal Allemande, with your old skinny arms; your shrill curses along with it will not be wanting!' — the steeples, meanwhile, with their 'metal storm-voice,' booming out the stern alarm of a metropolis given up to anarchy and rude commotion. The panorama moves slowly on, and what do we behold? 'Carts go along through the streets, full of stripped corpses, thrown pell-mell; limbs sticking up: *seest thou that cold hand sticking up, through the heaped embrace of brother corpses, in its yellow paleness, in its cold rigor; the palm opened toward Heaven*, as if in dumb prayer, in expostulation *de profundis*, 'Take pity on the Sons of Men!' But observe the *distance* of this picture of our author-artist: 'O evening sun of July! how at this hour thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on ships far out on the silent main!' And not unlike this sublime and changeful view, is the transition annexed: 'On green field and steeped city the May sun shines out, the May evening fades; and men ply their useful or useless business, as if no Louis lay in danger.' But

'Death is now clutching at his heart-strings; unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis! Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guard, gorgeous tapestries, or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial, could keep him out; but he is here, here at thy very life breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence, hitherto, was a chimera and a scenic show, at length becomest a reality: sumptuous Versailles burst asunder, like a dream, into void Immensity. Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls, wrecked with hideous clangor, round thy soul: the pale kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man! there as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine!'

Such is the style of THOMAS CARLYLE, but not that of his feeble imitators; and with the permission of 'C. F.', we will leave the reader to decide whether writings like these should be 'rigidly exterminated, root and branch, from our literature,' or cherished for their superabundance of internal good over all external blemishes.

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW: MR. DICKENS. — We must believe that the present Congress will not adjourn, without passing the International Copy-right Law, so imperiously demanded, on every ground of justice and common sense. The necessity of this measure was *first* advocated in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and it has been urged by us in these pages, and elsewhere, with such ability as we could command, up to the present moment. It is within our personal knowledge, that many of the most distinguished members of the American Congress, including Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CLAY, will enforce the passage of the bill, with all the strength of their eminent talents. We cannot forbear illustrating this matter with a passage from a recent letter to the Editor, from Mr. DICKENS: 'Commend me heartily,' he writes, 'to Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, who I am rejoiced to see, by the *KNICKERBOCKER*, has lent his powerful aid to the international copy-right question. It is one of immense importance to me; for at this moment, I have never received from the American editions of my works, fifty pounds. It is of immense importance to the Americans likewise, if they desire (and if they do not, what people on earth should?) ever to have a literature of their own.' Passing the question of justice to our own writers, let us look at the foregoing fact. Here is an author, whose delightful productions entertain and amuse millions of readers in this country; for his works are perused in every state and territory, and doubtless in every county and town, in the whole Union; along the coasts of two oceans; by the borders of all our western seas; and wherever the vast inland is pierced by our kingly rivers, and their hundred broad tributaries, or seamed by rail-roads and thoroughfares, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific: and yet for this wide diffusion of the liveliest enjoyment, what does our literary benefactor receive? Nothing — literally, *nothing*! It has been well said, that if an Englishman writes an original work, he is entitled to his *property*, whether it be *used* in his own country or in ours. It *is* his property, and if it be worth any thing, he ought to be as secure in the avails of its value, as the native citizen. We have no more right to appropriate the private property of a foreigner, than we have to filch the goods of him who was born among us. The only objection that has ever been urged against the copy-right law, is one which is too absurd to be reasoned upon for a moment. Every man feels it is contemptible, when he hears it stated, and so does every man while he is stating it. We hope in our next number to be enabled to register the passage of this act of simple *justice* to native and foreign authors.

DEATH OF AN ACTOR ON THE STAGE.—A kind correspondent, who will accept our cordial thanks, has favored us with the subjoined very interesting communication. The 'paragraph in the public journals,' to which it refers, has lately been widely circulated in the newspapers of the Union:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE *KNICKERBOCKER*.'

'DEAR SIR: I have observed a paragraph in the public journals, containing a 'striking account of the recent death of an English actor, named PALMER, while performing upon the stage, at one of the London theatres.' The story is but a revival of a melancholy circumstance which occurred at the *Liverpool* Theatre, many years before you, Sir, were born, and of which the father of the present writer, then in that town, was an eye-witness. I have often heard him give the details of the occurrence, which were substantially as follow. One evening, I think in July, 1798, he accompanied a friend to the principal theatre in Liverpool, to enjoy the play of '*The Stranger*,' the prominent character of which was to be sustained by a Mr. PALMER, an actor of distinguished talents and celebrity. In the first two acts, he personated the character of the '*Stranger*' with excellent judgment and effect. Among the audience was the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING, with his young and lovely wife, to whom he had but just been married, and whose grace and beauty my father was for a moment admiring, when a friend touched his arm, and called his attention to the '*Stranger*'s' spirited and almost terrific description of his false friends. Suddenly the actor's voice seemed to crack; and at the end of his speech, he struck his head with great force, and then crossed the stage. The two short speeches which succeeded, he pronounced rather faintly, but not more so than appeared natural, under the circumstances, to the character. After the question by 'Baron Steinfort,' '*Why did you not keep your children? — they might have amused you in many a dreary hour?*' Mr. PALMER turned to reply, and for a prolonged space, paused, as if waiting for the prompter to give him the word, and then reached out his hand, as if to seize that of 'Steinfert;' but it dropped

powerless at his side, and the next instant he fell, not headlong, but crouchingly, so that his head did not strike the stage with violence. He never breathed again. . . . The audience supposed, for a moment, that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part, and they began to applaud the effective execution of the scene; but on seeing him carried off, ghastly and in deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and terror sat on every countenance. The corpse was conveyed from the stage into the green-room; and after every means of resuscitation had been exhausted in vain, his death was announced by the manager, who was so overcome with grief as scarcely to be capable of uttering a sentence. The piercing shrieks of the women, and the heavy sighs of the men, which succeeded the sad intelligence, were mournful in the extreme. The house was immediately vacated in solemn silence, and the audience, forming themselves into parties, contemplated the fatal occurrence in the open square upon which the theatre was situated, until a late hour the next morning. . . . Mr. PALMER had been called, but a little while before, if I remember rightly, to mourn the loss of a lovely wife and a favorite son; and from that time forth, he suffered the deepest dejection. He had even once or twice expressed to a friend a presentiment that his afflictions would very shortly bring him to the grave; and it was the opinion of two eminent physicians, who endeavored to restore him to consciousness, that he died, without a physical pang, of a broken heart. . . . Such Mr. EDITOR, are the facts in relation to this remarkable occurrence, upon which your readers may place the most implicit reliance. My father was present at the funeral of Mr. PALMER, which was conducted with imposing solemnities. The body was followed to its last resting place, at a village two or three miles distant from Liverpool, by a vast concourse of people, and deposited in a very deep grave, dug in a solid rock. A stone was soon after placed at its head, with the following line — the last words ever uttered by the unhappy actor — inscribed upon it, from 'The Stranger':

'THERE IS ANOTHER AND A BETTER WORLD!'

'Bond-street, May 18, 1840.

L. M. N.'

'THE PLAGIARISMS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.' — The opening paper in a late number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, is devoted to an exposition of the very large and unacknowledged appropriations from the writings of SCHELLING, a young German philosopher, which are contained in COLERIDGE'S '*Biographia Literaria*,' one of his principal prose works. The writer traces these plagiarisms to their true sources, and fixes their precise amount, at least so far as one German author is concerned, and considers the whole matter on broad moral and literary grounds. He shows, conclusively, as we think, that COLERIDGE founded the greater part of his metaphysical reputation upon *verbatim* plagiarisms, page after page, from works published by a German youth, when little more than twenty years of age. The reference to MAASZ, another German writer, from whom the 'great English philosopher' is proved to have 'stolen *bodily*' all the learning and information put forth in one of his much-vaunted chapters, would seem to indicate that COLERIDGE carried the war into *other* quarters, and pillaged at random from the best intellectual store-houses of the misty nation; 'weaving a crown for his own head, with laurels filched from the wide (and *thick*) forest of German literature.' But it is not, after all, the metaphysical portions of COLERIDGE'S writings that will longest survive him. His exquisite delineations of nature, his simpler records of the affections, and the *clear* pictures of his wonderful imagination, will live, and be gratefully cherished, when those 'airy nothings,' like the rainbow-bubbles of children, that glittered in the eyes of his admirers, shall have dissolved and vanished forever. The reader may remember the reply of LAMB, one of COLERIDGE'S warmest admirers, and most cordial friends, when the latter, alluding to his having once been a clergyman, inquired: 'CHARLES, did you ever hear me *preach*?' 'I never heard you do *anything else*!' answered LAMB. And in this piquant rejoinder, which owed its origin to a candor and frankness that many of COLERIDGE'S personal admirers and enthusiastic eulogists would have done well to emulate, we see the *real* character of those 'long metaphysical talkings,' (thoughts, like the gossamer, stretching out strange filaments, clinging to every casual object, entangled without end, and glittering only in the broken rays of an incoherent fancy,) with which COLERIDGE was wont to entertain his hearers, and to the effect of which, in certain instances, upon writers not less eminent than himself, we have heretofore adverted. These '*utterances*' have occasionally been satirized, and sometimes by authors of high distinction. The following, which accompanies the 'Psychological Curiosity,' by S. T. COLERIDGE, in 'Warreniana,' is among the most characteristic and felicitous of these imitations. We can imagine an auditor quite willing to confess that the speaker

was 'an *unequalled* conversationalist.' The theme, it will be observed, is an appropriate one, the theory of *dreams*: 'To an undead reading public,' says he, 'the fact may appear incredible; but minds of imaginative temperament are ever most active during the intervals of repose, as my late poem, entitled 'The Pains of Sleep,' will sufficiently attest. Dreams in fact are to be estimated solely in proportion to their wildness; and hence a friend of mine, who is a most magnificent dreamer, imagined but the other night that he invited a flock of sheep to a musical party. Such a *flocci*, nauci, nihili absurdity will, I am afraid, puzzle even our transcendental philosophers to explain; although KANT, in his treatise on the *Phænomena* of Dreams, is of opinion that the lens or focus of intestinal light, ascending the *œsophagus* at right angles, a juxtaposition of properties takes place, so that the nucleus of the diaphragm, reflecting on the cerebellum the prismatic visions of the pilorus, is made to produce that marvellous operation of mind upon matter, better known by the name of dreaming.' To such *simple* and *satisfactory* reasoning, what answer could be made!

DAVIS'S TRAVELS. — 'There is a man in our town,' GIL DAVIS is he hight, whose cognomen and presence are the sure synonymes of agreeable cheer and entertaining gossip, wherever encountered. Now this pleasant purveyor of good things for the palate and the fancy, is but recently, as it were, from his travels in foreign parts; where, being an acute observer and a graphic describer, he did well to keep a copious diary of all that was curious and interesting to an American; and he has done still better, as our readers shall testify hereafter, by placing his amusing *ms.* in our hands, for the occasional entertainment of the public. As the summer solstice is upon us, a draught of HOCK WINE, or rather a draft upon our traveller's description of the varieties of this fluid, will not be deemed untimely:

'All the fine Hock estates are included within a space of some thirty miles, on the left bank, ascending the Rhine, called the *Rhinegan*, which commences some fifteen miles above Coblenz, and ends about the same distance below Mayence. The Rhine, from Mayence to Coblenz, runs nearly a north-northwest course, making the left side of the river almost north; thus giving a fine sunny exposure to the vineyards. The shores are mountainous, and the mountains are nearly all cultivated to their very summits, by means of walls and terraces. 'Schloss Johannisberg,' the property of Prince METTERNICH, and 'Steinberg,' the property of the Duke of Nassau, produce the most costly of all the Rhine wines. One cask of 'Steinberger Cabinet' was not long since sold to a Prince of Hesse, for six hundred forins; equal to six dollars per bottle, or twenty-eight dollars the gallon! The next in order and value, are 'Rudelsheim-berg' and 'Marcobrunner'; 'Rothenberg,' and 'Hockheimer,' next; then 'Erbach,' 'Hattenheim,' 'Laubenheim,' and 'Nierstein,' and many other small estates, such as 'Leib-frau-milch,' which may be translated 'Lovely Woman's Milk.' This is not in the Rhinegan, but just outside the walls of Worms; and the old church of Leibfrun stands in the centre of the vineyard. A capital red hock is made below Bingen, called 'Assmannshausen,' which stands high in favor with many German drinkers. It is said to have been ordered from Burgundy by CHARLEMAGNE, as well as the white grape from Orleans. The vintage formerly was collected in October, but recently they permit the grape to remain upon the vine until November, when it becomes perfectly, or over-ripe; and so particular are the owners of some of the estates, that all the best and most delicious branches are carefully selected in baskets, and placed in tubs, or small vats, where they remain until the grape bursts open, and the juice runs out of itself. They will not suffer it to be pressed, for fear of forcing some of the bitter from the seeds or skin of the grape. Hock wines are different from all other kinds: they require much care and attention, for they will effervesce, or 'work,' from ten to twelve times during five or six years; which is the period required for hock wines before they become perfectly clear, and in good condition for bottling. Formerly it was not fashionable to drink hock of less age than twenty up to three hundred years. This folly has been wisely exploded; and hock is now justly considered as never better than when from seven to nine years old. I obtained last summer, from the Duke of Nassau, sixty bottles, which were put up by order of the great-grandfather of the late duke, in 1708. It is very dry, however, so much so, indeed, that none but a real 'Blue-nose' will even sip it. The acid of hock, however, is not a vinegar but a tartaric acid. . . . Some of the Moselle wines are truly delightful. Their aroma will perfume the whole room where a bottle is opened. But few of the various orders, or estates, however, possess this delicious flavor. No wines are more wholesome than hock and claret in small quantities.'

Mr. DAVIS possesses abundant *proofs* of the correctness of these vinous descriptions; and stands ready at all times to submit them to public scrutiny, 'for a consideration.'

'MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.'—MSSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have issued two numbers of this new work of Mr. DICKENS; and it is apparent already, that a field of entertainment is opened by this charming writer, which for variety and interest has scarcely been excelled by any of his former productions. 'Master Humphrey' from his clock-side in the chimney-corner, narrating his own experiences; the tales and sketches from the clock-case; and the 'correspondence' of diverse specimens of humanity; all evince, that our author's plans have been well chosen, and that he will carry them out triumphantly; now melting the heart with irresistible pathos; now revelling in the richest humor; and anon dissolving pompous gentlemen with successful ridicule, and cutting up, with trenchant satire, the vices and follies of the time. As a specimen of the style, we select the annexed opening confession by Master Humphrey, that he is 'a misshapen, deformed, old man.' But he adds:

'I have never been made a misanthrope by this cause. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortunes sunk deep into my spirit, and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times—happy to nestle in her breast—happy to weep when she did—happy in not knowing why.

'These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied whole years. I had numbered very few when they ceased for ever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

'I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself, or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee, in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birth-day, but the beginning of my recollection is, that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather; I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungaily sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.

'I used frequently to dream of it afterward, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fiery change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again. . . . Well, well—all these sorrows are past.'

Very 'Boz'-like is the epistle of a Marquis-of-Waterford personage, 'unrivalled in point of gentlemanliness,' who desires admission to Master Humphrey's club, on the ground that he has 'seconded a great many prize-fighters, and once fought an amateur match himself; driven several mails, broken at different periods all the lamps on the right-hand side of Oxford-street, and six times carried away every bell-handle in Bloomsbury Square, beside turning off the gas in various thoroughfares.' But the incoherent letter of the love-lorn 'Belinda,' with her crushed affections and pecuniary remembrances in close juxtaposition, is worthy of STEELE. She had seen, in the picture which accompanied the letter of the above 'uncommonly gentlemanly fellow,' in the first number, the portrait of a faithless lover:

'Let me be calm. That portrait—smiling as once he smiled on me—that cane, dangling as I have seen it dangle from his hand I know not how oft—those legs that have glided through my nightly dreams and never stopped to speak—the perfectly gentlemanly, though false original; saw I be mistaken? oh, no no!

'Let me be calmer yet; I would be calm as coffin. You have published a letter from one whose likeness is engraved, but whose name (and wherefore?) is suppressed. Shall I breathe that name! Is it—but why ask, when my heart tells me too truly that it is!

'I would not upbraid him with his treachery, I would not remind him of those times when he plighted the most eloquent of vows, and procured from me a small pecuniary accommodation; and yet I would see him—see him did I say—Alas—alas! such is woman's nature. For as the poet beautifully says—but you will already have anticipated the sentiment. Is it not sweet? oh, yes!

'It was in this city, (hallowed by the recollection,) that I met him first, and assuredly if mortal happiness be recorded any where, then those rubbers, with their three-and-sixpenny points, are scored on tablets of celestial brass. He always held an honor—generally two. On that eventful

night we stood at eight. He raised his eyes (luminous in their seductive sweetness) to my agitated face. 'Can you?' said he, with peculiar meaning. I felt the gentle pressure of his foot on mine; our corons throbbed in unison. 'Can you?' he said again, and every lineament of his expressive countenance added the words 'resist me!' I murmured 'No,' and fainted.

'They said when I recovered, it was the weather. I said it was the nutmeg in the negus. How little did they suspect the truth! How little did they guess the deep mysterious meaning of that inquiry! He called next morning on his knees; I do not mean to say that he actually came in that position to the house-door, but that he went down upon those joints directly the servant had retired. He brought some verses in his hat, which he said were original, but which I have since found were Milton's. Likewise a little bottle labelled laudanum; also a pistol and a sword-stick. He drew the latter, uncorked the former, and clicked the trigger of the pocket fire-arm. He had come, he said, to conquer or to die. He did not die. He wrested from me an avowal of my love, and let off the pistol out of a back window, previous to partaking of a slight repast.

'Faithless, inconstant man! How many ages seem to have elapsed since his unaccountable and perfidious disappearance! Could I still forgive him both that and the borrowed lucre that he promised to pay next week! Could I spare him from my feet if he approached in penitence, and with a matrimonial object! Would the blaudishing enchanter still weave his spells around me, or should I burst them all, and turn away in coldness! I dare not trust my weakness with the thought.

'My brain is in a whirl again. You know his address, his occupations, his mode of life, are acquainted perhaps with his inmost thoughts. You are a humane and philanthropic character; reveal all you know — all; but especially the street and number of his lodgings.'

We commend to every reader Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD's edition of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' as the earliest, best, and most correctly executed, and the only one that is accompanied by the original illustrations, which add greatly to the interest of the work.

THE GLORIOUS COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS. — How many unhappy wights there are in every community; rich men's sons, it may be, with their brains in their pockets; who are suffering the dyspeptic gnawings of *ennui*, without realizing the thousand sources at hand, from which they might draw enjoyment without weariness, and pleasure that knows no satiety! 'I have friends,' says a quaint old father, 'whose society is very delightful to me: they are persons of all countries and of all ages; distinguished in council, war, and in letters. Easy to live with, always at my command; they come at my call, and return when I desire them: they are never out of humor, and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of nature; these teach me how to live, and those how to die; these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are, who prepare my soul to suffer every thing, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with itself. In a word, they open the door to all the arts and sciences. As a reward of such great services, they require only a little corner of my house, where they may be sheltered from the depredations of their enemies. In fine, I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and tumult of cities.' Yes; books bring before us THE PAST, as if an human voice made itself audible through the mighty void of ages; communicating to the soul the sentiment of its own immortality, by showing that *thought* has outlived the ruins of empires. That place,' says FLETCHER:

— 'That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fauzy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.'

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL felt the true delights of reading, when he wrote to his friend in London: 'If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.'

'RECOLLECTIONS OF GOOD OLD ELIAS HICKS.' — A communication thus entitled, was received too late for the present number. It shall have an early place, if the writer will allow us to suppress one or two passages, which, while they are not material to the completeness of the subject matter, might yet afford cause of offence. We have only *one* 'recollection' of Elias Hicks, but that is indelible. On a gloomy Sabbath afternoon in November, several years ago, he spoke in Friends' Meeting, in the City of Brotherly Love; and the 'spirit and love of God shed abroad in the heart' was the main theme of his discourse. It was practical, simple, affecting; and when he had concluded, and the words he had uttered were working out their purposes of good in the hearts of his numerous hearers, who were 'bathed in stillness,' he rose and delivered the following prayer: 'Gracious and adorable God, in the riches of thy mercy, deign to look down upon thy poor creature man. Be pleased, O Lord, to bless and sanctify this opportunity to all present, if consistent with thy holy will. Thou knowest, gracious God, that we of ourselves can do nothing. We are clothed in weakness. Thou knowest that the work is thine, and that the power is thine. Graciously condescend to strengthen us, and quicken us to come unto thee; to draw near unto thee, and cast down our crowns at thy footstool. Strengthen the weak and disconsolate soul; lift up the head that is ready to hang down, and confirm the feeble knee. Help us more and more to draw together; to turn unto Thee with thanksgiving and glory, who remains to be God over all, blessed for ever and evermore.' There was a dignity in the aspect of ELIAS HICKS, not unlike that of WASHINGTON, whom, in one or two important features, he closely resembled. Erect he stood, as a statue, with his thin, soft white hair, noble forehead, and face of calm benevolence; seeming not so much to speak, as 'to be spoken from.' He was very aged. It was evident that 'life, like a spent steed, was panting toward the goal;' and this circumstance greatly enhanced the irresistible pathos of the patriarch's matter and manner, which can never be forgotten by any who were present. As we walked forth from that noiseless assembly, and took our homeward way, we called to mind, and feelingly echoed, ELIAS's exclamation: 'Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness, of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!' It is now Friends' Yearly Meeting in this city; 'troops of the shining ones' whiten the easterly streets of the metropolis; and 'the world's people' have an opportunity to test, as we have tested, the faithfulness of LAMB's sketch, and the daily beauty of the walk and conversation of 'the gentle Quakers.'

JUDGE LAW'S ADDRESS. — Our cordial thanks are due to Judge LAW, for a copy of his excellent 'Address, delivered before the Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society,' in February last. It describes the early settlement, the rise and progress, of Vincennes; 'a nucleus from which have arisen three great States, embracing a population five times as large as that of the parent State Virginia, at the treaty of peace, in '83;' and is replete with interesting facts, many of which are entirely new. Such, especially, are the spirited records from a manuscript journal of the memorable campaign in which COL. GEORGE R. CLARK captured Vincennes from Governor HAMILTON. The incidents connected with this successful exploit, and which we remember to have once heard narrated by a near relative, have scarcely their parallel for *impudence*, and determined bravery. Hemmed in on one side by ice and water; with a fortified post bristling with artillery in front; with but one hundred and seventy American and Creole soldiers, half famished and indifferently armed, Colonel CLARK, acting the victor instead of the vanquished, sent to the British commander of a well supplied and strongly-fortified post, the following laconic letter. Previously, however, it should be premised, he had addressed a communication to the inhabitants of Post-Vincennes, informing them 'of his determi-

nation to take their fort the ensuing night; but being unwilling to surpriso them, he warned them to remain still in their houses, under penalty of 'severe punishment.'

'SIR: In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you *immediately* to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town. For by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you!

'To Gov. HAMILTON.'

'G. R. CLARK.'

Well may Judge LAW doubt whether, since the days of the Swedish Charles XII., such a cartel, under such circumstances, was ever sent to an antagonist. It breathes the very spirit of that gallant counterpart, who said to his soldiers, 'If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me!' The result was, that after a little wordy blustering, Gov. HAMILTON surrendered himself and garrison prisoners at discretion; and in less than eighteen hours, the British troops marched out, and the Americans entered the fort; and in place of the cross of Saint George, the stars and stripes waved above the ramparts.

THE LATE REV. JOHN OWEN COLTON. — The recent death of the late Rev. JOHN OWEN COLTON, pastor of the Chapel-street Church, New-Haven, at the early age of thirty years, has been announced in the public journals. The deceased was a near relative of the editor of this Magazine, to which his pen has sometimes successfully contributed. A brief tribute to the memory of a christian, a scholar, and a kinsman, will be pardoned, it is believed, by the general reader. Mr. COLTON entered Yale College at the early age of eighteen, and in 1832 graduated with the highest honours of his class. In 1834, he became a member of the Yale Theological Seminary, and was licensed to preach in the following June. After supplying, at intervals, the pulpits of the North and Centre churches, of New-Haven, he was ordained pastor over the Chapel-street Church, and ministered to that congregation, with brief intermission, until his death. The funeral honors which were paid to his memory by his large congregation, his brother clergymen of the city and surrounding country, and by the faculty of Yale College, sufficiently attest the high estimation in which he was held by all who knew him. For scrupulous integrity, high aims, and comprehensive plans; for decision of character, unyielding perseverance, and energy of purpose and action, we have never known Mr. COLTON's superior. He held deservedly the character of a thorough, refined, and elegant scholar, distinguished alike in every branch of college study. He was a true friend, an affectionate son, and the kindest of brothers, as many fraternal hearts will bear witness. As a preacher, he is represented to have been 'comprehensive, consistent, and thorough in his views of divine truth, and in the exhibition of it, clear, definite, and practical, pointed and pungent' . . . But he has gone! From the high duties of a christian teacher: from wide spreading interests, projects, hopes, dear affections, DEATH, the pale messenger, has beckoned him silently away! Yet for him it was better to depart. Having fulfilled his appointed lot, he has gone to reap the rewards of a well-spent life.

THE DAGUERRETYPE: PERISCOPIC LENS. — This beautiful instrument, destined, ultimately, we believe, to be the companion of every man of taste, particularly in his travels, is manufactured in its perfection in this city by J. G. WOLF, Number 40 Chatham-street. Mr. WOLF is the pupil of the celebrated German optician, FRAUNHOFER, and possesses, as we learn, all the skill and science of his master. He has recently made improvements in the Daguerreotype, by means of which accurate miniature-likenesses of living subjects may be taken, which has not been so successfully accomplished before. We had the pleasure to see, a few days since, some beautiful specimens of photogenic engraving, from the life, by this wonderful instrument. Mr. WOLF has also introduced into this country the *meniscus* or *periscopic lens*, of the new-moon shape, for remedying the defect of vision in near-sighted persons. A friend of ours, who uses this form of glass, has expressed to us his great satisfaction with it, and his decided preference of it over every other kind. Being constructed in perfect harmony with the acknowledged laws of optics, it gives natural ease to the eye, and enables those whose vision is the most defective, to enjoy the most perfect sight, without perceiving any constraint or confusion in directing the line of vision through any part of the lens.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

PARK THEATRE. — Mr. KEAN has, during the past month, closed his last engagement in this country; performing, mean time, in all his favorite characters. Mr. KEAN has been peculiarly unfortunate in this second visit to America; first, in the illness which indisposed him to exertion in his profession on his arrival; then in the destruction of the theatre where his engagement was made; and, finally, for the reason which he appropriately gave in his parting address; viz. the general prostration of commercial affairs in this country. The New-York public have, however, had a fair opportunity of judging of this actor's powers; and during his last engagement, especially, they seem to have improved it. We take it upon ourselves to say, that as an actor Mr. KEAN has not been fairly judged on this side of the water. In passing criticism upon CHARLES KEAN, the remembrance of the acting of his lamented father should not be suffered to come into a comparison. Audiences were, however, continually judging him by this high standard. If the elder KEAN, instead of having, in the course of nature, retired altogether, had but for the time absented himself from the stage, and instead of his son, had now reappeared, with only the capacity which his son possesses, these precise comparisons might with justice be applied to him; but to blame CHARLES KEAN, even in the first years of his practice, because he does not equal his father in his prime, is beyond measure unjust. But thus has he been judged. In his performance of Gloster, a character which EDMUND KEAN made more popular than perhaps any other of the bard's creations, Charles was applauded only in so far as he was able to imitate his father. The fiendish chuckle which was peculiar to the elder KEAN, had only to be repeated by his son, to draw down thunders of applause from a truly discriminating pit, while the quiet and natural acting of the scene went for naught. It was a remark — which was constantly repeated at the theatre during CHARLES KEAN's performance of his father's great characters — of some sagacious critic or other, to his neighbor, when any particular point was made, or attempted to be made, by the actor: 'I say, Bob, do you remember how old Kean did that?' To which the reminiscent Bob would reply: 'Yes, yes; As was the boy; Charley don't begin with the old-'un!' Many who have written of CHARLES KEAN have measured out to him equal justice, and criticized him as sensibly.

In our poor judgment, Mr. CHARLES KEAN, from some cause or other, did not always do HIMSELF justice. There was at times an apparent carelessness in his acting, and before full houses too, for which it is difficult to account. Perhaps, being aware of this unfair system of criticizing his performances, and knowing that it was impossible for him to come up at once to the high standard by which he was to be measured, he lost heart, and did not even make those fair exertions, which, when made, would only be spoken of as being so many grades below those of the great original. The conceptions of all the characters in which we have seen Mr. KEAN, although none of them entirely new, were all such as a man of his education, experience, and judgment, would be supposed to follow, or create. Unlike many promising and ambitious aspirants of the present day, he seemed willing to put faith in the judgment of his great predecessors, and to believe that he was not the only person who had read SHAKESPEARE correctly.

Audiences are too apt to applaud the violent passages of a scene on the stage; or rather, the loud and violent performance of them; to let slip by, without approbation, and often without remark, the subdued and quiet expression of feeling. They are not content with a gentle summer rain; they must have a tempest, with a crash of thunder, and a flash or two of lightning in it. CHARLES KEAN, we think, found out this secret before he left us; else one would be at a loss to account for the violence with which he executed some scenes, where, by the very nature of the place, and the occasion, the greatest quiet would seem to be appropriate. For instance, in 'Macbeth,' in the scene immediately following the murder, where, meeting Lady Macbeth, and looking upon his bloody hands, the first horrors of the damning deed seem gathering in his soul. The object of these two personages, at this crisis, is secrecy. They fear the slightest real sound, and are startled at imaginary ones:

Macbeth. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth.

Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth.

Macbeth.

When?

Now.

As I descended?

Ay.

Hark!

Now, although the king is dead, Banquo is not; nor Malcolm, nor Donalbain. They are supposed to be sleeping in their chambers, and not far from the room at present occupied by their host and hostess. Common sense, then, would seem to teach the most perfect hush and silence to the two, who, the deed committed, stand there with bloody hands. Mr. KEAN, on the contrary, gave

this scene mostly at the top of his voice, and thereby outraged propriety most abominably, and drew down three rounds of applause. We have also observed an affectation in this actor's delivery, which savors more of the gentleman of the drawing-room, than of the artist, anxious to make the tone of every word expressive of the present feeling of the character. This, however, is a fault which Mr. KEAN's own good sense will soon remedy, and thereby render himself still less obnoxious to the blame of those astute critics who affirm that whatever is the character he endeavors to represent, they see and hear not the fictitious personage, but Mr. KEAN only, in propria persona. We cannot forego a word of praise to Miss S. CUSHMAN, who is a decided acquisition to the Park company. Her performance of 'Ophelia' was a very touching and beautiful rendering of SHAKESPEARE's picture of the 'poor demented maiden.'

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, with her usual spirit, has also completed a short engagement, and at her benefit introduced a new two-act piece, entitled the Ladies' Club, which was received with approbation. A more sprightly actress than this lady never trode the Park boards. She has all the vivacity and tact of the VESTRIS, with a dash of sly humor which reminds us strongly of our old favorite, Mrs. KEELLY, whom, in more than one respect, she strongly resembles. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM was so perfect in her art when we first saw her, that we expounded all our terms of praise in extolling her then; and as she could not improve, we can now, in consequence, say nothing new in the laudatory line. May she remain thus, 'in omne ætate.'

FANNY ELSLER. — Thus far our correspondent. It becomes our duty, and it certainly is a pleasure, to render a brief tribute to the professional gifts of one of the most accomplished female dancers that ever appeared upon the Park boards. Without altogether realizing that 'the eyes of Europe are upon us,' as a nation, to see whether or not we appreciate FANNY ELSLER's powers, and indeed without any of the exuberant enthusiasm which has been so widely felt or feigned, in this town, concerning our fair *artiste*, we can yet see and feel that she accomplishes her remarkable professional triumphs with an ease and a grace that have never been equalled on this side the Atlantic. It is needless to add, that a constant succession of crowded houses attests her popularity, after that substantial mode, which was doubtless the load-star that attracted her steps toward our benighted shores.

BOWERY THEATRE: MR. RANGER. — The appearance of Mr. RANGER at this theatre, in his own play of 'The Artist's Wife,' affords us an opportunity to say a few words of this gentleman's literary and professional acquirements. We have had the pleasure to peruse three or four of the plays from his own pen, in which he appeared with such eminent success in Boston; and we have no hesitation in saying, that these productions, as various in character as his professional rôle, are not less indebted for their popularity to their own distinctive literary and dramatic merits, than to the remarkably effective and natural personations of the actor-author. An undoubting reliance upon NATURE alone for his effects — upon simple, unhackneyed sentiment and feeling — in both the departments of which we have spoken, is the great secret of Mr. RANGER's complete success in each. One is apt to ask himself, with the tear on his cheek, when the gentle CLEMONT comes staggering to his chair, in the 'Artist's Wife,' after finding that his spouse has eloped with another, 'Why is it, after all, that without clap-trap, without tearing any one passion to tatters, we are so powerfully affected?' At some future period we may hope to essay a more detailed consideration of Mr. RANGER's literary and professional performances. At present, we are compelled to content ourselves with bearing this imperfect testimony to his various merits; which are heightened, let us add, for the honor of the profession, by his character as a man and a gentleman.

MR. WILSON'S LECTURES ON SCOTTISH SONG. — The course of lectures upon the Songs of Scotland, recently delivered by Mr. WILSON, the distinguished operatic artist, at Clinton Hall, and repeated at the Stuyvesant Institute, were well attended by delighted auditories. Nothing could be more pleasing than this union of literary and musical attractions; and Mr. WILSON, in his discharge of 'a divided duty,' won new laurels at the hands of his hearers. By the time these pages shall have reached our most distant readers, Mr. WILSON will be on the seas, returning to England, and his native Scotland. We cannot resist the occasion, therefore, to say, that while the professional career of our friend in this country has been one of constant popularity and success, he has, at the same time, acquired 'troops of friends' in the best circles of American society, by his unspotted private character, and an exercise of the inherent qualities of a high-minded gentleman. Very cordially do we desire for Mr. WILSON a pleasant voyage homeward; and we cannot but indulge the hope, that 'in the fulness of time,' we may once more welcome him, professionally and socially, among his many friends and admirers on this side the water.

A Gospel with our Contributors. — There is not one of our correspondents, we verily believe, who will appreciate fully the feeling with which we have yielded to the necessity of omitting from the present number such admirable articles as 'Thoughts on the Philosophy and Processes of Civilization,' by the author of 'Chivalry and the Crusades'; 'Harry Franco's' entertaining narrative of 'The Haunted Merchant'; 'A Sermon by a Disciple of Democritus'; 'Discursive Thoughts on Chowder'; Lines by William Pitt Palmer, Esq., and several other papers, heretofore referred to. We can only say, that each and all shall attain to the dignity of print at the earliest possible moment. . . . The merits of 'The Pushminder's Farewell,' by an anonymous correspondent, are swallowed up, as it were, in the original description by Mr. Cooper. A writer of evident ability does himself great injustice by a mere paraphrase of a scene which, in eloquent prose, has wrought out its triumph upon the hearts of the reading public; and for this reason, we have frequently declined many otherwise most welcome effusions. One who can pen such stanzas as the following, may well rely upon his original poetical resources:

'As I tread again the wilderness through which I was thy guide,
As on Oswego's smiling flood in light canoe I glide;
As I pass the fearful rapids, and dance amid their spray,
As I watch the wily savage, or share the bloody fray,
At morn, at noon, at silent eve, wherever I may be,
I shall think of thee, dear Mabel! I shall ever think of thee!

'As holy thoughts within my breast from Nature's beauties rise,
As sounds of music charm the ear, as spring-flowers bless the eyes;
As the odors of the woods around, the willing sense unfold,
As the fell bedecks the forest with its crimson and its gold;
As chirp the gay wood-squirrel, or hums the busy bee,
I shall think of thee, dear Mabel! I shall ever think of thee!

'A Defence of Dandies' comes, we think, from a very prince of that tribe. It is too long, however, for our purpose; a brief passage only being within our compass: 'I am a Dandy, Sir, and am quite willing that you and the public should know it. I uphold the honor of my fellows, and mean to have them regarded here as they are in France and England. There, Sir, they are considered *artists*, of a high order. Sir, there are but two classes of people in this world, strictly speaking. They are the *tailors* and the *tailored*. I am one of the latter. I have made the 'keeping' of dress, Sir, the principal object of my life, hitherto; and now it rather seems as if I could not dress otherwise than *perfectly*, even if I desired to do so. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the courses of his knowledge by the lustre of his imagination, even so does the concrete spirit of taste shine in my exterior, with a beautiful gloss and varnish. My tailor, Sir, studies his art. He reflected upon my last surpassing dress-coat, of royal Prince-Albert brow, more than a fortnight after its completion — (though he had studied its proportions for weeks previously) — if happily any improvement might suggest itself. Indeed, it was with some difficulty, at last, that I obtained the sash-parrell garment at his hands, so reluctant was he to part with it. He was a mouth, Sir, composing the shapes of my last invisible-purple Victoria pants; he was indeed: and when, after mature deliberation, he had accommodated his material to every swell and depression of the inferior frame and branches, he held the fabric up with an honest pride that I shall never forget, and exclaimed: "This will contain the lower moiety of an human being, with an effect such as I have not until now achieved!" The same spirit, Sir, exists in my hatter and my boot-maker. And, Sir, when you shall remark me upon the street, sauntering down the west side of Broadway, of a summer afternoon, you will be struck with one thing — my *unconscious* manners. I may know, indeed, that I appear as I would: for with my glossy chapeau successfully adjusted, my hair curling over my low coat-collar; my neck-cloth in a tie that no unpractised art could reach; my vest of volcano silk, with lava buttons; my white teeth gleaming faintly through my silky moustache, and lips moist with excitement; my pants every where touching me nearly, and drawing gently upon their yielding straps, like an Arabian courser upon the bridle-rein; and my pedal extremities effulgent with the light of Day and Martin; I say, Sir, that with all these, it would be difficult for me not to know, you know, that I was without my peer upon the trottoir. But, Sir, no one will know that I know it: no, Sir, detain me for a moment; see me, as I salute you, remove my hat with my gloved hand, (French straw-kid,) and enter with me upon that train of meteorological questions and answers which forms the great staple of all polite conversation; and I flatter myself, Sir, that you will encounter a manner so easy and nonchalant, that you will deem it fully equal to the unrivalled exterior I have attempted — not, I admit, with adequate success — to describe.' Nature descends to infinite smallness, in the production of a character like this; and yet such an one will you see, the model of aspiring parvenus and ambitious merchants' clerks, who revel in his recognition, and exult in his approving smile. 'If you take,' says a recent writer, 'a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little petty insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced that the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.' We leave the application with the reader. . . . There is an anecdote extant, of a Scottish gentleman, who was so remarkably obtuse, that his friends could never awaken him to the appreciation of a jest: and on one occasion, an Irishman was remarking to a kindred fellow-Scotchman, that their mutual acquaintance was so dull, that he would not be likely to 'take a joke, though it were shot out of a cannon.' 'Why,' replied the literal counterpart, 'I do not exactly comprehend you. How can you shoot a joke out of a cannon?' You can't shoot a joke out of a cannon, surely! We mention this anecdote for the benefit of 'Cris,' whose comprehension and impudence are by no means on a par. We can spare his criticism. One who aims at literary distinction should be a person of decent parts; and it is not perhaps too much to require that he should be acquainted with the art of spelling. But levity apart: how wonderfully various are the effects of literature and of nature upon different individuals! Like the tailor who saw at Niagara only a 'glorious place to sponge a coat,' thousands pass their lives amidst resplendent beauties of scenery, and triumphs of mind, with a total disregard of both. Looking, with two friends, the other evening, from the terrace-roof of our beloved domicile — upon gardens flowering in the breath of May — upon moon-dit sails gliding along the East River — upon Brooklyn and its noble Heights, upon which the moonlight rested like a shroud — gazing far over the quiet bay, flecked with white sails, to the blue hills of Staten Island, and beyond the extreme point of Long Island: we beheld the high revolving light at Sandy Hook, twenty miles distant, glimmering and flashing landward and upon the Atlantic. 'That's Sandy Hook light,' said the first discoverer; and he turned away, giving it no further thought. 'Is that Sandy-Hook Light-House?' asked the other — who, although without his peer in the marts of business, has yet a cultivated mind, a fine taste, and a pleasant imagination — 'is that Sandy Hook light?' Pausing a moment, he added: 'Yes,

that is it! With what different feelings has that light been regarded! How it shone to the eyes of the drowning passengers and crew of the 'Mexico' and the 'Bristol,' when the winds raved, and 'churned white the waves,' and the roar of the tempest mingled with the noise of the trampling surf on the ice-bound beach, and the shrieks of the dying! And with what agonising interest, half fear, half hope, has it been descried by many a far-off mariner, when cold on his midnight watch the snow-cloud blew, and the sea-bird, cleaving the adverse storm, shrieked wildly as he cuffed it with his wings!

'While the tough cordage creaked, and yelling loud,
The fierce North blustered in the frozen shroud!'

'And yet never was there a more welcome sight, than was that same light to me, in the first blush of a June twilight, after a long homeward voyage from Europe. I knew I was not far from my native shores; and I had been watching, for two delicious hours, to see,

— 'in the western sky the downward sun
Look out effulgent from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam;'

and when day faded, and that light, as it were from the fireside of home, streamed upon my eye, far over the blue waters, its sheen went to my heart, like a familiar voice in a strange land.' And from the above contrast of moods, reader — which is no fiction, but a literal transcript — one may glean a fruitful lesson. Our friend, although a practical man, looks upon nothing in nature or art as indifferent or worthless; and we could not avoid calling to mind, while he was speaking, 'Master Humphrey,' standing thoughtfully amid the river scenes of murky London, and following in thought the turbid Thames in its winding course through the metropolis, far into the green and sunny country; and of Carlyle, taking heedful note of the grim bracket of old iron over a grocer's shop in the Rue de la Vennarie, at Paris; 'still sticking there; still holding out an ineffectual light of fish-oil: it had seen worlds wrecked, yet said nothing!' . . . Is 'Summerfield' aware that this Magazine never embroils itself with the grievances and controversies of polemics? If 'a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman in this city has publicly insulted a brother in Christ, and withal a stranger on our shores, simply because he was a Methodist,' we would rather be in that 'brother's place, than in his antagonist's. We must be permitted, at the same time, to question the correctness of 'Summerfield's' impression, that 'the exhibition of such illiberality toward this particular sect is by no means a rare occurrence;' especially would we disclaim the imputation upon the Knickerbocker, and the *distortion* of a remark of one of its most popular contributors. The manner, the matter, and the method of American Methodists have been continually improving. They exhibit, as a class, none of the *coarseness* of the lower orders of English Methodists. We have never seen, for example, in their journals, any of those 'Parasitical advertisements,' enumerated by a reviewer: 'Wanted a man of serious character, who can chase;' 'Wants a place: a young man who has brewed in a serious family;' 'Wanted, a coachman, to take care of a barouche, and a pair of horses, of a religious turn of mind!' etc. Nor can there be found among our clergy of this numerous and popular sect, such examples as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, the 'Shepherd,' a character, as we have been assured, by no means rare in England. Undue colloquial familiarity in prayer, however, and the enforcement of religious precepts by improper and oftentimes ludicrous illustrations, are faults of American Methodism, that should, and doubtless will, be eventually rooted out. The following passage, from the lips of a back-woods divine, will exemplify our meaning: 'Yes, my brethren, read your Bible! It's a great and a good book. I want to tell you an anecdote. T' other day, I called to see a poor family in a far-back settlement. I found the man bowed down with trouble. I asked him what it was that afflicted him. He said that he was bowed down with sorrow, on account of the loss of a *fine-tooth comb*. His family had greatly suffered for the want of that useful implement. He had se-arched and se-arched; but 'twas n't of no use, my brethren; the comb was gone! Seeing a Bible upon a board shelf, covered with dust an inch thick, I took it down: 'There is great consolation in that book,' says I, 'for the bow-ed down.' He took it from my hand, and as he opened it, the fine-tooth comb, whose loss he had mourned so long, fell out upon the floor! Ah, my brethren, *se-a-reeh the Scriptures!* You little know the consolations they contain!' . . . An anonymous correspondent, whose penmanship would put Cham-pollion at fault, has sent us a long communication, upon an article in the Paris '*Presse*,' describing Col. Thorne's *Wal Costume*, and representing that 'rich American' as a philosopher, whose 'contempt for the *great* is unprecedented,' and to enter whose saloons, the high-born of France 'are obliged to make the most humiliating concessions.' 'This statement,' says our correspondent, 'is ridiculously absurd, and is intended solely for the American market;' and he relates a dialogue between two French gentlemen, at Col. Thorne's — where, there being attractive viands and superb wines, they often visited with great edification — to show the *real* estimation in which the pretensions of our ostentatious countryman are held in Paris: 'This is quite a select, a distinguished circle,' said one; 'the *parvenus* seem to be excluded entirely.' 'Yes,' replied his companion, with a shrug, 'with the exception of the *grand millionnaire himself*, the company is certainly unexceptionable!' As if he had said, 'let but our host absent himself from the fete, and nothing farther need be desired!' We return, as requested, our correspondent's favor through the post-office. . . . 'An Old Reader's' caution reminds us of a warning paragraph, just now going the rounds of the press, headed, '*Do not sleep with your Grandmother!*' because physical debility may be transferred from an old crone's body. A more supererogatory piece of advice than that of our friend was surely never tendered to an editor. Has he ever seen any thing in the Knickerbocker to justify so poor an opinion of our taste and discernment? We should hope not. . . . 'Thoughts on Mr. Green's Project of Ballooning across the Atlantic,' is a gross plagiarism from a London journal; and comes, we have reason to believe, from the gentleman who palmed upon us 'The Dinner of the Months,' some two or three years since. As our original copyist seems interested in *exostation*, we should advise him to take in a little gas, and go up himself. A very small quantity would serve to inflate him. . . . '*Law and Lawyers*' is under consideration. It has merit and humor. The epigraph is capital: 'If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called, in legal phraseology, an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus: 'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all the rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips; any thing heretofore or hereafter, or any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of

what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding ;' with more to the same effect.' . . . The *'Trials of a Schoolmaster'* are well depicted, but the subject is a hackneyed one. 'Please Sir, mend my pen !' — 'please Sir, John Grimes 's a-pluchin' me !' — 'please Sir, may go out, I' git s'm' ice to put 'n my trowe's 't' keep m' nose from bleedin' !' etc., are unmistakable school-room exclamations, and the whole scene is drawn to the life. But for the above-mentioned reason, 'A Pedagogue' will find his MS. at the desk of the publication office. . . . 'New Dramatic Readings' we shall, with the writer's permission, hand over to Mr. Ranger; and if that capital artist turns them not to good account, in some new comedy of his own, we greatly mistake his appreciation of the intensely ridiculous. Did 'Historion' ever hear a new rendering of the following passage: 'Who 's here so base, he would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended!' The latest reading runs thus: 'Who 's here so base, he would not be a Roman? If any, *speak for him*. Have I offended?' — ('ladies and gentlemen?' understood, of course, with an appealing glance at the audience.) The brilliant effect of the novel pause here introduced, is not unlike that created by the little purry sub-actor, who as 'Ratcliffe,' in 'Richard III,' kept the Park stage waiting, while young Kean, as the tyrant Gloucester, was recovering from his horrid dream. In hot haste, and out of breath, he rushed in, and to Richard's nervous ejaculation, 'Who 's there?' he gasped out: 'Tis I, my lord — the village ro-k.' And here he slipped his wind, past timely redemption, and gave no salutation to the morn; 'as much perverting Shakespeare's text by his 'awful pause,' as did a royalist divine the litany, during the protectorate of Cromwell: 'O Lord, who haat put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, *put it into his heart also*.' . . . 'Parties in this Country' is evidently from an alarmist, who cannot be a servant Oliver, *put it into his heart also*. Such writers, if friends, as they profess themselves, of the republic, are those from whom the republic should pray to be 'saved.' 'A Lover of Reasonable Liberty' reminds us of Swift's upholsterer, who used to sit up whole nights 'to watch over the British constitution.' His fears are not 'well grounded;' they are such as Washington prayed his countrymen 'indignantly to frown upon.' Moreover, the writer errs, egregiously, in his 'statements of fact.' Does not the memorable taunt of the Edinburgh Review, (written only twenty years ago, observe,) demolish the whole basis of the seeming argument of our correspondent's last two pages? 'In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets?' 'A Lover of Reasonable Liberty' is on two horns of a dilemma in his assumptions; and if he can extricate himself to his own satisfaction, even, we will grant him a hearing.

The Sixteenth Volume of the Knickerbocker Magazine

WILL be issued on the first day of July next. The reputation of the work is now such, that nothing farther is deemed necessary to be said, than that its character will be enhanced by every additional means within the power of its conductors. Numbering among its contributors all the more prominent writers of our own country, with several of the most distinguished from abroad; printed in the first style of the art; occasionally embellished with fine engravings on steel; and early circulated in every section of the country; it has received an increase so constant, and acquired a diffusion so wide, that its merits, it is confidently believed, are every where known and appreciated. In addition to the regular 'CRAYON PAPERS' of Mr. IRVING, and the favors of its unprecedented corps of contributors, the new volume of the KNICKERBOCKER will contain articles from the pens of Mr. DICKENS, or 'BOZ,' F. G. HALLECK, Esq., Mrs. 'MARY CLAVERS,' author of 'A New Home,' Miss MITFORD, G. W. GREENE, Esq., the American Consul at Rome, and others whose distinguished talents will add new attraction to the work.

TO A WORD TO DELINQUENT READERS. The unflagging labors, and large cash outlays, necessary to the successful conduct of a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER, should be rewarded by prompt payment on the part of its readers. Prohibited by a post-office law from sending bills in the numbers, we take this method of calling on every delinquent reader to do us the SIMPLE JUSTICE to render us the *quid pro quo* which we have earned by incessant and often disheartening labors, for their monthly amusement and gratification. The new volume of the KNICKERBOCKER will in no case be continued to those subscribers whose delinquency is of such a character as to induce the belief that the *reading* of the work, and not the *paying for it*, is their chief rule of right and of action.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — The exhibition of pictures at the National Academy of Design is to remain open, as we learn, until some time in July. Having found leisure but for a casual stroll through the apartments, we shall reserve for our next number a notice, somewhat in detail, of the exhibition; a collection which, while it contains several wretched daubs, is nevertheless enriched by many beautiful pictures from the pencils of our most eminent painters, and by a large number of very creditable efforts, from the hands of our young and improving artists.

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